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IN FRANCE

WITH THE GERMANS.

BY

COLONEL OTTO CORVIN.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

WE know the character of the principal actors in the late politico-military drama which passed over the stage of the world before our eyes, and are acquainted with the general causes which brought about this wonderful catastrophe; but many of the preparatory diplomatic movements are still wrapped in mystery. The surprising disclosures which have been made by both contending parties, whenever it has suited the convenience of the moment, justify the belief that other diplomatic secrets will come out by-and-bye, to overthrow many of our present conclusions.

The case is very similar with respect to th military combinations and exploits of the lat war, which were frequently kept secret, an about which the most contradictory report were and are still circulated. Though secres is no longer necessary, the military com manders have not yet had leisure to send i detailed reports, and some time must elaps before we can expect authentic and complet statements. In fact, the war itself seems not to be ended yet. The time has, therefore, not arrived for writing a history of the won derful year 1870. Under this conviction, have given up my idea of writing such a his tory, and am satisfied with producing one o less pretension, though perhaps of more rel tive value, and more generally interesting. have written a great deal of history, and remember very well with what eagerness read the memoirs of contemporaries, or th accounts of historical events by eye-witnesses

n if indifferently written, or open to sus-
on of partiality. Such books give colour
life to history, and they are the more
uble when they are the result of imme-
e impressions.

followed the victorious German army
n the commencement of the war, as special
espondent of the *New Free Press* of
nna, and of some English and American
ers. Though many of us saw the same
tle-fields, sieges, head-quarters, and camps,
h saw different scenes, and saw them
rough differently-coloured glasses. I there-
re think I may venture to publish what I
w, and hope that my simple and unpre-
nding narrative will assist the reader to
rm his judgment upon the wonderful war,
hose progress he watched from afar.

C.

Rorschach, on the Lake of Constance,
March, 1871.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

ect of war news in London.—Departure of the Germans.—Fears about travelling.—Departure for the ontinent.—Brussels.—The railroad station at Cogne.—Coblentz.—Prince Felix Salm.—His war preparations and forebodings.—State of things in Coblentz.—Review of the 4th regiment of Guards.—Colonel Count Waldersee.—About the Prussian Army.—Parting of friends.—On the Rhine steamer.—Arrival in Frankfort.—Feeling there.—Reception of passing troops 1

CHAPTER II.

lusions of Napoleon III.—The French and the German Armies.—Departure.—Bingen.—W. H. Russell.—On a military train.—Oberstein.—Birkenfeld.—New and old acquaintances.—Turks' Mühlen.—The first French prisoners.—General Frossard's great battle of Saarbrück.—Three companies against three divisions.—Two curious Englishmen.—Journey to Treves.—Unexpected meeting.—The first victory at Weissenburg.—Englishmen in trouble.—To Saarlouis.—An aquatic excursion 32

CHAPTER III.

Saarlouis.—Interview with the governor.—Discover an old comrade.—Outpost fights.—Lieutenant-General von Marlotki.—Also an old acquaintance.—To Saarbruck.—The North German Consul of Mobile.—The railroad station.—Hagen Hotel.—Princess Salm.—The battle near Spichern, on August 6th.—Visit to the battle-field. — Forbach. — The chariot d'or. — Another visit to the battle-field. — The Spichern ridge, and the Red Hill.—Return to Saarbruck ...

CHAPTER IV.

News of another victory.—The disposition of French troops.—The battle of Wörth.—Princess Salm and the wounded.—St. Avold.—The sanitary Society of the Press. — Pont-à-Mousson. — The Johanniter. — Accounts given by wounded officers of the late battles.—General von Steinmetz.—The battle of Mars la Tour

CHAPTER V.

On the road to the battle-field.—Too many Buxières.—St. Marie des Baraques.—The battle of the 16th of August at Vionville.—A night at Rezonville.—A rough sketch of the great battle of Gravelotte.—St. Privat. — Death of the Prince Salm-Salm. — The Pomeranians!—After the battle.—A ride over the battle-field.—St. Hubert and the plateau.—The Samaritan field-gendarme and a hospitable major.—Drive to Amanvillers.—Bivouac there.—Return to Pont-à-Mousson and Saarbruck 117

CHAPTER VI.

Good treatment of the wounded in Saarbruck.—Military trains.—Again at St. Avold.—Old acquaintances.—The starveling host and his house.—French women.

PAGE

Jerman women.—Baron Behr.—Going with an munition column.—Faulquemont.—Two Johanni-.—In quarters at a schoolmaster's.—The poor ench villagers.—The last cow.—At the roadside.— ut-à-Mousson again.—The armies before Sédan.— e King.—Bismark's camp life.—Gorze.—Bivouac r Verneville.—To Briey.—The Croix-blanche.— r doctor and his patients.—The battles at Beau- nt and Sédan.—Bazaine's last attempt.—A scene m the fight at Barzeilles.—Horrible deeds... ... 158

CHAPTER VII.

np life before Metz.—A tipsy episode.—From Briey Courcelles.—Ars-sur-Moselle.—Bad weather.— mongst the outposts.—Courcelles.—Amongst the botrites.—Pattern of a Mecklenburgian nobleman.— reated as a spy.—Amongst the gensdarmes.—Night n a horse-stable.—Rescued.—A bilious Lieut.-Colonel. —Final escape 194

CHAPTER VIII.

aris is France"—no longer.—French lies.—Proclama- ion of the Republic.—Who is responsible for the var?—Expulsion of all Germans from France.— Delusions of the French rulers.—Jules Favre's ab- urd pretensions.—Vindication of the course taken by King William.—Voice of the press.—Edmond About.—Victor Hugo.—The *Liberté* and the Black Forest scheme.—*Figaro* on the Landsturm.—M. Thiers on a begging trip.—Leon Gambetta's war against pictures and statues.—Measures for defending the country.—Destruction rage.—March of the German army against Paris.—The Crown Prince enters Ver- sailles.—French fortresses which had to be taken.— Negociations for an armistice.—Journey from Frank-

fort to Weissenburg.—Mannheim and Endwigshefer.—Reminiscences of 1849.—Weissenburg.—Measures against the rinderpest.—How Elsass and Lothringen became French ... ...

CHAPTER IX.

Drive through a part of Alsace.—What my driver saw in the battle of Wörth.—The battle-field.—The village of Froeschweiler.—An episode of the battle.—Reichshofen.—Niederbronn.—A spa.—The French wounded.—A trip to the besieged rock fortress of Bitsch.—A most beautiful country.—Lemberg.—Reyersweiler.—A war idyll.—A visit to the batteries.—Historical notes about Bitsch.—It has never been conquered.—The aspect of Bitsch.—Journey to Wendenheim, near Strasburg.—Visit to Mundolsheim.—State of the siege.—On a trip to Switzerland ... 2

CHAPTER X.

The narrative of the fugitives from Strasburg.—Return from Switzerland to Baden.—Offenburg.—Kork.—Difficulties.—Snobs.—An agreeable meeting with two Prussian Landwehr sergeants.—An expedition for Liebesgalen.—Successful return to Kork.—Passing the Rhine at Anenheim.—Ruprechtsau.—Hönheim.—Oberhausbergen.—The quarters of my pioneers.—The white flag.—Effect 2

INTRODUCTION.

IN the summer of 1867 I crossed the Atlantic, having accepted the position of special correspondent of the *New York Times* for Germany and the adjacent countries. It was agreed that I should chiefly reside at Berlin, which was regarded as the best place for procuring political news.

I had many relatives in that city, and a great number of my old friends occupied high positions both in the army and civil service. Others who had been in the revolutionary boat with me in 1848 and 1849, but who had beaten me in the Olympic game of running, were now either editors of leading papers, or

members of the North German Reichstag
therefore might expect to be well informed

One evening I called on my friend,
Loewe (Calbe), the last president of
German Parliament of 1848, and now
leading member of the Reichstag, and met
his house six or eight gentlemen, among
whom the celebrated professor, Carl Voig
was the most lively and jovial. He w
telling us in his humorous manner one of h
lecture adventures, when he looked aroun
paused, and then exclaimed laughingly, "I
Jove! we are a nice set of gallows-birds! N
a man in the company who has not bee
sentenced to be hanged or shot!" So it w
indeed, for there were Voigt, Loewe, Jacob
(Konigsberg), Count Reichenbach, Baron Ra
pard, myself, and another gentleman, whos
name I do not remember. The very fact tha
such a company was peaceably assembled i
the Fredericks Street of Berlin, was the mos
convincing proof that the current of ideas ha
considerably changed in higher regions i
Prussia. Our sins of 1848 and 1849, com

ed against the monarchical principle, in interest of German unity and progress, ned now insignificant and pardonable after 66, when the Prussian government, urged e same motives, acted as we had wished , towards kings and princes who, like the of Prussia himself, imagined that they d by right divine.

Anyone who knows the character of the peror King William, will understand that was no easy task to convince him that he d it to the German people to break with past, and to act as he has done. Count mark succeeded in this most difficult under- ng. Let us not examine too closely the sons and means which he may have em- yed for this purpose, also let us give no ted praise to the old prince, who sacrificed most cherished prejudices to satisfy the vings and aspirations of his people. Now, r his great unheard-of success, many sons may be inclined to smile ironically these sacrifices, but it must not be forgotten t this success was by no means certain in

1866, and that a great deal of moral co
and energy were required to plunge into
a bold adventure, planned by a daring minis
who had, however, with great sagacity
correctness, poised the chances.

The thirty years' war left Germany
deplorable state. The country was di
into several principalities, whose chiefs, th
nominally subjected to a German empe
were in reality as absolute as the Turk
sultan. They looked upon their subjects
farmer looks on his cattle, and cared for t
welfare only so far as their own was invo
in it. This state of things did not imp
with time; on the contrary, it became w
in the eighteenth century. The most p
German tyrant repeated the phrase of L
XIV., "L'Etat c'est moi," and their subj
were so debased, that they accepted it as
article of faith.

But even this state of abjection had s
good results. The enormous taxes requ
from the subjects to satisfy the desires
their luxurious tyrants, compelled the for

ome very industrious and frugal. Having itical, and hardly any social rights, the ans were compelled to restrict all their to family life, and to cultivate those ties which make social intercourse agree-

ne division of the country into numerous ipalities had also some good, though much ed consequences. As the kings and great emen in France thought it proper to nise fine arts, their mimics, the German s, imitated them, each according to his , understanding, and inclination. Thus f the many residences of petty sovereigns e as it were a centre of civilisation, from emanated knowledge—not always, it is f a desirable kind—and refinement. It act which may be observed even now, the Germans who formerly belonged to er, especially Protestant principalities, ar more advanced in civilization than belonging to some more extended and lex system, for instance those of Catholic ria and Austria.

Though the Germans of the eigh
century were not much better than slav
traditions of former liberty were not u
obliterated. The fire kindled by the Ref
tion had not been altogether quenched
was still smouldering under the ashes
which tyranny had covered it, and the sp
which had been carried over from the n
bouring Netherlands when fighting, du
more than half a century, for their relig
and political liberty, were not extingui
Not much of all this was to be perceiv
the courts or in the country, but the
flame was still entertained amongst th
zens, especially in the many free cities.

The French epidemic had infected s
the petty courts less than others. T
not quite intact, the court of Prussia ren
more German than any other. The
Elector of Brandenbourg was a shining
amongst the miserable princes of his tim
was respected everywhere, and may
regarded as the real founder of the grea
of Prussia and the house of Hohenzo

ck William I., the second king of , though an arch tyrant, and a rude and h man, had many excellent qualities. ed like a citizen, and left after his death ely well regulated finances, an abun- filled Treasury, and an army equalled other in Europe. I need not repeat what s made of it by his son Frederick II., to history has awarded the name of Great. not much liked in England, but his is well known. He loved French ign sophy, and art, and the French om. t he was, nevertheless, a true d ne German. He foresaw the latent ngthe Prussian people and state, and y facious boldness, which was censured l moles of his time, as that of Count ad been censured in 1866, he under- ght, single-handed, mighty Austria, ay, nearly all Europe. After a of years he remained the conqueror, e Prussia became a great military the continent.

ne first time for many years, the

German people had taken a real inter
war carried on by their princes. The
proud of the great German king a
successes, and ceased to be ashamed of
Germans.

The monarchical bow had been strain
far in France, and it broke. The he
the king and queen fell; themsel
tively guiltless, they expiated
their predecessors, and the
flames swept over all France, and
frontiers.

The princes of Europe were frigh
rose in arms, but in vain; their
were beaten by the armed Fren
by a young general, who conque
the princes, but the revolution. N
knew the French, and treated the
ingly. People do not jump at o
despotism into republicanism; thoug
may create the ardent desire for
requires long training to make a peo
have always lived under a despotis
liberty, and a republican form of gov

toxicated French people would have France, if Napoleon had not directed used energy into other channels. He ed their vanity, the besetting sin of the , and gorged them with military glory. German princes were humbled to the The military reputation of Prussia was lated at Jena; all Germany, like the ope, was in the power of Napoleon. ions were sea-girded England, and sia. French kings and French led in Germany. To the Prussian was left only a petty remnant of his Then the intentions of Providence be fulfilled. Napoleon reached the int of his brilliant career on the ds of Russia, from where he returned ve.

wn-trodden princes recovered from or. The King of Prussia, counting lly nature of the Germans, and on gnation against the arrogance of pressors, appealed for the first time ple, and made them golden promises.

The people answered to this appea
generous enthusiasm.

The battle of Leipsic was fought
power of Napoleon was destroyed
allies at Waterloo. The "legitimate
were reinstalled in France, and the old
of things was restored in Germany—at
in outward forms; but the German
were considerably changed. The
longer the submissive slaves, wh
the axiom of the princes "L'Etat
as an article of faith. Long interc
the French, though their oppressors,
their eyes in reference to the respec
and duties of people and princes.
late events had proved that princes
less without the sympathy of the
Their rulers would have been lost w
generous enthusiasm with which t
answered their anxious appeal, and
a right to expect that the restor
would keep their promises, and the
the desires of the people were limi
constitutional form of government

a rule by which despotism might be
ted.

e princes, however, looked on the situa-
with a far different eye. The French
ution had taught them how dangerous
eir crowns and heads the unfettered
siasm of a people may become, and even
patriotic enthusiasm to which they had
d, and which had saved them, seemed
with danger. It became the
ss of the German diet, sitting
jealously to watch this enthu-
o put down with the utmost
ression of patriotism if not closely
despotic principles. Only to re-
eople of the promise of a constitu-
by the princes, was counted high-
nd punished as such. The King of
simply passed over his promises,
the people are not ripe yet for a
ion."

oman Church, which had suffered as
the princes by the late revolution,
them fervently, and bigotry became

the rule, especially in France and A
The Protestant clergy, under the direct
the government, imitated their Catholi
leagues as well as they could, forgetting
Protestantism is in itself revolutionary.

The unspeakable baseness of the p
was also incomparably stupid, for it
stirred up the flame which it was mea
extinguish. The prisons were fill
patriots, and thousands of Ger
to America, or other distant
life became unsupportable i
country.

The revolution in Paris, in
have warned the princes, but it
them to more severe measures, and
hated them more and more e
Liberal ideas spread like wildfire.
William IV. ascended the throne o
The people hoped much from him.
understood and appreciated the spi
time, and placed himself at the hea
popular movement, he might have el
catastrophe of 1848. A kind of cons

deed, conceded; but nobody believed promises, and those who framed and did so with the intention of adhering s little as possible.

se years before 1848 were interesting irring. Everyone who was not politi- blind saw that a thunderstorm was ng up, and to break out speedily. Few societies existed then in Germany, and were of little influence. Revolutionary had become so general and so strong, were not to be kept down any ey were proclaimed openly, not- ng the police and the severe press- ensorship. So much was, however, t the storm would not break out y before the death of Louis r his downfall, which was expected ical leaders at an early date.

nch Revolution of February, 1848, Its effect on the German people was derful, but by no means surprising itiated. All the princes were bewil- nd they would have lost their crowns

if the democratic party had been p
organised; but each section of the c
acted separately, and the princes wo
more. The old game was repeated
prisons were filled, and the soil moi
with the blood of rash patriots; hundr
thousands of Germans emigrated in des

The lessons of 1848 and 1849 were
however, lost either on the people or
princes. The blood of the popular m
had not been shed in vain. Since the I
wars, a new spirit had come into the
people; neither the princes nor
allied with them could any longer
flood of liberal ideas. Soon after
became convinced of this diffe
though they tried to resist, they
with their former brutality.

The Germans are a good and fai
people. Other nations—not cursed
score of princely vampires, who su
heart's blood of the country—hac
called them unpractical dreamers,
spised their political ignorance and im

The Germans knew that there was some truth in this reproach; they had accepted it with a sigh, and frankly admired and envied the more favoured nations who ridiculed them. But, as I said before, since the end of the Napoleonic wars, a new spirit had come over the Germans; they had grown conscious of that latent power, and with that knowledge new hope and energy were instilled into their hearts. Though still fair to other nations, and ready to admire what was admirable, they were less humble. They found that they possessed qualities which placed them in many respects above nations whom they had until then overrated. They discoverod that, in general, they were better educated and more civilised than their neighbours, and they took comfort about other shortcomings.

Causes, which I mentioned before, had driven millions of Germans from their beloved fatherland into foreign countries, and they were, like the Jews, dispersed over all the world. They are to be found in America (North and South), in Africa, Australia, and

Asia; hundreds of thousands of them lived in France and in England. They were welcome wherever they came, as hard-working, industrious, frugal, and law-abiding people. They succeeded almost everywhere, and though humble and unpretending, they everywhere exerted a considerable influence, especially on social life. As colonists, they were preferred to any others; and in counting-houses and manufactories, even in France and in England, they held important places. German mercantile firms were to be found in every country, and their chiefs ranked amongst the most respected inhabitants of the land. I cannot dwell longer on this subject, but it would not be difficult to prove that the Germans have had, and are fulfilling a highly creditable civilizing mission in the world.

In Germany itself the long peace, and the slackening of the governmental reins, had had a salutary influence. Manufactories and trade, art and science, flourished, and German schools were the best in Europe.

Notwithstanding all these good qualities

and advantages, which were but reluctantly acknowledged by other nations, the Germans were still looked upon with a slight measure of contempt. English and French subjects were respected everywhere, because their governments jealously watched the rights of their subjects; but the Germans in foreign parts had to suffer many humiliations, because their many governments exercised no political influence, and besides, did not care for their rights or dignity.

The more conscious of their value the German people became, the more deeply did they resent their political insignificance. They felt themselves entitled to a position in the foremost rank of peoples, for both worth and numbers; and yet, politically speaking, they were not even a nation! Foreigners knew only Austrians, Prussians, Bavarians, &c.; the word "Germans" had no signification less vague than the expression "Orientals." Everybody in Germany understood that this would be changed if all Germany was united.

The experiences of the year 1848 and 1849

had taught the leaders of the German people that neither liberty nor unity could be attained in Germany by revolutionary means, and that the latter was the first step to reach the former. It is true that opinion in reference to this point was divided, but the majority of the nation longed for that unity which promised to realise their desire to occupy a respectable political position amongst the nations of Europe. In 1849 this growing desire had urged the parliament in Frankfort to offer the Imperial Crown of Germany to Frederick William IV. of Prussia, who refused it, because his royal pride would not admit that the people had a right to dispose of it. This refusal was, it was said, much regretted by the present King and his wife. A member of the Crown deputation of the Parliament told me that the princess said, in reference to her brother-in-law's refusal, "He has no children!"

As the democratic party in Germany was unable to bring about this unity, for which the longing became more intense every day,

even democrats of 1849 hoped that one of the German governments would take the initiative. There was no hope, whatever, from Austria, which until then had been regarded as the leader of Germany. This position had become traditional, though it was in fact, not justified at all. Austria was governed by an almost imbecile race, who, led by priests, had always marched at the head of reaction, and besides, only a small part of the Austrian Empire belonged to Germany, whilst Prussia was an entirely German power, and as such better entitled to the leading rank. As long as the German diet existed, Prussia had not seriously contested the supremacy or hegemony of Austria; but the position of affairs altered after 1849, and the struggle between the two powers commenced.

William I. had become first regent, and, after the death of his lunatic brother, King of Prussia. He had grown old with all the prejudices and pretensions of his race, and was the stanchest champion of the monarchical principle. He had been personally mortified

by the events of 1849, and it was he who crushed the revolution at the head of an army. Nobody expected of him that he would ever direct a blow against the principle of monarchical legitimacy. Fate, however, gave him an able and bold minister, whose fixed idea had been from his youth, the unity of his fatherland. The first step towards this end was the wresting from Austria of the hegemony in Germany. How Count Bismark succeeded in persuading King William, we need not enquire; he did succeed, and his plan was carried out in an astonishing and brilliant manner in 1866.

We all remember that time and the feelings then rife in Germany. The Prussian government was greatly disliked, especially by the South Germans, siding in the war with Austria, and even those North Germans, who got rid of their miserable princes, by no means felt gratified by the change, though unprejudiced Germans, even of the democratic party, hailed it as beneficial to their country. Those living in foreign countries loudly ex-

pressed their satisfaction. Count Bismark became far more popular amongst the Germans in America and Australia, than he was in Germany itself. In fact, they were the first to feel the effect of the change. Their position was altered in a remarkable manner; the people amongst whom they lived respected them far more than before. I was living at that time in America; this fact made an impression on me.

The aversion to the Prussian government, and even to the Prussians themselves, in the southern parts of Germany originated from different causes. Religion had something to do with it, at least among the lower orders. The great class of the educated throughout all Germany, had ceased long ago to care for either orthodox Catholicism or Protestantism; they had come to regard both as only the tools of tyranny. There also existed, however, a difference in their manner of life between the people of the North and those of the South, as well as in their language, and each ridiculed the other. The South

Germans are slower in their movements, and an easy-living people, and their language and wit are broad; whilst the Northern Germans are quick, have a rather sarcastic turn of mind, and a language corresponding with it. These traditional hostile feelings had, however, considerably abated since the facilitation of direct intercourse between the North and South had been by railroads.

The Prussian government was more disliked and mistrusted than even the Austrian, though the latter was less liberal; because though it was despotic and tyrannical, it was honestly so without disguise, while the Prussian government masked its tyrannical measures by ambiguous promises, and hypocritical liberal phrases, which raised hopes, whose fulfilment created additional angry feelings.

There is, besides, in the manner of the Prussian officials, something extremely repulsive, especially to South Germans, who were used to be treated by their officials with a show of good-nature, even if executing the most tyrannical measures.

Prussian officials in all branches of the government service, had assumed the by no means agreeable and conciliating tone and manner prevailing in their army, and which dated from the time when the Prussian army was composed of mercenaries—vagabonds, recruited from the scum of all nations, who were only to be kept in order by cruel discipline. A Prussian policeman, gendarme, or clerk in an office, thought it hurtful to his dignity to show politeness to simple citizens, and assumed a rude and offensive tone in addressing them. I can say for myself, that whenever I came in contact with a Prussian policeman, gendarme, or office clerk, I felt strongly inclined to kick him. Englishmen who travelled on the continent in former times will recollect the manner of these folk, and their own feelings. To injudicious behaviour of Prussian employés, the dislike of the Prussian government, at first in the newly annexed provinces, and in South Germany, is mainly to be imputed. The government made aware of it, did all in its power to abolish this nuisance,

and with success. Though there are still a good many old officers both in the army and civil service who have adhered to the former manner, it must be acknowledged that a considerable change for the better has taken place, which I noticed with agreeable surprise.

The good order maintained in the Prussian administration and finances, and the efficiency of the army, were acknowledged everywhere; there could be no doubt that Prussia was more fit than any other German state to march at the head of united Germany; but past experience made the South Germans suspicious about the final intentions of the Prussian government. The years which succeeded to 1815 and 1848, with their broken promises and reactionary measures, had not been forgotten by the people, nor had the part which King William had played in 1848, whilst the South German princes had before them the fate of the King of Hanover, and the Princes of Hesse and Nassau. To give the power of united Germany into the

hands of the Prussian King, might be as effectual a death-blow to all hopes for liberty and progress, as it had been to the petty sovereigns.

The position of Count Bismark was difficult. Though most eager to realise the great plan of his life, and alive to the danger of delay, he also perceived the grave risk of precipitation; but he understood how to evade both. The greatest danger was to be apprehended on the side of France and Austria, which might be expected to intrigue with the "suspects" in South Germany, and with the dispossessed princes and their partisans. To establish a commercial treaty with the South German States, and form military offensive and defensive alliances with them, were Bismark's first precautions against these dangers.

The relations between the French and the Germans were of a peculiar kind. France had been the leading power in Europe for many centuries, and it was especially Germany, weak in consequence of its division

into so many principalities whose interests clashed, who had to suffer from the injustice and rapacity of her mighty neighbour. The conquest of the two German provinces, Lothringen and Elsass, and the inroads made by the French into the border countries of the Rhine, had not been forgotten, and the deeds committed by them still lived in tradition. The humiliation to which the Germans had been subjected by Napoleon I. were even more freshly remembered. Notwithstanding all this, they did not hate the French; on the contrary, they rather liked them, and remembered with gratitude that those ideas which had regenerated the German people were derived from France. They distrusted their unruly spirit, and feared that they might at some time prevail on their government to satisfy their desire for the extension of France to the Rhine, to which they declared themselves to have a right, because they once had occupied it for a time.

The Germans are a peace-loving people, but they also love their country, and their national

independence, and whenever, therefore, the cry for the Rhine frontier was raised in France, it was responded to with such energy by the whole German nation that the French rulers hesitated to attempt the conquest.

We all know how Napoleon III. betrayed the republic, and became Emperor of the French, how he succeeded in making France mightier than ever, and himself the arbiter of the world. When Prussia made war against Austria, it was done with his knowledge, but he was far from expecting such a brilliant success for Prussia; he expected that she would be placed in a difficult position, which would give him an opportunity to stretch out his protecting hand, and thus enable him to gain Prussia over to his treacherous designs on Belgium. The battle of Sadowa was such a brilliant victory, that that of Solferino was utterly thrown into the shade by it. France was indignant, that Prussia had dared to win such a victory, and felt herself personally offended. Absurd as it may appear, France cried out for revenge for the victory of the

Prussians over the Austrians! Napoleon, whose credit was shaken in France after his failure in Mexico, was glad that the wrath of the people should be turned aside; he fanned, the flame of jealousy against Prussia, and when this power counteracted his plans in reference to Luxembourg, he resolved to treat it as he had treated Austria, so soon as he would be prepared, which he certainly was not at the time of that Luxemburg affair.

The Duchy of Luxemburg, though belonging to the Kingdom of Holland, had formed a part of Germany, and had its voice in the old German Diet. Its capital, the fortress of Luxembourg, was considered one of the most important outposts of Germany against France, had been declared (like Mayence and Rastadt) a Federal fortress, and was occupied by a Prussian garrison. When the German Diet was dissolved, Luxembourg ceased, of course, to be a Federal fortress, but it remained always a nearly indispensable and highly important outpost of Germany. For this reason, the Prussians

had remained there, and the North German Union had been tacitly substituted for the German Diet. France demanded that the Prussians should evacuate Luxembourg.

Though the formal right in this case was not on the side of Prussia, many people, I amongst others, were of the opinion that she ought to have jumped at this pretext for a war with France, which was looked upon as unavoidable by everybody who had any knowledge of political affairs. Though Prussia was then not certain of the assistance of the South German States, and even if it had been sure, this assistance would have availed but little, as their armies were not yet properly organised, that power which had conquered Austria was, even single-handed, strong enough to conquer France, at that time utterly defenceless, as the best part of the army was away in Mexico. It was a bold imprudence of Napoleon to provoke war under such circumstances; one which might have cost him his crown then, if Bismark had not thought it more prudent to wait. Things

were still unsettled within the North German Union, and a war with France, which might have brought about other complications, was always a hazardous thing, which, though apparently unavoidable, might be prevented by the death of Napoleon, or his downfall in consequence of a revolution, chances which were by no means desperate. General Moltke was perfectly ready, however, and promised to be in four weeks before Paris, but the sagacious minister preferred to wait, and to accede to an arrangement of the Luxembourg question.

Many Germans were dissatisfied that the decision should be deferred so long. This armed peace cost almost as much as a war, and all business was impeded. Besides the Germans were no longer humble *valets de comédie*, taking kicks from their French masters with low bows. Though the Prussian government was not popular, the successes of the Prussian army, were an object of pride to all Germany; they felt conscious of their strength; the arrogant tone of the French, and the

interfering of their Emperor with German domestic affairs, made them angry. They wanted a settled state, but this was prevented by the ambition and arrogance of their unruly neighbour; it became evident that peace would not be possible, until France should have received a sound thrashing, and been tumbled down from the position at the head of Europe, which she had so misused, and for which the French were of all nations the least fit, on account of their vanity, levity, and fickleness.

General von Moltke had once said, (I believe in the Reichstag) that, "He wished Germany to be in such a position that no shot could be fired in Europe without her will;" in other words, he wanted Germany to be powerful enough to maintain that general peace, longed for by all the world.

There are, indeed, no country and nation more fit to hold such a position than Germany. Though the Germans have proved that they are as brave and good soldiers as any in the world, they do not like war; they are an

eminently peace-loving people, and have no other desire than to be left alone by other nations, in whose affairs they have no wish to interfere. Their country, in the heart of Europe, is surrounded everywhere by nations whose interests differ from theirs, and who had shown themselves frequently inclined to profit by the former weakness of Germany. Therefore the Germans desire a strong Germany, and for this purpose they will have all countries, inhabited by German-speaking people, and torn from the old fatherland at the time of its prostration, reunited with it. Beyond this, the ambition of the Germans does not extend. They do not wish for other conquests, and what was done in former times, was not done by them, but by their princes, and a repetition of such an injustice as the division of Poland is impossible in our age.

In reference to civilization, education, industry, science, and arts, Germany stands at least abreast with any other nation. She even excels the most advanced, in many

respects. It is therefore my opinion, that all nations, who care for peace and its blessing, ought to congratulate themselves that Germany will take on herself the trouble of becoming the guardian of the peace of the world. Were Germany a hundred times mightier than France ever has been, the world would never have to complain that she abused her power as France did. German Napoleons I. are not possible, for the Germans, though always ready to defend their own country, and national independence, would never follow the lead of a military hero, whose ambition prompted him to suppress the liberty of other nations.

After the arrangement of the Luxembourg difficulty, France prepared for war with all her might. For what purpose, everybody saw, though Napoleon used all kind of diplomatic artifices to mislead public opinion. Count Bismark, however, was his match; he was not deceived by all his manœuvring for a single moment; he paid the Emperor back with his own coin, and duped him with

consummate skill. When mighty kings courted Napoleon in Paris, when superficial observers believed him to be at the pinnacle of power—his fall was at hand.

The public in general was, however, deceived by the comedy played in Paris; they really believed that Napoleon intended to conclude his life and reign in peace, and the greater part of the French people shared this delusion; Count Bismark did not; he was fully prepared to weather the storm, should it even break loose sooner than he expected. The liberal party in Germany, blinded also by Napoleon's peace antics, became impatient at the great expenses caused by the war preparations, still continued in such a peace-promising time; they demanded a diminution of the army, and prepared many difficulties for Count Bismark, who could not undeceive them without danger, though he might easily have done so, by unmasking the plans of Napoleon, for which the means were in his hands.

I was deceived also, to a certain degree;

though I held that war was probable, I really believed it to be postponed, and hoped that it might be prevented altogether by the death of Napoleon, whose health was reported to be rapidly declining. I left my post at Berlin, and profited by the respite to go to London.

I need not tell how the bursting of the impending thunder-cloud was brought about. Later historians will perhaps find out, whether Count Bismark assisted in preparing the catastrophe; if he did so, it was done most skilfully, for the manner in which the thing came off, secured for the offended King of Prussia not only the sympathy of the Germans, but of all the nations of the world. Never was a war provoked more clumsily and stupidly.

The most wonderful part, to my mind, of all this was the unconceivable blindness of Napoleon. Though he had his spies everywhere, and several of them—like Colonel Stoffel—forewarned him of the result of a struggle with Germany; though he knew

the imperfect state of his army—he listened to the flatterers, and did not doubt his victory. He might also have read the character of the German people more clearly, for he knows them very well, and speaks their language—but he preferred to believe what he desired, and never suspected that the idea of national independence was stronger amongst the South Germans than even their dislike of the Prussian government. Old adages are the extract of the wisdom of ages; that the gods strike with blindness those whom they wish to destroy, was never more strikingly illustrated than by the fate of Napoleon III.

Though many Germans disliked the King of Prussia, when opposed to France he was the representative of the whole nation; the insult offered to him was felt by all Germany as a slap in her face. The whole nation rose like one man, and when the French cry arose, "To the Rhine! to the Rhine!" they understood that not only their honour had been insulted, but that their national independence

was threatened. All party strife was forgotten, or suspended; conservatives, national-liberals, or democrats ceased to exist; there were no more Prussians, Bavarians, ex-Hanoverians, or Saxons; there were only Germans in all Germany, ready to follow the lead of the old warlike King, whose laurel-crown was still fresh on his helmet. This time his sword was not drawn with regret, and the enthusiasm of the people was not checked by the thought that they were fighting against a power partly German. No, they were now marching to encounter a nation by whom Germany had been offended and humiliated for centuries, and which had been always regarded as their hereditary enemy. They were going to fight for the best treasure of a nation, and were fully aware, that the result of their victory would be peace for themselves and their children.

Those who saw the Germans at that time can never forget their legitimate and noble enthusiasm; it was such a phenomenon as only rarely appears in history. I reckon

myself fortunate, in that I witnessed that enthusiasm, and the glorious war which followed.

IN FRANCE WITH THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER I.

Effect of war news in London.—Departure of the Germans.—Fears about travelling.—Departure for the continent.—Brussels.—The railroad station at Cologne.—Coblentz.—Prince Felix Salm.—His war preparations and forebodings.—State of things in Coblentz.—Review of the 4th regiment of Guards.—Colonel Count Waldense.—About the Prussian Army.—Parting of friends.—On the Rhine steamer.—Arrival in Frankfort.—Feeling there.—Reception of passing troops.

THE rumour of an utterly unexpected war on the continent caused great excitement in London. The Exchange people became nearly frantic; the "upper ten thousand" were in a flutter, for such a war would interfere seriously with their travelling plans at the end of the London season; while those who did not care for the fluctuation of stocks, and who had no money for travelling purposes, felt unusual curiosity and interest in the newspapers, of which half a dozen editions a day were

published, each fresh telegram furnishing a pretext for one.

The sympathies of the English public were at first decidedly on the side of the French. The supposed pretension of the King of Prussia to extend his influence over far-off Spain, by placing a prince of his family on its throne, was resented not only by France, but also by England. This feeling changed, however, after the straightforward declarations of the old Prussian King, and the renunciation by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern of his candidature for the Spanish crown, with which all cause for war seemed to be removed.

I had been waiting for this war since 1867, and felt rather disappointed that it should be delayed again and again, under circumstances somewhat humiliating for Germany, for it seemed to me utterly incredible that the Prince of Hohenzollern should have entered into such important negotiations, without the prompting of the King or Count Bismark.

When war appeared imminent, I resolved at once to return to the continent, and wrote to the editor of a leading paper offering my services. He was deceived like the rest; he answered, that the news of that morning was so pacific, he would not make any arrangements for war correspondence.

The well-known occurrences at Ems left, however, no doubt that France was resolved on war, and that the head of the North German Union could not make any further concessions. The rude and graceless proceedings of the representative of Napoleon, and the proper and gentlemanly behaviour of the old King, strengthened the sympathy of the English public, and everybody, except some papers of well-known tendencies, wished France a severe lesson for her wanton provocation, which might kindle a general war.

The English were much astonished at the effect which the certainty of war between Germany and France produced on the many thousands of Germans who lived amongst them, and who occupied places in mercantile houses and manufactories. They seemed all to be touched by a magic wand. The quiet, dreamy young men became transformed. Instead of lamenting the loss of their good positions, and the inconvenience caused by the military law of their country, they joyously prepared for their departure to join their regiments, even before they had received any summons from home. Nay, many who had already fulfilled their military duty, and others who had not reached the required age, hurried back to Germany to enlist as volunteers. When the English saw

whole trains laden with Germans returning to their country to enter at once into a bloody war, and heard them sing their patriotic songs, they shook their heads; but they were rather pleased, and conceived a more favourable opinion of the Germans than they had previously entertained, especially as they did not hear any bragging amongst them, whilst young Frenchmen did their utmost in this respect, confidently asserted that the French army would enter Berlin in a few weeks.

As reports were in circulation in London about the great difficulties which would be placed in the way of travellers to Germany, and I was even refused a ticket *vid* Ostend to Cologne at the office in Regent Circus, under pretext of the impossibility of reaching that city, I went to the German Legation for information. There I was assured that I could travel without any impediment, and that not even a *visa* of my American passport was requisite.

On the 20th of July, 1870, at five o'clock, a.m., I was on board the Ostend steamer, and started at seven o'clock next morning from Ostend to Cologne. There were on board some young Germans, who came from Scotland, and also two German governesses. One of them was young,

fair, and pretty, and the other was dark, and might have been pretty some twenty years ago. They did not want to enlist, not even as voluntary nurses, but were simply returning home to enjoy their well-earned holidays. I am rather favourably disposed to German governesses, for they are generally very well-educated, and frequently belong to very good families in reduced circumstances. My two travelling companions proved agreeable company, and it is gratifying to me to think that they will remember me kindly, and the services I was enabled to render them.

We had to stop a few hours at Brussels, where it was difficult to find a place near the station in which to sup, as all the restaurants were crowded with not very sober Belgian soldiers, for the army had just been placed on a war footing. The soldiers were in high glee; they were singing patriotic songs, which no doubt were extremely poetic and fine, but which sounded horribly as they were all in the Flemish language. I therefore could not make out whether the feelings of the soldiers were in favour of France or of Germany.

On board the steamer was a passenger who puzzled me much. He spoke neither English, French, German, nor Dutch, still he had trans-

acted business in London, and lived in Belgium. He was a manufacturer of lace, and spoke nothing but Flemish, a language which is now spoken only by a few hundred thousand people.

We approached Cologne early in the morning. As this city had been declared in a state of siege, we expected to meet with difficulties of all kinds, but had none to encounter. The Custom House officers were unusually polite, and passports were not required. The station was provided with a small guard, who in no way interfered with the movements of the many passengers; but that was all we saw of military precautions. The station and restaurant were crowded with officers and soldiers of all arms, on their way to their regiments, and trains were loaded with unarmed men, who came from their various villages. It was an animated scene, and left a very pleasing impression. Every face wore a joyous expression, rather as if the people were preparing for a great festival than for a war. No disorder was to be seen anywhere, no rude shouting, or the peculiar sounds of intoxication, which we had met with in Belgium, were to be heard. The soldiers answered our questions readily and politely, and I was rather amused at the astonishment of some English families, who were hastening home, and whose scared faces indicated that

they feared all kind of annoyances from the rough soldiers. Even the cheers and parting demonstrations of the soldiers on the starting of their extra train had a peculiar stamp of civilization: in a word, the whole tone prevailing amongst the people and soldiers gave me great satisfaction and pleasure, and I was glad that this scene in the station of Cologne had so many English witnesses.

The only unmistakable signs of war we saw in Cologne, were the preparations being made in front of the fortifications which we passed in the train. The fine trees and shrubs standing on the glacis were mercilessly cut down, and soldiers were busily providing the ramparts with palisadoes and *chevaux de frise.* On our way to Coblentz we saw the roads everywhere covered with horses, and men fresh from their villages, on their way to join the army.

At the station in Coblentz my friend Prince Felix Salm was waiting for me, for I had telegraphed that I would stay with him a day or two. I had become acquainted with him in America, in 1861, when he was colonel and chief of the general staff of General Louis Bleaker's division. He was the second son of the late mediatized Prince Salm-Salm, whose principality is situated

in Westphalia, and who resided in the town of Anhalt, where his family possess a fine old castle. He entered the Prussian army as an officer when very young, and distinguished himself by his rather expensive life and his bravery. In the Schleswig Holstein war he was found on the battle-field of Aarhuis with seven wounds, and made a prisoner. The King of Prussia acknowledged his bravery by sending him a sword of honour — a rare distinction. His father loved him much, and I believe spoiled him, for he let him have as much money as he wanted —and he wanted a good deal;—so when his indulgent parent died, and his resources became exhausted, he (as many other young lords do,) contracted debts. These debts, and I think still more his mistress, induced him to resign his place in Prussia, notwithstanding the warnings of good friends, and even those of the present Emperor, and to enter the Austrian service. His mistress was a very handsome and celebrated actress in Vienna. His life there was a life of dissipation. Obliging Jews furnished him with as much money as he wanted, of course on the most exorbitant conditions, and when he required money he signed whatever was laid before him. As was natural, he soon got into trouble; but one of the richest

bankers in Austria, Baron ———, was ready to pay all his debts if he would make a princess of his daughter by marrying her, promising to give her at once two or three millions of guilders. As the young lady was very pretty and accomplished, and the young prince very hard-up, he was not averse to such an arrangement. The whole affair was, however, spoilt by his indiscretion, though he never would admit it, and asserted that his family would not consent to the marriage with the baron's daughter, who was of Jewish origin. The fact was, however, that one night he appeared with his mistress at a theatre in a box opposite that of the baron. The rich banker, and still more his daughter, were so highly offended at this, that all negotiations were broken off.

The creditors became clamorous, and as his family did not feel inclined to pay, the position of Prince Felix became untenable, and he left the Austrian service and went to Paris.

When war broke out in America in 1861, he was advised by his friends to offer his services to the government of the republic. Provided with warm recommendations from the Crown Prince of Prussia, he arrived at Washington, where the Prussian Minister, Baron Gerolt, did his best for him.

Princes are rare in North America, and he was received with great kindness. He was offered a cavalry brigade, but the prince declined, because he did not understand either the English language or the manner of the Americans, and preferred a position as chief of the general's staff in the German division.

I went over to America as special correspondent of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*, and correspondent of the London *Times*. The prince's general, Blenker, was an old comrade of mine of the Revolution of 1849. He was encamped a few miles from Washington, and hearing of my arrival there, he paid me a visit, with his whole staff. On this occasion I made the acquaintance of Prince Salm, who soon became very much attached to me. I liked him, for he was extremely modest and unpretending, and one of the best-natured, kindest-hearted men I ever met with. He had no brilliant talents, and no strength of character, and he felt in America like a fish out of water. Used to live in the highest European societies, the free and easy, and sometimes rather rough forms of American life were repulsive to him, and he felt everywhere humiliated and mortified. Though he was neither proud nor conceited, and did not think himself

better than anybody else, he had been used from his youth to be treated in a somewhat different manner. The German democrats of New York behaved shamefully to him. As a prince, he was their natural enemy, and their feelings against him were not improved by the preference shown for him by the republican government, though he deserved it more than a great many democratic German republicans who were made colonels. The prince was attacked and reviled in the papers, and all his actions were commented on in the most hostile spirit, and democratic European papers copied from the Americans. I pitied his helplessness under these attacks, and knowing them to be undeserved, I took his part, and whenever he distinguished himself—which never was mentioned by the German-American papers—I took notice of the fact in my correspondence to the *Times* and *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The prince felt very grateful, and made me the confidant of all his troubles.

The American ladies, though republicans, are very fond of titles, and if the prince had been mercenary, the predicate Highness which he had to bestow would have easily procured him an American wife endowed with millions of dollars.

He was, however, very shy of matrimony. Once in Europe he had flirted with a young countess. Her brother imagined that this flirtation could only end with a marriage, and spoke plain language to the young prince, who answered in the same manner. A pistol duel, in Switzerland, was the consequence. The prince received a shot in his right arm, and suffered much from his wound, but he said he preferred this passing inconvenience to one lasting for all the life.

The history of the princely family of Salm offers, however, numerous proofs that its members are very passionate; so-called *mésalliances* are frequent amongst them. Prince Felix made no exception. He fell vehemently in love with a very pretty lady, a Canadian, who was neither rich nor titled. This was before I became intimate with him, but when he resolved on marriage, he visited me one morning with this lady, requesting me to accompany him to the Catholic clergyman who was to marry them, and act as a witness. After having exhausted all my arguments against this step in vain, I acceded to their request, and saw them married by Father Walter, in his room close to St. Patrick's church in F— Street. As two witnesses were required, Father Walter's cook was called in. When

Baron Gerolt, the Prussian minister, heard of this marriage, and saw me, he shook his finger at me, reproached me, and said gently, "What a foolish thing did you permit 'your son' to do!" Though I had nothing to do with the marriage, I laughingly answered, "that as a democrat, I could only rejoice when princes committed follies of that kind."

My wife had joined me in America, and the young princess soon became as much attached to her as the prince was to me. In fact, we lived much together, and for a long time in the same house.

In the course of the war, Salm became commander of a regiment, distinguished himself in the battles around Nashville, and was made a brigadier-general. When the war came to an end, he might easily have retained a high position in the regular army, but life in North America had been made odious to him by the many insults received from German democratic enemies. Under these circumstances he resolved to go to Mexico, and offer his services to the Emperor Maximilian. He tried hard to persuade me to go with him, but I told him that I had no confidence whatever in the stability of Maximilian's empire, even if other reasons did not prevent me from entering

his service. He then set off for Mexico, and the princess followed him later. We remained always in communication with each other. How he and the princess distinguished themselves in Mexico, and what a noble part both played in the imperial tragedy is generally known.

When the prince and princess returned to Europe, we arranged a meeting in Switzerland, and lived together a whole summer in Rorschach, on the lake of Constance. During that time I wrote his memoirs, English and German, after his and the princess's narrative, as much as possible reproducing their own words. Thus the book is the prince's own book; though I have written it. It did him very good service.

He and the princess were extremely well received by the king and queen of Prussia, and the prince re-entered the Prussian army. Though he had been a general both in the United States and in Mexico, he could not occupy that rank in Prussia. He would, however, have been placed according to the date of his first commission, and perhaps have become a colonel, if the king had not consulted the feelings of his officers. Salm had once left the Prussian army for the Austrian, and that was not forgotten by them. He therefore became only a major, and commander of a bat-

talion in the queen's own regiment—the 4th Grenadier Guards—garrisoned at Coblentz. The part the prince had played in one of the most memorable historical tragedies of the age will, I hope, excuse this long digression. When I met him at the station in Coblentz, I was astonished to observe how much he was changed for the better. Formerly he looked careworn and sad, but now he was perfectly satisfied with his position, had become stouter, and his looks had much improved.

The princess was not at home, but was expected next day. She was at Bonn, with the celebrated professor, Dr. Busch, who was to become the chief surgeon of the 1st Prussian Army. The princess had decided on accompanying him, and went through a course of surgery, to learn as much as was required to assist the professor on the battle-field, or in the hospitals. A great many ladies did the same, for instance my wife, who went through her preparation in Hamburg, and I expected her to join the princess at Coblentz.

The prince was all fire and flame; the war would give him, he hoped, an opportunity of distinguishing himself, though he was afraid he should be killed this time. While he was making his arrangements for the field, and packing up

his things, he said, "I am thinking whether I shall take my best cigars, which I brought over myself from Upmans, in Havannah, or an inferior kind. I think I shall take the best; I shall smoke them, I hope, before I am killed." When I made light of his apprehension, he said: "I am sure I shall be killed this time. There has been so much fuss made about me in the papers, that I am obliged to expose myself more than would otherwise be necessary. I feel some pangs of conscience at having persuaded my sister-in-law to let her boy go with me. That ambitious little fellow will certainly always remain by my side, and I should be extremely sorry if he were killed."

This nephew of the prince was only seventeen years old, and still at college. At the request of his mother the king had made him a lieutenant, and attached him as an orderly officer to his uncle. The forebodings of my friend were only too true, as we shall see later..

The troops in Coblentz were all preparing to march, but the day of their departure was not yet known. In the afternoon the prince and I went out for a walk. The streets wore a very animated aspect. Everywhere we met whole troops of "reserves" arriving from the country,

with military clothes under their arms. The men came before they had been summoned, in such numbers, that all regiments had many hundreds, nay, even thousands of men to spare, and supplementary battalions were formed of them.

Workmen were putting the fortifications into the state required for actual war. As we were passing a gate leading to the pleasure grounds, which was also to be strengthened, three large beams fell down right before our feet. One step more, and we must have been killed on the spot.

In the promenade we found many officers and citizens assembled with their families to listen to the usual Thursday concert. A regimental band played. I saw many distinguished persons, and amongst them General Herwarth von Bittenfeld, one of the heroes of 1866. The general looked rather shaky, and not very fit for the hardships of a rude campaign. A rumour was spread that he was to be made commander of one of the armies, but that was not the case; he lost even the command of the 8th Army Corps, which was given to a comparatively young man, Lieutenant General von Goeben, who had distinguished himself against the Bavarians in 1866. General Herwarth was made governor-general of the district occupied by the 7th, 8th, and 11th Army

Corps, an honorary appointment, which gave him no command in the field.

The seriousness of the situation compelled the government to hurt the feelings of many officers who had rendered it good service, but who were no longer efficient for the field. The government thought it, however, better to wound the feelings of a man, than to confide the fate of many thousands to him, if either his military talent or his health were doubtful. Several of the highest officers had to put up with the mortification of seeing younger men promoted over their heads.

The officers in Coblentz were somewhat excited. As the French had so abruptly provoked war, it was supposed that they were perfectly ready, that they would commence hostilities before the Prussian army was prepared, and if so, it was not improbable that they might advance without great difficulty as far as the Rhine. Each day which passed without these apprehensions being fulfilled, was therefore eagerly counted, for with each day the risk of surprise diminished. It was eleven days before the German army was perfectly ready, and when I was at Coblentz, eight of these days had already elapsed. Everybody wondered and rejoiced at this inactivity of

the French, for it would have been a great misfortune for the German country on the left banks of the Rhine, to have been overrun by a French army. When war was threatened, the king, then at Ems, had intended to place only two army corps on war footing for the immediate protection of the Rhenish provinces, but General Moltke opposed this; he insisted on the mobilisation of the whole army, and was of opinion that it would be better to let the French have some advantage in the commencement, than to meet them with inferior forces.

No one who was at that time in Germany, will forget the spectacle offered by the German people. All party feeling was suspended; and the whole nation was ready as one man to defend its independence against the old enemy of German greatness. There was nowhere such frantic enthusiasm as we saw in France, but a calm, and, I might say, joyous determination to spill even the last drop of blood for the independence of the nation. Nobles and peasants, men and women, were all equally determined, and were ready to make the greatest sacrifices. Men and voluntary contributions were offered freely, and societies were formed everywhere for the aid of the wounded. The queen of Prussia and the crown princess

did a great deal in this respect, and the first ladies of the country imitated their example.

Princess Salm arrived from Bonn with her diploma in her pocket. She had not even changed her dress, and as she had been assisting an operation, it was still stained with blood.

I heard no bragging, and no abuse of the French. The enthusiasm had, however, pervaded all classes of society and all ages—nay, even the boys (as in the time of the Crusades). Seventy-two boys had concealed themselves under the seats of the railway carriages of a train going from Berlin towards the Rhine. The boys, from ten to fourteen years, wanted to enlist. They cried with vexation when they were discovered and pulled out from their hiding-places.

My wife arrived in Coblentz ready for service. The widowed Princess Salm arrived also, with her boy, who was to accompany his uncle. Prince Felix had finished his preparations, for the regiment had received its marching orders, which, however, were kept secret. To all field officers were given detailed maps of France, not less than about one hundred sheets, which must have been kept ready for this exigency in the bureau of the great general staff.

I was invited to attend a review of the 4th

Regiment of Grenadier Guards, and went up the Carthouse (a considerably fortified hill opposite Ehrenbreitenstein, on the other side of the town) where there is a large plain, used for reviews and other military purposes. I was very anxious to see the regiment, which had received about 1500 men into its ranks only two days before, coming fresh from their villages after an absence of one or two years. The colonel, Count Waldersee, wanted to see his regiment together, in order to rectify any possible defects before leaving next morning. After the captains had drilled their companies for a short time, the majors did the same with their battalions, and at last all three battalions—each 1000 men—stood in line. The colonel went through a few movements only. He ordered an attack in the usual form, ending with a bayonet charge of these 3000 men. This over, the regiment marched past the colonel by companies.

I have seen many troops, and plenty of Prussians, but I became quite enthusiastic on this occasion. I have seen regiments that went through all their movements just as well, but only after having been carefully drilled for weeks and months: half of these men, however, had not handled a gun, or stood in rank and file for

a long time, and it was wonderful to witness the promptness and neatness with which all their movements were executed. There was no indecision or slight blundering, as you notice sometimes at other reviews: every one knew his place and what to do.

When the regiment charged with the bayonet, and with cheers, the men seemed to see the enemy already before them, for their faces were glowing with excitement. Prince Salm, I am sure, felt more proud to command his thousand men than he ever felt when commanding his American brigade—though the American soldiers are certainly as brave as the Prussians; but an old officer, brought up in the Prussian army, could not look at them with patience. What I admired most at this review was the deliberation with which the men aimed and fired when left to themselves as skirmishers, though they had in their hands a needle-gun, tempting them to fire eight shots a minute. I noticed also for the first time the firing in four ranks. As long as the Prussians had their old firelocks they stood in three ranks, if standing in a line of battle. The two foremost ranks only fired; the men in the third rank had to charge the guns, and to exchange them for the empty guns of the second

rank. Now four ranks are formed; the two foremost kneel down, and the two other ranks fire over their heads. By this manner of firing the number of shots is doubled, and fewer bullets pass over the heads of the enemy. It is an old experience that soldiers, if firing quickly, very frequently do not take time to bring their guns to the right position, but fire without aiming, and even before the barrels of their guns are horizontal. Men who fire in a kneeling position cannot fire high without doing it purposely.

On the way home I was introduced to the colonel, Count Waldersee, who asked me how I liked his regiment, and I expressed the real admiration I felt. "Yes, yes," he said, "I think there may be something done with these fellows." That was my opinion also. The count was much pleased with my remark in reference to the calm aiming of the soldiers; for two years past he and all his officers, he said, had done all they could to convince the soldiers of its advantage.

As I had myself been a Prussian officer, and was thoroughly acquainted with the army and its admirable system and discipline, I was a tolerably competent judge of its efficiency, and able to compare it with that of the other armies I had

seen also. I had not been in the least astonished at the wonderful successes of 1866, for I was as certain of the defeat of the brave Austrians as I was of that of the French, and said so—always, of course, without being believed.

The perfection of the arms, and skill in using them, has, of course, a great deal to do with the efficiency of an army; but the excellence of the Prussian army is based on other things, which cannot be so easily procured as chassepots or mitrailleuses, etc. Other governments hire men for the defence of their country, and as the pay is miserable, the discipline, and the chance of being shot or maimed, has no particular attraction for the greater number. Only such men enlist as have no other chance left, or who prefer a life of idleness to one of labour. Soldiers are therefore not much respected in such countries, and, in fact, do not often deserve particular respect. The position of the soldiers in Prussia is far different. There the defence of liberty and national independence is not left to the scum of the nation; every Prussian, the son of a prince as well as the son of the poorest peasant, must serve in the army. As education is general, and within the reach of the poorest, no army in the world can in this respect be compared to the Prussian, and

none can equal it in regard to the spirit which prevails in it. A necessary consequence of this is, that the officers commanding such men must be highly educated themselves, and in every respect gentlemen. Everybody, however, may become an officer without regard to birth or fortune, if he fulfils the required conditions—that is, if his conduct and deportment be those of a gentleman, and he passes the different rather severe examinations. Even the princes of houses once sovereign, who have the advantage of entering the army at once as lieutenants, lose their commission if they do not pass their examination after a given time.

The education of the officers is by no means finished with their putting on the epaulets. They are required to perfect themselves in military sciences, for which plenty of opportunity and facility is offered. Officers of engineers and artillery have to pass a second examination on being promoted to a higher grade. The most talented officers are selected for the great general staff, which may be termed the brains of the military body.

Such discipline as that of the Prussian army is only possible, where the soldiers are intelligent enough to understand its necessity, and do not

require to be kept in order by fear of severe punishment.

The readiness with which the Prussians from all parts of the country rushed to their colours, even before they were summoned, was not the result of fear, but of their understanding and appreciating the cause and purpose of the war. It was highly interesting and gratifying to listen to the conversation of the soldiers amongst themselves. All understood that they were going to defend their national independence, and that to secure peace for themselves and their children they must conquer unruly France.

People in other countries think it extremely hard that married men, fathers of families, must go to battle. But they have more reason than unmarried men to defend their country; and though it is but natural to suppose that many a Prussian Landwehrman felt a tear in his eye when parting from his wife and his little ones, very few of them would have remained behind, even if permitted to do so. The remembrance of wife and child did not make them cowards on the battle-field; on the contrary, they set the younger soldiers a brilliant example. The regiments of the Landwehr of the guard, for instance, were most terrible on the battle-field. When-

ever they appeared they were hailed with a cry of admiration by the other troops. Their attack was irresistible, and frequently they did not even fire a shot, but rushed on the French with the bayonet. And yet in quarters they were the quietest and gentlest of all. They were kind and polite to the poor frightened women, and you might often see grimly-bearded Landwehrmen with French children on their knees.

The day of departure now arrived. On the morning after the review, Prince Felix Salm and his nephew left Coblentz. I saw them there for the last time. My wife went with the princess to Bonn, and I went up the Rhine to Frankfort, where the king of Prussia was expected. I wanted to get some information, in order to regulate my own movements.

On board the steamer I met Colonel Count Waldersee, with two officers, who were going to Boppart, where the staff of his regiment was quartered for that day. A large moth, of that kind which is called in Germany "Ordensband" (ribbon of an order), happened to alight on the uniform of one of the aides. "A good omen, captain," I called out; "I am sure you will get the Iron Cross." The captain was much pleased, and said he would at least do all in his power to

deserve it. The order of the Iron Cross was created by Frederick William III. in 1813, and only for that war against Napoleon I. Now, King William I. had thought proper to revive it. It was to be given to persons of all classes who should distinguish themselves. The higher class of this order is only given to such persons as have already deserved the inferior. The grand cross can only be given to high commanders, who win a battle or take a fortress.

Count Waldersee, who was formerly in the great general staff, was, I need scarcely say, a very well-informed officer; his position on the staff sufficiently proves that. He was one of the officers who had been at the camp of Châlons in 1869, and he reported upon the state of the French army. The colonel agreed in some respects with the rather unfavourable opinion expressed in the *Cologne Gazette*, by Mr. Wickede, but gave me some information about the tactics of the French which astonished me greatly. Their line of battle, or formation for battle, he said, was still the same as in the time of the Seven Years' War. He seemed very confident that the French would be beaten in the first encounters, an opinion which I shared.

The count had invited me to join his regiment,

and in order to get permission, he had sent me on the previous day a letter of recommendation to, Colonel von Dannenberg, the chief of the general staff of the guard corps. I would have liked much to accept this invitation, for I should then have been with Prince Salm. Chance, however, decided it that I should not reach the guard-corps during the whole campaign; the letter of recommendation is still in my possession, and I keep it in memory of the count, who was wounded at Gravelotte, and shamefully murdered before Paris a few days after he had again joined his regiment. Of which I shall speak hereafter.

Below Mayence the Prussians had thrown a ship-bridge over the Rhine, in which the water was very low, and the shippers indulged in much fun about the idea of iron-clad French gun-boats on that river. I had the good luck to catch the very last train going from Mayence to Frankfort; for connection by rail between the two cities was suspended for a time, all carriages and trucks being required for the transport of troops and war material.

Frankfort was, of course, in great excitement —not merely of a patriotic order, but partly caused by the suspension of all business. Money was not to be had for the best securities, and

many great houses failed. There were no customers for the shops, and the artizans had nothing to do.

The citizens of Frankfort had not yet got over the year 1866, and the majority of them still hated the Prussians—or, rather, their government. Many amongst them were so fanatical, that they hoped for the arrival of the French.

Before leaving Berlin for the field, the king had ordered a "Bettag"* throughout all the country, but its stillness in Frankfort was frequently interrupted by military trains, which had all to cross the city, as the rails connecting the Hanau station with the others run along the river Main. The bridge and the quay were crowded, and the passing soldiers were greeted with hurrahs and waving of handkerchiefs, for after all the people of Frankfort are Germans. The Bavarians and Saxons, however, who passed through, and whose waggons were wreathed with oak leaves and flowers, were cheered more loudly than the Prussians. The bands played, and it was noticed that the Prussians forebore to play the Prussian anthem (Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt Ihr meine Farben?—which was composed some forty years ago by my stepfather), and played

* Prayer-day.

and sang only German tunes, especially "Die Wacht am Rhein."

The soldiers were all in excellent spirits, and no wonder, for their whole journey across Germany was a triumphal procession. Everywhere at the stations they were received with demonstrations of the most encouraging kind by great masses of people. There could be no doubt the soul of the whole nation was in this war. At the stations they were waited on by boys or girls, who served them with coffee, beer, and something more substantial. It was as if the soldiers were going to some festival. The Germans did not grow tired of giving, and all the hundreds of thousands who passed received the same attention. I never saw the Germans so enthusiastic, not even in the most lively time of 1848.

CHAPTER II.

Illusions of Napoleon III.—The French and the German Armies.—Departure.—Bingen.—W. H. Russell.—On a military train.—Oberstein.—Birkenfeld.—New and old acquaintances. — Turks' Mühlen. — The first French prisoners.—General Frossard's great battle of Saarbrück, —Three companies against three divisions.—Two curious Englishmen.—Journey to Treves.—Unexpected meeting. —The first victory at Weissenburg. — Englishmen in trouble.—To Saarlouis.—An aquatic excursion.

IT is difficult to understand the delusions by which Napoleon III. was led to the belief that he could carry on a victorious war with Germany. The numerical strength of the armies of that country were publicly known to a fraction, and their degree of efficiency also; the Emperor may be supposed to have known the strength of his own army, and a comparison was not favourable to the latter. His spies in Germany spoke plain language to him, and told him that he had no chance; still he was confident of success.

It is true he counted on the assistance, or

neutrality of the South German States; but this proves how superficially he judged, and how little he understood the character of his neighbours. I believe that he expected wonderful effects from his chassepot guns and the mysterious *mitrailleuses.*

I will trouble the reader with only a few military details in reference to the contending armies.

The French army consisted of 460,000 men, active regular troops; 93,000 men, reserves; and 150,000 men, mobile guards. The reserves ought to have been as strong as the regular army, but the new organization, dating only from February 1, 1868, was not accomplished yet. Thus the whole force which France could send to the field amounted to 703,000 men—that is, 116 regiments of foot, or 2,955 companies; 63 regiments of horse, or 349 companies; 21 regiments of artillery, with together 224 batteries, about 1,344 guns.

This force was divided into three armies. The Army of the North, commanded by Marshal Bazaine, consisting of the 4th Army Corps (General L'Admirault, head-quarters, Thionville); the 3rd Army Corps (Bazaine, head-quarters, Metz); and the 2nd Army Corps (General Frossard, head-quarters, St. Avold).

The Army of the South was commanded by MacMahon, and composed of the 5th Army Corps (General De Failly, head-quarters, Bitch); and the 1st Army Corps (MacMahon, head-quarters, Strasburg.)

The reserve army was commanded by Marshal Canrobert, and composed of the 6th Army Corps (Canrobert, head-quarters, Chalons); the 7th Army Corps (General Douay, head-quarters, Belfort); and the 8th Army Corps (Imperial Guards, General Bourbaki, head-quarters, Nancy).

The nominal commander of this whole army was the Emperor, assisted, however; by Marshal Lebœuf, who was later replaced by MacMahon.

The whole effective force at the disposition of Germany amounted to 1,136,520 men. The army of the North German Union numbered 944,000 men, with 1,680 field-pieces, and 193,000 horses. Bavaria furnished 69,000 field troops, with 192 guns and 14,800 horses; besides 25,000 men, reserves, with 2,400 horses and 22,000 men garrisoning fortresses and cities, &c. The kingdom of Wurtemberg furnished 22,000 men, field troops, with 34 guns and 6,200 horsse, 6,500 men reserves, and 6,000 men garrison troops. The Baden army consisted of

16,000 men, field troops, with 54 guns, 4,000 reserves, and 9,600 garrison troops.

The North German army is divided—1st, in the Guard Corps, and 2nd, into 12 Army Corps, of which the 12th is furnished by Saxony. The troops of the Grand Duke of Hesse formed half a corps, or a division. These 12 corps have 25 divisions, or 50 brigades of foot and 12 divisions, or 25 brigades, of horse. To this are added four regiments forming the garrison of Mayence. A brigade of infantry has from two to three regiments of foot, a brigade of cavalry two to three regiments of horse. Besides, attached to each army-corps, are one battalion of riflemen, one battalion of pioneers, and one regiment of field-artillery.

The Bavarian army is divided in two army-corps. The Wurtembergians have one division of infantry divided in three brigades—one division of cavalry, and one regiment of artillery. Baden has one division of infantry, and one of cavalry.

The whole German army was commanded by King William, and the chief of the general staff of the army was General von Moltke. He divided his forces into three armies :—

1. The First, or North Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, composed of the

7th (Westphalian) Army Corps (General von Zastrow), and the 8th (Rhenish) Army Corps (General von Goeben). Chief of the general staff, General von Sperling.

2. The Second, or Middle Army, under the command of the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles, composed of the Guards (General Prince Auguste von Wurtemberg), the 3rd (Brandenburg) Army Corps (General von Alvensleben), the 4th (province Saxony) Army Corps (another General von Alvensleben), and the 10th (Hanoverian) Army Corps (General von Voigts-Rhetz.) Chief of the general staff, General von Stiehle.

3. The Third, or South Army, commanded by the Crown Prince of Prussia, composed of the 5th (Posen) Army Corps, (General von Kirchbach); the 11th (Hesse-Nassau) Army Corps, (General von Bose); the two Bavarian Army Corps, and the Wurtembergian and Badish troops. To the Third Army were attached at the beginning of the war the troops in Alsace, under command of General von Werder. Chief of the general staff of the Third Army was General von Blumenthal.

Besides this, the King had appointed five military governors-general—viz., in the districts of the 1st, 2nd, 9th and 10th Army Corps, General Vogel von Falkenstein; in the district of

the 3rd and 4th Corps, General von Canstein; in the district of the 5th and 6th, General von Läwenfeld; in the district of the 7th, 8th and 11th, General Herwarth von Bittenfeld; in Lorraine, General von Bonin; and in Alsace, General Count Bismark-Bohlen.

The King of Prussia left Berlin on the 31st of July. The people of the capital were all in the streets as he drove to the station, which was wreathed with flowers. All wanted to see him once more, and to show him by their never-ending acclamations how much they approved of his behaviour and of the war. The King arrived on the morning of the 2nd of August in Mayence, where he established his head-quarters.

It had been my intention to attach myself to the head-quarters of one of the three armies, but knowing very well that head-quarter correspondents are not free, and are expected to write only what is agreeable, I afterwards resolved to remain independent, and to follow the troops as well as I could, and trust to my good luck. Moreover, I had been informed by a Berlin friend of Count Bismark's bureau that newspaper correspondents would not be admitted at all to the head-quarters.

In the last week of July, war had commenced

near the frontier, in the neighbourhood of the town of Saarbruck, and, as I expected the first battle would be there, I left Frankfort on the evening of the 2nd of August, for Bingen, where I stopped for the night at the Victoria Hotel. There were no passenger trains running to Saarbruck, as all waggons were used for the transportation of troops. I paid the military class commander a visit, and he was kind enough to give me a written permission to travel with a military train as far as Birkenfeld.

Bingen, and especially the Victoria Hotel, was crowded with officers and army surgeons, who were all studying their maps, to find out the roads leading to the villages whither they had to go next morning.

On the morning of the 3rd of August, as I was on the point of leaving the hotel for the station at Bingerbruck, a gentleman entered the dining-room, whom I recognised with great pleasure to be Mr. W. H. Russell, the well-known correspondent of the London *Times*. I had become acquainted with him in Washington, and we had passed merry evenings together with the gentlemen of the British Legation. Mr. Russell was on the point of starting for the head-quarters of the Crown Prince. He came from Berlin, where

he had been received by the King. I saw also a carriage on the train, marked with the name of Lieut. Col. Pemberton. I was very sorry that I had not met Mr. Russell the night before, for now we had only time to shake hands, exchange cards, and express a hope of meeting somewhere during the campaign.

The station at Bingerbruck and its restaurant were crammed with soldiers and officers, as they were destined to be for months to come, for Bingerbruck was one of the principal stations through which nearly all the troops, coming from Prussia, had to pass. The 41st regiment was in the train ready to start. Officers, surgeons, and people of all kinds belonging to the army were anxious to secure places, and the station-master was nearly beside himself. He was, however, a practical man, and preserved his good humour and politeness in the midst of all this turmoil. On showing him my card, and addressing a few friendly words to him—rarely misplaced—he opened a second class coupé, which I had all to myself.

The soldiers who were with me on the train came from the province of East Prussia, where I was born, and we soon became good friends. The journey to Kreuznach did not occupy much time,

but from thence we proceeded rather slowly, as the train stopped for a long time at several stations. This was, however, highly interesting and amusing. The whole population of miles around had flocked at the stations to see their defenders pass, and to greet them with encouraging cheers. At each station enormous buffets were erected, ornamented with wreaths, colours, and appropriate inscriptions. Women of all classes went round, handing the soldiers glasses of beer, sausages, &c. The band of the regiment generally astonished the natives with Offenbach's melodies, after having exhausted their stock of patriotic tunes. The East Prussians were in excellent humour, for besides beer and sausages, the inhabitants gave vociferous cheers, and received them with faces beaming with good will and enthusiasm. Wherever the train passed all the windows were opened, and even from those a mile and more off, handkerchiefs were waved in farewell.

The most picturesque place on this highly picturesque road is Oberstein, a town celebrated for its manufactures in agate, which is found in great variety in the neighbouring mountains. English visitors to Wiesbaden, Ems, and other German watering-places, will have admired the elegant objects in agate, onyx, and lapis-lazuli in

the shops there. They come mostly from Oberstein, and are sold at that place at extremely low prices. The agate workers earn very little by this very hard work, which is most injurious to health, for they are almost always in the water. The gentleman who gave me this information at the Oberstein station complained of the drought that season, which deprived many thousands of workers of the small run of water by which they live. A remarkable church is to be seen at Oberstein, entirely hewn out of the rock.

The men who built the Rhein-Nahe railway threw a large sum utterly away by making an unnecessary road through seven or eight tunnels in solid rocks, hoping to find agate or other fine minerals, in which they, however, were disappointed.

In consequence of this stupid arrangement, the road runs about four miles past the thriving town of Birkenfeld, the capital of a principality of the same name, belonging to the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg.

At the Birkenfeld station the soldiers left the train. As I did not like to carry my things four miles, I asked some young fellows whether one of them would earn some money. One was ready; he was a painter on porcelain from Andernach,

whose business had come to an end on account of the war, and who had gone to Birkenfeld, in hope of finding employment with one of the sanitary corps.

Thirty-seven years ago, as a young lieutenant, I had passed Birkenfeld when marching with my regiment to Saarlouis, and I was surprised to find it so little changed. Though the country is rich, the people of Birkenfeld have remained behind the age, because the railroad is far from it. It is, however, intended to lay a connecting rail to the station. With that I hope the slow yellow post-coaches will disappear, and the washing basins in the hotels will grow beyond their present size, that of a soup-plate.

Soon after I reached the town, the whole 41st regiment arrived. Though the Birkenfeld people were not prepared to receive three thousand men —the town has only as many inhabitants—and the soldiers had merely a right to quarters *without meals*, there was not one soldier who went to bed without his supper, and a *schoppen* of wine, furnished by his host.

The dining-room in the Post Hotel was soon crowded with officers, who all were astonished, like myself, by the size of the Oldenburg *schoppens*, and the strength and excellence of the

Moselle wine they contained. In the commander of the brigade, General von Gail, I discovered a comrade who had left the cadet-house a year or two after I did, and we passed a very agreeable evening.

At supper I met a pretty young lady, who had arrived in the train from Bingerbruck. She was a widow, a Baroness M——, who had undertaken this journey, urged by sisterly love. When war was declared, she started from her house in Pomerania for her brother's garrison. She loved him much, and had not seen him for two years. On her arrival, the captain had marched out with his regiment, and as all military movements were kept secret, nobody could tell her whither the troops had gone. She resolved, however, to follow the army, in hopes of finding her brother.

It is very creditable to the German army that ladies may fearlessly travel quite alone in the trains which transport them. My wife had come from Hanover to Coblentz in a military train, the only woman amongst thousands of soldiers, and though the journey lasted a day and a night, she had not to complain of the slightest rudeness, but on the contrary, was treated by everyone with kindness and respect.

As I was much pleased with the energy of the

baroness, I offered my services, but when, late next morning, she did not appear, I could not delay longer, and drove off in the post-omnibus to Birkenfeld station. On our way we met Lieut. General Bentheim with his staff, who had just escaped a railway accident, At Bingerbruck a mad or tipsy locomotive had in the night run into the train, smashed several carriages, and even damaged that of the general's. Two men were wounded, and one horse was killed.

Though I was told that trains were running occasionally up to Turks Mühlen station, I would not wait, and preferred to walk. At the station I again met the poor painter on porcelain, who had not found employment in Birkenfeld, but who looked at me in a very friendly way. He told me that he had been in despair on the previous night, for he had not a penny in the world, and would have been obliged to sleep supperless and *al fresco*, if I had not given him a thaler. "Therefore," I said, "my good fellow, never despair, and strive in future in the confidence that some one like myself will prevent you from entering paradise prematurely."

Taking a man from the country as a guide, I set off for Turks Mühlen, and was richly rewarded for my determination to walk, for the road-side

scenery is most lovely. On reaching Turks Mühlen, I found a train just starting for Birkenfeld station, in which I saw the first seven French prisoners, who, with three others brought in later, were duly stared at by the natives. A fight had taken place at Saarbruck on the 2nd (it was now the 4th), and everybody was curious to hear the details. Some shook their heads sorrowfully, for the rumour was spread that Saarbruck was occupied by the French, and that they had already advanced to Duttweiler.

General Frossard made a glorious report of this battle, which was published in all the papers. It is, I believe, the most amusing and impudent document in the whole of history.

I mentioned before that the Prussian army required eleven days to be placed on a war footing, and that General von Moltke was very much averse to fighting prematurely. Though it was known that the French massed troops near the frontier between Saarlouis and Saarbruck, the Prussians were in no particular hurry. The governor of Saarlouis, and the military commander of the few troops in Saarbrucken, had received orders to tease and amuse the French, and to keep them, if possible, in check until the army should be ready for battle.

This task was fulfilled with a success surpassing all hope; for Prussian patrols of infantry and cavalry had frequently and boldly advanced beyond the French frontier, and been engaged in many little encounters during the whole week, in which the French generally had the worst, and the French papers asserted that 200,000 Prussians were concentrated behind Saarbruck. The fact was, however, very different. Saarlouis and Saarbruck had only their usual garrisons. In the latter town stood only one battalion of the regiment No. 40, three companies of the Uhlans, No. 7, and four guns. To make the French believe that more troops were in Saarbruck than really was the case, the Uhlans played all kinds of tricks. Sometimes they showed themselves with infantry helmets, and passed for dragoons, or they put on their white stable jackets, and looked from afar like cuirassiers.

The town of Saarbrücken is situated on the left bank of the river Saar, and is connected by two bridges with the town of St. Johann, on the right bank. Saarbrücken was once the residence of a branch of the house of Nassau. Both towns are in a valley, which is 1,700 yards wide, and which is more completely commanded by the partly-wooded hills on the left bank, towards

France, than by those on the right bank. On the height of the latter, close to St. Johann, is a very extensive railroad station, where several lines meet—viz., the road coming from the north over Neukirchen, at which place the Rhein-Nahe road and the cross-road from the Bavarian Palatinate conjoin. The road runs towards the west and north-west, down the River Saar to Trevis.

At Wahlstatt the road to Paris branches off, runs over the Saar, and across a hilly and wooded country to the first French town of Forbach. Towards the south-east, up the Saar on its right bank, and crossing the turnpike-road leading to Kaiserslautern, runs the railroad to Saargemünd.

The hills on the left bank of the Saar, near Saarbruck, have different names; they are called, to commence from the left-hand side, the Winterberg, Reppersberg, Triller and Galgenberg, and the Exercierplatz. These heights, to the left at least, are covered with vineyards, &c.

The old turnpike-road to Paris runs from Saarbruck next to Forbach; it meets with the Paris railroad, running from St. Johann, at Stiring, the first French village, about three miles from Saarbrück. Between the railroad and turn-

pike-road, in front of the village, is a large iron-work, Stiring de Wendel.

Westward from the turnpike road, and nearly parallel to it, a range of hills, sometimes rocky and wooded, runs up to Forbach. It is called the Spichern Ridge, from the village situated on its height, a little backwards from the crest. Nearly opposite the Exercierplatz is a hill which projects and forms a natural bastion. Owing to the colour of its sterile, rather steep slope, it is called "the red hill."

On the 28th of July the garrison of Saarbrück (one battalion and three companies of Uhlans) undertook a reconnaissance, and discovered the outposts of the French on the Spichern Range, which position they strengthened on the 29th by ramparts and ditches. On the 30th the French advanced towards both sides of Saarbruck—eastwards against the village of St. Arnual, and westwards against the village of Gersweiler, both on the left bank of the Saar. They made a great deal of noise, firing without any effect, and had to retire to the woods. Reconnaisances made on the 31st left no doubt that a serious attack was intended, for General Frossard's whole Army Corps was concentrated.

The troops in Saarbruck, who had done their

duty so well for ten days, received orders to retire immediately on the advance of the French forces; but Lieutenant-Colonel von Pestel, the commander of the battalion in Saarbruck, requested permission to remain at his post of honour, as he had noticed that the French seemed to hesitate, and he believed that he might be able to keep them still longer in check. This permission was given him; but in order that he might not come to grief, the two other battalions of his regiment were sent, as a reserve, to St. Johann. The rest of the Prussian troops were ten miles in the rear.

On the evening of the 1st of August reports from the Prussian outposts came in, stating that the French troops were formed behind their first lines, and that an attack might be expected. This statement was fully confirmed next morning (August 2nd) by the patrols; and Lieutenant-Colonel von Pestel placed three of his companies on the height of the Exercierplatz, whilst the fourth company remained as a reserve in Saarbruck. The troops in St. Johann were informed of what was going on, and the two battalions there took position outside of St. Johann. The four guns were placed on the Exercierplatz.

In the forenoon the French advanced four batteries of guns and one mitrailleuse to the heights on the left, and opened a very harmless fire. Soon large masses of infantry and cavalry came into view, and at last, at about eleven o'clock, several battalions descended the heights, advanced very cautiously, and halted again. Although the distance between the Prussians and the French was still enormous, the latter commenced firing, by which fire, however, not one single man was hit.

Lieutenant-Colonel von Pestel, confirmed in his belief that the French were afraid, probably supposing that considerable forces were concealed somewhere, ordered his three companies to advance, and commenced an exceedingly well-directed fire. How many men the French lost, is not to be exactly ascertained from the report of General Frossard, but they must have had, comparatively speaking, considerable losses. One Prussian sergeant, the best marksman in the battalion, had placed himself in a favourable position, and fired in all two hundred shots. Two men stood behind him and handed him loaded guns. He said he was sure that at least eighty of the French had his bullets in their breasts.

When the French displayed still more troops—

three whole divisions!—the lieutenant-colonel retired in perfect order, without being pressed. He had two officers and seventy men killed and wounded, the latter, for the greater part, slightly. The French advanced only as far as the Exercier-platz, where the Emperor appeared with "Lulu," as the Prussians nicknamed the Imperial Prince. The ridiculous telegrams he sent to the Empress are still remembered. In Metz this victory was celebrated by an illumination.

General Frossard genuinely believed he was fighting against 20,000 men, as he says in his report. When he, a day or two afterwards, came to Saarbruck, he asked the mayor where all the troops were gone whom he had fought. The mayor assured him that he had been opposed to just three companies! The general was very angry, and refused to believe him, but when the mayor pledged his word of honour, Frossard exclaimed—"Is that so? then woe to France—every one of these men is an hero!" The general had fired grenades against St. Johann, and destroyed the newly-fitted restaurant at the railway station. Two or three houses more were also hit, and partly destroyed by the grenades. The report was spread that all Saarbruck was a heap of ashes.

At Turks Mühlen I saw two gentlemen; the face, shape, and clothes of the younger one were of decidedly English cut, whilst the elder looked more like an Irishman. I took them for newspaper correspondents, and addressed them. They were both Englishmen. The elder was an artist, who spoke German as well as I do, and half-a-dozen languages besides. He had been all over the world, and was a very agreeable companion. The younger was an officer of hussars, and had come over—I believe even without leave of absence—to see the war. They came from Saarbruck, and had seen the wonderful fight on the 2nd of August, and were full of admiration of the Prussians. They had attended the whole affair from the commencement, and had had a very good position on the heights.

As the French were said to have occupied Saarbruck and Duttweiler, I thought it useless to go there, even if a conveyance were to be had, which was not the case. I therefore was easily persuaded by my new English friends to go with them to Treves by the post-coach, which was to start at four o'clock, p.m. There I should certainly obtain better information, and be enabled to arrange my movements accordingly.

The few post officials were nearly crazy, for

their little office—quite sufficient in time of peace —was now crowded with soldiers' letters, packages, &c. Instead of four o'clock, we started at five. At Hermeskeil, our party was increased by the young baroness whom I had met at Birkenfeld, from whence she had come over with post-horses, which she had procured, though I failed to do so.

It was 1.30 a.m., when we arrived at last at Treves. The two Englishmen went to the Venice Hotel, where they had left their trunk, and the lady and myself went to the Rothe Haus, a very old and excellent hotel. On our arrival the porter told us of the capture of Weissenburg by the Crown Prince, which news had arrived at eleven o'clock.

If the reader will look at the map he will see that the Bavarian Palatinate borders Alsace on the south, where a little river, the Lauter, marks the frontier. A railroad runs from Mannheim over Neustadt and the fortress of Landau to France next to Weissenburg, then to Hagenau and Strasburg. The little river Lauter rises in the Palatinate, and enters the Rhine near the little French frontier town of Lauterburg. The distance between Weissenburg and Lauterburg is only seventeen miles. Both towns had

been fortified in olden times, and are connected by ramparts and fortifications, which were well-known in the wars of the French revolution—well-known under the name of the "Weissenburger lines," or "Les lignes de la Lutter." About two miles from Weissenburg is a hill three hundred feet high, the Geissberg (goat-hill), with an old castle, the Schafenburg. To the north of the town, but closer to it, are the hills of Schweigen.

On the 3rd of August, Marshal MacMahon was still in Strasburg, his head-quarters, whilst his different corps approached the French main army, to concentrate near the little fortress of Bitche. To cover these movements, General Douay was sent with his division in the direction of the Lauter, and had occupied Weissenburg and the Geissberg.

The Third German army was near the frontier waiting for their commander, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was expected from Landau, where he had held a council of war, at which it was resolved to enter Alsace on the 4th. The whole army was directed to be near the frontier between eight and nine o'clock, a.m.

The Crown Prince, at the head of a Bavarian division, now took up his position on the hill of

Schweigen, from whence he could overlook the whole ground, while another Bavarian division, commanded by General von Bothmer, formed the advanced guard. In Weissenburg were two battalions of Turkos and a regiment of the line.

I once lived for several months in that little town, and know it well. It cannot be called a fortress, but its gates are well fortified, and the town is surrounded by a wall and moat. Before venturing an attack, the Bavarians waited for the arrival of the 5th Prussian corps, a division of which went in a southern direction to attack the Geissberg.

The gates of Weissenburg were soon opened by the Prussian guns, and taken by storm by the Bavarian Jäger. One of them, a wag, called out—"Boys, it will be twelve o'clock directly!—at twelve a fresh barrel of beer will be tapped!" All laughed, and with loud cheers the gate was taken. The fight in the streets was hard, for the French fired from the houses; but General von Kirchbach entered with his Prussians, and the French evacuated the town in wild haste.

The fight on the Geissberg was not less severe. It was defended by one battalion of Turkos, the 5th and 50th regiments of line, three light gun-batteries, and one mitrailleuse battery. The

slope of the hill is steep, and can be raked by fire from the walled yard of the castle. The Prussian regiment No. 7—King's Grenadiers—stormed that hill with drums beating. They were received by a tremendous fire, but they advanced without firing one shot, until they reached the crest. Then one salvo, and forward with hurrah! The French could not stand that—they ran.

The mitrailleuse-battery had fired only three shots. General Douay was occupied in aiming one mitrailleuse, when a Prussian grenade burst near him. The general and many men were killed, and one mitrailleuse was destroyed. The first gun in this war was taken here by Prussian Jäger.

The Germans lost about seven hundred men; the loss of the French is not exactly known, but the Germans made about one thousand unwounded prisoners. The French fled in dismay, leaving their camp in the hands of the conquerors.

Though this first success of the German arms was not very great or important, it was a most brilliant one, and produced the greatest sensation all over Germany.

Next morning I had a note from my English

travelling companions, who told me that they were in great trouble, and requested me to help them. I found them in their room guarded by a policeman. When they arrived last night, they found some officials in uniform, belonging to the commissariat, who were celebrating the victory of Weissenburg with unreasonable noise. When the officers heard that the two gentlemen came from Saarbruck, they were invited to join the tipplers; and the artist, who spoke German as well as any of them, related what he had seen.

One of the officers, who had celebrated the victory more energetically than the rest, on hearing the two gentlemen speaking to each other in a foreign language, and also hearing that they had been amongst the outposts, &c., conceived a suspicion that they were French spies. Their English passports did not avail them. Not only their effects, but also their persons, were minutely examined; they were placed under arrest, and did not sleep all night. The occurrence was reported to the commandant, an old colonel, who reported it again to a general of division, who had his quarters in the Rothe Haus. This was Lieutenant-General von Malortki. I believed that he was an old comrade of mine, and went at once to see him. Though he was not the man I

took him for, he received me very well, for he knew me. I explained the case of my English friends, and told him I was convinced, from their conversation and other circumstances, that they were harmless, but very inquisitive tourists. The general believed me, but said it was very imprudent, in time of war, to move between the outposts without permission from a military authority. The colonel was present, and received orders to release them, if nothing suspicious was to be found in their trunk, of which I handed him the key. They were, however, not to be permitted to return to the front.

After having told my friends the result of the interview, I sat down to write my letters, when Baroness M—— sent me word, that a train was starting for Saarlouis, in an hour's time. As I knew that the French army was only a few miles from that fortress, I was very glad to avail myself of the opportunity to go there.

On our arrival, the lady saw a soldier of her brother's battalion, and heard from him that he was at that moment in Hüttersdorf, about ten miles off. She resolved, therefore, at once to go there, and I offered to escort her. We found a peasant with a leiterwagen, and, with a bundle of straw for a seat, we set out. We passed several villages, all

crammed with troops. In Hüttersdorf there were nearly 6000. We passed the captain (who was drilling his company) without stopping, for his sister intended to surprise him.

Arrived at his quarters, the lady asked the rural landlord where the captain's room was. The farmer, without turning his head, and with a kind of ironical smile, pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, towards an open door leading to a room on the ground floor. Peeping in, we discovered a litter extending over the whole floor, on which hussar jackets were mixed with infantry tunics, trousers, &c.—a picturesque-looking military salad. Fifteen commissioned officers lodged there, of whom the captain was one. In addition to these, seventy-five soldiers and fifteen horses were quartered in the same house.

Whilst the captain, on his return from drill, conversed with his sister in the orchard, I strolled through the village. Outside the only miserable inn sat General von der Goltz, with some officers, while the band played. The innkeeper had nothing to eat or drink, except schnaps, which I did not like. Even water was rare, as the wells became rapidly exhausted by so many men and horses.

We started for Saarlouis when it began to get

dark. Clouds gathered in the sky, and lightning cleaved them, but no thunder was heard. We had, however, not proceeded far, before the sluices of heaven opened. I had a would-be shower-proof overcoat—bought in Regent Street—and the lady had a similar garment; but it was not a shower, it was a deluge. The young widow had, however, a large sunshade, which she charitably shared with me, and spread her wide cloak and dress over my knees, whilst I, to steady her, encircled her with my right arm. The rain dropping from the sunshade, falling down in my lap, made me cold, but all the water in the clouds could not damp our good humour. We laughed so madly that the serious horses shook their heads disapprovingly. We were as wet as could be, and it was as dark as the inside of a sack, when a Prussian post-commander in a village asked the peasant "*what was his load?*" "A wet lady," cried my merry widow; and I said "Undine and Kuhleborn."

The torrents of rain lasted for two hours, and the straw on which we were sitting was thoroughly soaked. The road was like the bed of a torrent. At last we arrived at our inn at Frauenlautern, not far from the Saarlouis railroad station. In descending I jumped into the most convenient

puddle, and lifted out the merry widow. She caught my hand, and ran to a curtainless window provided with shutters outside, as no looking-glass was in the room, and we admired our beautiful figures, laughing like mad.

The people were still up, and some hot coffee, &c., restored us. The worst was, that we had no change of dress, and to sleep in those wet clothes was unpleasant. Next morning I escorted my fair friend to the station, and she, to my great regret, returned to Treves, for the baroness was the pleasantest travelling companion one could desire. She gave me leave to describe our adventures, and I therefore do not commit any indiscretion by recording them here.

CHAPTER III.

Saarlouis.—Interview with the governor.—Discover an old comrade.—Outpost fights.—Lieutenant-General von Marlotki.—Also an old acquaintance.—To Saarbruck.—The North German Consul of Mobile.—The railroad station.—Hagen Hotel.—Princess Salm.—The battle near Spichern, on August 6th.—Visit to the battle-field.—Forbach.—The chariot d'or.—Another visit to the battle-field.—The Spichern ridge, and the red hill.—Return to Saarbruck.

THE railway station of Saarlouis is outside the fortifications close to the village of Frauenlautern, which I knew very well; for when a lieutenant in garrison in that fortress, I frequently went to an inn renowned for its pancakes and white wine, and thither I resorted on this occasion. Saarlouis was built by Vauban, and tradition says that it was provided in the Louis XIV. fashion. The king sent a number of liberated galley-slaves thither, whom he married to ladies who frequented the precincts of the Palais Royal. It is a fact that the inhabitants of the town (scarcely three thousand) have

a peculiar language, a kind of *argot* which is only spoken in Saarlouis, and not understood even one mile outside the town. Thirty-five years ago, all the inhabitants spoke this language amongst themselves, but they spoke also French and German. Marshal Ney was born in Saarlouis, in a house where you read on a marble slab: *Ici est né le Maréchal Ney.*

The town is built in an octagon, formed by eight barracks. In the centre is a large *place d'armes* or market-place, near which are the church and the commandant's quarters, opposite each other. There are two gates: the German and the French. The "Great Eastern" could not stand inside that town, for the distance between the gates is scarcely 700 feet. The fortifications, however, are extensive. Outside the German gate the Prussians have built a *tête de pont*, for the protection of the bridge over the Saar, and a work on the road to Frauenlautern, the "Rhodener Schanze." I suppose this is for the protection of the railroad. Outside the French gate the Prussians have also built an extensive outwork, Fort Rauch. When Vauban laid the fortress out, guns did not carry so far as they do now-a-days, and, therefore, many fortresses built by him have lost much of their value, because he did not

take account of any hills in the neighbourhood beyond the range of the guns of his time. Saarlouis is in a similar manner commanded by the Rhoden hill, but it is still a strong little fortress.

Its *enceinte* had been submerged, and an approach would have been difficult. The trees on the glacis, which I had known as shrubs and saplings, were partly cut down. Near the German gate workmen were busy; at the main rampart they had begun to provide it with shell-proof casemates.

The barriers near the gate were closed, but from time to time the guard allowed the people who had collected out or inside to pass. Passes were not required. The aspect of the *place d'armes* was not much changed; only a few coffee-houses had sprung up, in which the officers of the garrison (5000 strong) were yawning and stretching themselves as in olden times. I was recognised by many old citizens, which surprised me after thirty-five years.

Warned by the annoyances to which my English friends in Treves had been subjected, I thought it better to procure a military permit, on the ground of the American passport and letters which I could produce. For this purpose I went

to the bureau of the governor, a colonel whose name I did not even enquire.

On entering I was met by the colonel, a tall, dark-haired, and dark-eyed man of about my own age, with a very piercing look. He fixed his eyes upon me sharply for about a minute, which I thought rather singular; and then said, "It is long since we have seen each other." When I answered that I did not remember having seen him at all, he said, with a slight smile, "Perhaps you will remember my sister?" I passed in hurried review all the black-eyed fair ones for whom I had once made a fool of myself, and guided by the colonel's features, I soon struck on the right scent. Colonel Des Barres had been a junior officer in my time, and his sister, who resembled him then very much, shone as a star at all our balls. The colonel had distinguished himself very much in 1866, especially at Langensalza. A Hanoverian field-officer, who believed the Prussians to be lost, rode up to the colonel, and requested him to deliver his sword to him. The colonel very coolly answered that he could not spare it yet, but that he would feel much obliged if his comrade would be kind enough to give up *his*, as he, with his men, were prisoners.

I have already mentioned what an honourable

task had been allotted to the governor of Saarlouis, and the commander of the battalion at Saarbruck, and how ably they had fulfilled it.

The colonel and other officers whom I met with here told me many little incidents of outpost encounters. The French always moved whole companies against a patrol, and were, since the 2nd of August, rather shy of the Uhlans and the 40th regiment, always inquiring, when they crossed the frontier, "Nix vierziger ?"

One captain told me that he had been standing the same morning at one of his outposts, when a company of French cavalry appeared at about 400 paces. The captain told the outpost to fire, and the whole company ran like rabbits. A French newspaper correspondent had been captured in the neighbourhood of one of the headquarters, and was sent to Saarlouis. He was nearly frightened out of his wits, for he expected to be shot, but the colonel ordered them to bandage his eyes, and lead him—not to the place of execution—but beyond the frontier.

After a friendly chat with my old comrade, I took leave, and after he had handed me the following paper: "Bearer is Colonel von Corvin-Wiersbitzki. The military and civil authorities are hereby 'dienstergebenst' requested to let the

same pass unmolested, He is in possession of an American passport." This paper was signed by the governor, and provided with the seal of the fortress. It was of great value to me.

I went to an hotel, where I found the dining-room crowded with officers. I was hailed by Lieutenant-General von Malortki, whom I had seen the day before at Treves. We talked over old times, and His Excellency told me that he had fought against me in 1849, at Mannheim and Rastadt. He said that my grenades had given him much trouble, and nearly killed him, and he complimented me on my defence of these cities, regretting that I had spoilt a fine military career by embarking in the revolutionary movements of that time. Indeed, had I remained with the Prussian army, I should have become an Excellency now.

Speaking of the present war, he told me that he had strict orders to act with great severity against all persons out of uniform in France, who should commit hostilities against the Prussian troops. He was resolved, he said, to hang the owner of any house from which shots should be fired outside his door, and burn down the house. In the afternoon we heard guns from the direction of Forbach, but I did not pay much attention

to them, as I had been confidently informed that great masses of troops were marching in the direction of Saarbruck, and that an attack against the army of General Frossard would take place next morning, the 7th of August.

In the evening the inspector of the station told me that next morning a train would run to Burbach, near Saarbruck. I of course profited by it, as I was anxious to see the expected battle, for that it had taken place on the 6th was not yet known at Saarlouis on the evening of that day. The North German Consul at Mobile, Alabama, was in the same coupé. He had been in fifteen battles in America, on the side of the Confederates, and wanted, like myself, to see the great fight with the French. We resolved to remain together.

When we arrived at Burbach we heard with pleasure that we could proceed to Saarbruck, and with disappointment that a battle had taken place already the day before, on the 6th of August.

The restaurant of the railway station was an object of curiosity to everybody, for it had been destroyed by the grenades of Frossard on the 2nd. We saw at the station many soldiers of the celebrated 40th, who had again distinguished

themselves greatly the day before, and who were treated by everyone with great distinction. The indignation of one of the soldiers about his spoiled helmet was amusing. It looked, indeed, singularly unlike a helmet. Its metal point had been carried away by a chassepot bullet, whilst its body had been torn by the splinters of a grenade.

The consul and I proceeded to the Hagen Hotel, which is close to the station, and was crowded with hungry officers. We resolved first to fortify our inward man by a substantial breakfast, and then reduce our baggage to the smallest compass, in order to be ready for a walk over the battle-field and to Forbach, which was reported occupied by the German troops.

When I was busy about my baggage, I saw a whole host of army surgeons arrive with the Princess Salm on horseback. Around the princess were a number of knights of St. John, who, for the greater part, might have remained at home, for they were more in the way than useful. They only took the best quarters and conveyances, and their principal occupation was good eating and claret drinking, whilst the poor wounded near the battle-field were neglected, though immense provisions of all kinds were placed at the disposal of

the "Johanniter." These were all rich noblemen, and took their duty easy. It was always better than fighting, though they found it hard enough to do without the comforts they were used to. Not having seen the princess since I left Coblentz, I was afraid that I might not find her after my return. I therefore did not care for my imperfect toilet, and ran out into the yard. When she saw me she was very glad, and not minding my robber-like appearance, nor the looks of the astonished noble loafers, she embraced me cordially, and presented me as her old dear friend. She remained for a while in Saarbruck, where Professor Busch, the chief surgeon of the first army, established his head-quarters, because all hospitals and houses were crowded with wounded from yesterday's battle.

I mentioned before that the French, after the farce of the 2nd of August, advanced to the Exercierplatz, and the other heights on the left bank of the Saar. They dared not enter Saarbruck, but made only some trifling requisitions, and did not come to St. Johann at all. As these heights command all the passages over the Saar, everybody was much astonished when they abandoned them on the night between the 5th and 6th in such a hurry that they even left behind a good

deal of provisions and other things. It has been said that they retired on the news of the advance of the whole German army; but still, on the morning of the 6th, the 7th German corps stood with its advanced guard near Herchenbach, about six miles north-west of Saarbruck. It was said they had retired into that town on hearing that the whole ground under the hills was undermined, and that it was the intention of the Prussians to blow them up!

Some well-informed officers told me that it had not been their intention to bring about a battle near Saarbruck at all. General Steinmetz, the commander of the first army, had orders to occupy the French, and keep them where they were, until the south army of the Crown Prince should have advanced far enough to cut off the retreat of the French army to the fortresses of the Moselle. Then a simultaneous attack on the surrounded French was to take place, which might have led to their annihilation, and the ending of the campaign with one great *coup*. The precipitation with which the army of General Steinmetz acted, permitted the French to retire in time, and the consequence of it was the bloody fights which took place later near Metz. It is said that the King was very angry, and did not

forget this error of General Steinmetz, and others commanding under him.

But error or no error, it was one of the most glorious battles of the whole war. I will give at least a short description.

I have described the ground before. The reader will remember the steep ridge of Spichern, and the bastion-like hills. The crest of this ridge was occupied by the French, and their position was strengthened by field fortifications. This line formed one branch of an angle of which the other crossed the Paris turnpike road, passed in front of the village of Stiringen, and reached up to the railroad. Close to the latter was a wood divided by the railroad. That part towards France was occupied by the French, whilst in that beyond the railroad, Prussian troops were standing. Between the edges of this wood and the turnpike road to Paris, was a bare plain in front of the Stiring de Wendel iron-works. On this plain was encamped a division, and the iron-works were also occupied, while the ground before it was strengthened by slight fortifications.

On the morning of the 6th, a cavalry division passed Saarbruck, and sent two companies out to reconnoitre. They went too far towards Stiringen, and were fired upon by the French.

On the firing, Prussian infantry hurried to the spot, and a fight commenced, which attracted the attention of the 14th Prussian division, who, under the command of General von Kamecke, advanced at once beyond the Exercierplatz. On the slightly undulating plain between these hills next to Saarbruck, and the Spichern ridge, he met the French in far superior numbers. To attack the formidable position of the Spichern ridge in front with such inferior forces, would have been madness ; General Kamecke tried, therefore, an attack on both flanks, and sent five battalions to the right and others to the left ; but without particular success. At three o'clock, p.m., the whole division was engaged, and the struggle assumed a serious character, for that one division had opposed to them 52 French battalions.

Assistance was, however, arriving. The thunder of the guns had a wonderful attraction for all Prussian troops within hearing distance. It would be superfluous for my purpose to enumerate all the troops who were on the spot at about half-past three o'clock ; it is sufficient to say that they were 27 battalions, commanded by General von Goeben, who had just arrived. Some of the troops reached the battle-field after a forced march of five or six hours, but as soon as they smelt

gunpowder they did not feel tired. The French were driven out of the wood near the railroad, and over the plain in front of Stiring de Wendel, behind the Paris turnpike road, back to the wooded and rocky slopes of the Spichern ridge. This position was so extremely strong, that French officers imagined no soldiers in the world could take it. They did not yet know the Prussians.

The strongest point of this position was the projecting red hill above-described, on the top of which stretched a large plateau, bordered on the left by woods. The hill formed the most formidable natural bastion imaginable, and ascended at an angle of about 35 degrees.

General von Goeben ordered an attack upon the wooded hills to the right and left. With enormous losses the Prussians succeeded in reaching the slopes, and protected in some measure by the wood, advanced foot by foot higher up.

The 12th regiment arrived by rail from Neukirchen in St. Johann, and hurried to the battlefield. It marched right against the formidable red hill. Their commander, Colonel von Reuter, was wounded; but the storming was not given up. It had been beaten off several times, but was always renewed; the band playing all the time.

Meanwhile, the wooded hills to the right of the red hill were taken; and the Prussians advanced on the crest towards the plateau. To bring Prussian artillery into play at this place seemed almost impossible, but two batteries of the 5th division under Major von Lyncker undertook to ascend the hills. Behind the projecting red hill a mountain road leads to the plateau; the two batteries went up that way, reached the edge of the plateau and commenced their fire, whilst the storm in front against the red hill was renewed, and—at the fifth trial—with success. Arrived on the plateau, a hard fight commenced; two battalions, one Prussian and a French, met on the top of an eminence, both attacking with the bayonet; at a distance of fifteen paces the French turned tail, and the Prussians sent a tremendous fire after them.

The French still tried some offensive attacks, but in vain; they were driven back, and fled in the direction of Spichern and Forbach.

Towards evening—the hard fight lasted until dark—General von Steinmetz arrived and took the command, but the victory was won already. The 13th Prussian division had, during the fight, been directed to march on Forbach. They arrived there after dark, but still succeeded in driving the

French from their position on the neighbouring heights, and taking Forbach.

The victorious Prussian troops bivouacked on the battle-field; the French on the field between Forbach and Merlebach. Two divisions sent by Bazaine arrived to cover their retreat.

The victory was as perfect as it could be, and its consequences far greater than at first was supposed. The whole corps of Frossard was disbanded, and the road to St. Avold was open. The losses on both sides were very great; that of the Prussians amounted to at least 4000 in killed and wounded, the 12th regiment alone lost 800 men killed and wounded, and amongst them 32 officers. The Prussian General von François was killed. The loss of the French cannot be ascertained, but it was very great. Of their 78th regiment only 5 officers and 80 men were left. The number of those who were taken prisoners amounted to 3000, and four guns were lost.

A great many of the Saarbruck people had witnessed the whole battle, standing on the Exercierplatz and other heights of that range, which is separated from the Spichern ridge by a bare plain. This post of observation was rather dangerous, but not even the women were afraid. Many brave girls, laden with refreshments, advanced to

the foot of the Spichern ridge, to assist the wounded, caring but little for the occasional bursting of grenades near them. Two girls were observed to carry a severely wounded soldier out of the midst of the fight, after having dressed his wounds as well as they could with their aprons and neckerchiefs.

The French lost 4 guns, 3000 prisoners, 40 pontoons, the camp of a division, 10,000 blankets, 4,000,000 pounds of rice, coffee, sugar, rum, biscuits, &c., and a million's worth of tobacco. All these immense provisions had been collected in Forbach to be carried after the French army in their march on Berlin. Whole waggons were loaded with sweetmeats of all kinds, and in the camp were found many manifestly unmilitary articles, for instance trunks full of ladies' apparel.

After this short account of the battle I resume my narrative.

The consul and I went to the Exercierplatz. Everywhere the troops who had taken part in the battle were bivouacking. Turning round, and looking to the heights beyond the Saar, we saw enormous masses of troops coming by different routes towards Saarbruck. The soldiers on the field were anxious to write home after their first battle. Many surrounded me and asked

whether I had not paper and envelopes. I gave them all I could spare, and had much trouble to prevent them paying for it.

A visit to a battle-field a few hours after a battle, is more interesting and instructive than attending the battle itself. The movements of the troops during a battle are hidden by woods and hills, and even if you see them engaged, you can rarely distinguish much for the dense smoke enveloping the troops. On seeing the battle-field, however, you understand the whole affair; its history and progress is written with dead letters on the bloody ground. It is, however, a ghastly sight for one who sees it for the first time. Both the consul and I had seen many gory fields, and were used to it. Seeing the soldiers so harmlessly occupied with the arrangement of their dress and arms, or preparing their breakfast, one would never have guessed that they had been only recently in such a bloody contest, and that a great many of their comrades had been torn from amongst them.

After we had heard the details of the fight from the men and officers of the different regiments, we entered the wood near the railroad, which extended to the iron-works (Stiring de Wendel). This wood was strewn with dead, Prussian and French. The French must have occupied it for a

long time before, for roads crossing it in different directions had been made, and a telegraph had been established.

I stopped beside the corpse of a young French sergeant-major, who had been killed by a piece of a grenade which struck his head. I stooped and took that piece up, and also a paper which I found at the side of the man. Several Prussian soldiers approached, and a sergeant, his whole breast covered with medals, told us that civilians were not permitted to pass this wood. On this we went out to the plain between the wood and the Paris turnpike road, where a camp had been, and where slight fortifications had been erected. The dead lay thicker here. I saw a knot of Prussian soldiers fire three salvos over a grave in which they had laid forty of their comrades.

When striding towards the turnpike road, I noticed two field gendarmes coming towards us at full gallop. They had been sent after us by the suspicious sergeant, and subjected us to a severe examination. That I had picked up a paper seemed to them highly suspicious. I had to translate to them its innocent contents, and they forebore reluctantly arresting us on seeing my pass from Colonel des Barres. Such

vigilance was requisite, for many hangers-on of the army made it their business to plunder the dead. The woods were full of marauders, and we encountered hussars escorting about a dozen well dressed men, whose hands were tied.

All battle-fields are in some respects alike. The plain between the wood and the turnpike road had the appearance of a great rag fair. The ground was strewn with military clothes, knapsacks, kepis, swords, guns, and corpses in various positions. On the other side of the turnpike road, at the foot of the Spichern ridge, cavalry had been engaged, and we saw a number of dead horses and *chasseurs à cheval.* On the plain stood four dismounted French guns. Many unexploded grenades were to be seen here and there. It is best not to meddle with these things, for they have a habit of exploding unexpectedly, and do great mischief.

We followed the turnpike road, and soon reached the French frontier. The first French house, standing close to the frontier, is an inn, called the Golden Brem. Everything inside was destroyed, and the front of the house looked as if it had had the smallpox, from the balls and bullets which had struck it.

We encountered a train of waggons escorted by

Dusseldorf hussars, whose manner of urging on the French drivers we admired much. The hussars had captured many thousand hundredweights of oats, and said they had now enough for the whole campaign.

We also met a French corporal with the cross of the Geneva convention on his arm, and spoke to him. He called General Frossard a traitor. All French generals who ever have been beaten are called traitors, for French vanity will not admit that French soldiers could be beaten without being betrayed. The complaints against Frossard were, however, not quite unjust; though he was no traitor, he was at least unfit for the command of an army in the field. His report upon the fight of the 2nd of August proves that he is a fool, and his behaviour in Forbach that he is a very careless and negligent commander. He lodged in the house of the mayor of Forbach, and was breakfasting on the balcony when the battle of the 6th commenced. When he received the report that the Prussians were advancing, he said "All right!" and did not move. When the report came that the French troops were retiring, he answered, "Qu'ils se replient!" At last towards the evening he got into his carriage with his son, and drove off. A colonel arrived on a foam-

covered horse ; the reserves of the French heard the thunder of battle, and did not get an order to advance ; the colonel became impatient, and wanted to see the general. On asking where he had gone to, a French gendarme answered, "Le general a f— le camp !" Some time ago I travelled with French officers returning from captivity. One of them had been captured at Spichern ; he confirmed all I had observed there, but said that General Frossard had been much wronged.

People at Forbach were frightened, such horrid things had been told them about the Prussians ; but as all the inhabitants of the town spoke German, they came soon to an understanding. Some soldiers were indeed inclined to help themselves to all kinds of things, and I saw myself how an officer with cocked revolver drove a number of his men, to whom he made a very reasonable speech, out of a house.

The consul and I alighted in the inn of the Chariot d'Or, where the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, commander of a division of cavalry, had his head-quarters. The landlord and his family were much frightened, but when they saw that officers and soldiers paid for all they consumed in good silver, their faces brightened up.

I wrote some letters whilst the consul went out reconnoitring. The necessity for writing long letters, and the very natural desire of the papers to have them as soon as possible, is against newspaper correspondents, as it demands much time which might be employed in seeing. Moreover, the Prussians always advanced so rapidly, that it was impossible to make up for delay, without having some conveyance, which frequently was not to be procured for any money. A correspondent who wishes to see things for himself, and not to rely only on the accounts of eye-witnesses, ought to have, besides unexceptionable passes, a good strong carriage of his own, and a saddle-horse or two at his disposition. Very few papers, however, are in a position, or inclined, to furnish their "specials" with such expensive luxuries, and many correspondents are therefore in the habit of touching up their letters in a fancy style. I could name some who were miles from the front, though they described the battles as eye-witnesses.

The consul wanted to go ahead on foot next morning, but I resolved to return to Saarbruck, in hope of finding easier conveyance to Metz, where I expected heavy fighting. In the dining-room of the Chariot d'Or were some citizens of

Saarbruck, who knew me by name, and offered their services. They would, they said, show me a way along the crest of the Spichern ridge, leading right to the plateau on the top of the celebrated red hill. I accepted with pleasure, and we started early in the afternoon. We followed the turnpike road until we came to the inn of the Golden Brem. From thence we turned to the right, and went up the hill along the frontier between Prussia and France, and soon came to a stone which had on one side the letter P, and on the other the letter F.

The heights consist of very rough rocky hills, and form excellent ground for defence. They are not much wooded, but grown with single trees, and covered here and there with hedges and brushwood. The hills are so situated, relatively, that the slopes of one can easily be raked by the fire from a neighbouring hill, and it is scarcely to be believed that the Prussians could have taken this formidable position. The dead, which we found everywhere on the foot-paths, behind rocks, and in the most hidden nooks, proved how severe the fighting had been. The numbers on the shoulder-straps of the dead Prussians taught us which regiments had been busy here. Those that had carried away the

wounded, had marked most places where a dead soldier lay, by sticking his gun with its bayonet into the ground. The ravines and slopes were covered with kepis and helmets. The French, stretched out on a green slope, looked quite picturesque with their red trousers. A young corporal of the 12th Prussian regiment lay there as if smiling in sleep. A bullet had struck him right in the heart. On examining the dead, I discovered that each Prussian soldier wears round his neck a cord with a metal badge, on which is stamped a number. This number is entered against his name in the lists, and the dead may be identified, even if much mutilated. On a little rocky plateau we found four dead, two French and two Prussians; three of them had certainly been killed by blows with the stock of the gun, the fourth had a bayonet wound.

The nearer we approached the plateau on the top of the red hill, the more thickly was the ground covered with corpses. Soldiers were burying them. A field close to the wood, and the road which the brave Prussian batteries ascended at a crisis in the battle, bore signs of a hard hand-to-hand fight. Light breast-works were erected, from whence the slope of the red hill could be raked. I went purposely down

the hill, and then crawled up it again, to try the difficulty of the ascent. It was hard work even to me; what must it have been for soldiers loaded with their knapsacks, guns, &c., and under fire. The Prussians said, "If only two of our regiments had held that position, the French would never have taken it," and I believe them. The French had not only the advantage of the position, they were double as strong as the Prussians. This Spichern battle is, therefore, one of the most splendid of the war.

Saarbruck and St. Johann (they are indeed only one town, and I do not understand why the inhabitants insist on two names), were full of wounded troops, surgeons, nurses, and Johanniter. There was no place to be had anywhere, and I made use of a card I had for Messrs. Simon Brothers, bankers. Mr. J. Simon, who lived in St. Johann, received me very kindly, though his house was filled with soldiers. He had five officers and a dozen of soldiers in quarters. All his beds—twenty—were occupied, but I slept on the sofa in his drawing-room, whilst the master of the house lay in a children's bed, his legs dangling outside.

CHAPTER IV.

News of another victory.—The disposition of French troops.—The Battle of Wörth.—Princess Salm and the wounded.—St. Avold.—The sanitary Society of the Press.—Pont-à-Mousson.—The Johanniter.—Accounts given by wounded officers of the late battles.—General von Steinmetz.—The Battle of Mars la Tour.

PEOPLE in Saarbruck had scarcely recovered from their enthusiastic joy at the victory won close to their town, when the news of the still greater victory arrived, which the Crown Prince of Prussia had won at Wörth on the same day, the 6th of August.

Napoleon, who counted on the alliance or neutrality of the South German States, had placed his army accordingly. It reached from Strasburg to Thionville, a distance of from 90 to 100 miles. The troops, which the Germans concentrated in the Rhenish Palatinate, and in the southern part of the Prussian Rhenish provinces, made Napoleon fear that his long line

might be broken, and General MacMahon received orders to approach the main army, and to march towards Bitche, which is about the middle of the line occupied by the French. To cover his movement, MacMahon sent Douay to the Weissenburg lines, where he was beaten on the 7th.

MacMahon now concentrated all his troops near the village of Wörth, a place about twelve miles south-west from Weissenburg, on the road from Sulz to Bitche, which must not be confounded with another Wörth in the Palatinate, on the railroad from Carlsrühe to Bergzabern.

The corps of MacMahon was reinforced by divisions of Le Failly's and Canrobert's, arriving from the centre, and the number of the French army engaged at Wörth amounted to 70,000 men, who occupied a most formidable position.

Wörth, an insignificant place, is situated in a valley formed by the little river or run of the name of Sauer, which is joined close to Wörth by another run, the Sulz. West of Wörth are hills about 200 feet in height; their slopes, covered with vineyards and also with hops, are almost as steep and rough as those of the Spichern range. The turnpike road which ascends these hills leads through a partly wooded plateau to the village of Fröschweiler and further on to the more con-

siderable village of Reichshofen, and the fine watering-place of Niederbronn.

On the morning of the 6th, an outpost fight began between the advanced guard of the Crown Prince and the French army; but General von Kirchbach sent an order to desist from all aggressive movements, as it was not the intention of the Crown Prince to attack that day. Before that order arrived, however, the fight had commenced more seriously, and when it arrived it created uncertainty and a kind of confusion. In consequence of this, the French gained some advantages, and the result of the battle was not what it ought to have been. The town of Wörth was three times taken and lost by the French, who at last had to give it up.

Between twelve and one o'clock the Crown Prince reached the battle-field, and business commenced more regularly and seriously. Prussians, Bavarians, and Wurtembergians fought together, and the difference of the command and of their military customs was certainly the cause that things did not at first work so smoothly as if only Prussian troops had been engaged.

A military description of the battle is beyond my purpose. The German army stormed the hills with great loss. At some places they were

repelled three or four times, but still they went on. The commander of the 11th Army Corps, General von Bose, received a bullet in his hip, but remained on horseback. A second bullet struck the lower part of his foot; he had his boot cut off, and still sat in the saddle. An army in which generals and privates are animated by such a spirit, does not retreat easily. At about two o'clock the heights were scaled, notwithstanding the Turcos concealed in the vineyards.

The hardest fight commenced, however, on the plateau, between the wood and the village of Fröschweiler. Two regiments of French cuirassiers, with shining breastplates, formed for an attack, and the heart of many a young soldier quaked when they came on at a thundering pace. But the Prussian artillery and infantry did not quake. In five minutes these two regiments were nearly annihilated. What remained alive of them fled like mad. The Turcos and the infantry, who had already lost courage, became frantic with fear, and a flight commenced, in comparison to which that at the first Bull's Run was a funeral procession. Such a panic has never been seen. The soldiers threw away their arms and clothes, that they might run the better, and two and even three men were seen on one horse,

a fourth holding on at the tail. All were running towards Reichshofen, and crying, "Run, run! the Prussians are coming!"

Marshal MacMahon was raving mad! To lose such a battle seemed to the brave general beyond all possibility. Spurring his foaming horse with fury, he tried to stop the roaring current of shame, but in vain. His coat hanging in rags about him, without a cravat, his breast bare, and his shirt fluttering in the wind, holding his sword at its blade, and swinging it like a club, the marshal at last suffered his officers to take hold of the reins of his black charger, and lead him away. Then he submitted to his fate, and lit a cigar.

It was about six o'clock, p.m., when the Germans entered the burning Fröschweiler. The church had been ignited by Prussian grenades. A most glorious but very bloody victory had been won, for although the Germans were about 110,000 men strong, the position of the French was worth far more than this difference in numbers. The Germans lost about 6000 men dead and wounded; those of the French are estimated at 10,000, besides 8000 prisoners. They lost also thirty guns, two eagles, and six mitrailleuses, and a great amount of cash. MacMahon's car-

riage, containing 200,000 francs, was captured, and also his tent, in which were found a quantity of fine ladies' dresses. This amused the hussars very much; they put them on, and made much fun out of the *trouvaille.*

When the Crown Prince rode amongst his troops, and praised the bravery of the different corps, he came to the Bavarians. The brave fellows were elated by his praise, and one enthusiastic honest Bavarian stepped out of the ranks, and cried, "Well, your Royal Highness, had you commanded us, anno '66, how would we have thrashed these d—d Prussians!" which of course caused a roar of Homeric laughter.

A glance at the map will show that the Crown Prince with his army was not in line with the two others. Whilst the right wing of the first army was near the Luxembourg frontier, the left wing was about one hundred miles behind. For which reason the two first armies were ordered to keep the French armies opposite them occupied, until the Crown Prince should have advanced to an equal distance from the great supports of the French army at Metz, Châlons, &c. This is the reason why the two first armies were comparatively idle, while the Crown Prince won such splendid victories. In fulfilling their duties, however, the

other armies became engaged at Saarbruck, and won a victory also.

The King was expected at Saarbruck, and all the houses were ornamented with flags. I had seen him often enough, and wanted to go on. Expecting great battles near Metz, I was anxious to go there ; but despairing of getting any conveyance, I went to Saarlouis, where I hoped to succeed, with the help of my friend, the governor. I was, however, disappointed. Colonel des Barres had not the disposal of a single horse, all had been taken, and, moreover, the trains had been stopped, and I could not even return to Saarbruck. In the hotel where I dined I met, however, a friendly brewer, who was returning to Saarbruck with a car full of empty barrels, and who offered me a place on one. Though it rained as hard as it could, I accepted with thanks. Sitting astride on an empty barrel, I travelled the twelve miles, and arrived at Saarbruck, at my friend Mr. Simon's, as wet as a wet sponge. I found them all at supper. A Hessian colonel with his staff was quartered in the house. Not minding my spongy state, I sat down to supper, and dried my clothes while heating my interior with Mr. Simon's glorious Schwartzberger, the emperor of all wines of the Moselle, of which

he fortunately commanded a whole army of bottles.

Wet clothes and riding on beer barrels does not agree with old fellows, though they may be as tough as myself. I did not feel as well as I wished next day, and as Mrs. Simon insisted on my staying, I yielded, as I always do to ladies with such blue eyes.

Princess Salm was still in Saarbruck, and very busy with her many wounded, but I took my meals with her and General-surgeon Prof. Busch. Once when she came in for dinner she was much pleased, and had cause for it. Always thinking how she could get something for her wounded, she had tried to make a requisition of beef-tea in the royal kitchen, and as she has a persuasive manner of her own, she succeeded. She got two buckets-full, but as there was nobody at hand to carry them across the street, she resolutely took them herself. As she was crossing the street, chance would have it that the King passed in his carriage. He recognised the Princess, stopped, descended, and spoke some friendly words to her.

Experience had taught me that the impossibility of procuring conveyances was the greatest hindrance to all my purposes; I therefore looked out for a saddle-horse to buy. There was, however,

none to be had in all Saarbruck, and all I could discover was a colt not five years old, belonging to a horsedealer, who drove him in a waggon, but said that he was a good roadster. Though he looked rather heavy, he had clean limbs, and an intelligent head, and I bought him for twenty-two pounds. After having bought a blanket, an India-rubber coat, and some other trifles, I fancied myself tolerably well fitted out for the campaign. All the shops had been so utterly cleaned out of military articles, that neither a field-flask, nor riding-boots or spurs were to be bought in all the town.

On Saturday afternoon I started for Forbach. The road was crowded with artillery, provision and ammunition trains and troops. My horse had most disagreeable social habits; he was what they call in Germany a "kleber" (striker)—that is, it was almost impossible to prevent his pressing himself against the side of some horse in a team. This habit was disagreeable and dangerous too. My short ride to Forbach was a continued battle with my horse, and I arrived there steaming with perspiration. On taking my India-rubber coat—a silk-lined one, and the only one to be had—from its place before the pommel, I found it glued together, and I could not disentangle it;

I had to throw it away at once. I went to bed rather discouraged, but when I awoke I was still more so, for I felt as if every bone in my body was broken. Try an unbroken horse after not having been on horseback for a year, and you will be able to appreciate the amount of resolution necessary to urge me to continue my journey next morning. I was at the end of my patience on the arrival in St. Avold, though it was still early in the day ; but liking the place, and having to write, I put up in the Hôtel de Paris, where I still found the names of all the officers belonging to the King's head-quarters who had lodged in these rooms, written with chalk on the doors.

St. Avold is a very pleasant town, with very agreeable inhabitants, who mostly understand German. These peaceable people were quite bewildered by the unwonted military bustle around them, and my landlord and his wife were rather scared and sad, for the Prussians had made a requisition of all their straw and oats, and it was difficult to procure some even for my horse. Opposite the inn was a shop with various things, kept by a pretty, black-eyed Provençale girl. She told me that a Prussian corporal had entered her shop, helped himself to some packets of tobacco, and when she remonstrated, had levelled his

pistol at her. Knowing the Prussians as I do, I laughed outright, and advised her whenever a soldier permitted himself such a bad joke, to give him a smart box on his ear, and if he would not rest satisfied with that, to call in from the street one of the field-gendarmes: Prussian soldiers do not fire pistols at pretty girls. I comforted her, and also the fat, desolate couple to whom the Parisian hotel belonged, by saying that they would yet bless the day when the Germans had entered, for they would all be enriched by them.

When I afterwards returned to St. Avold, my prophecy had begun to be realized. All the houses and shops were open, and the people were looking kindly on the Prussians, only wondering from whence they all came. For a whole fortnight a continuous stream of troops had passed St. Avold, and there was no end yet. I told them that it was only the first million—another was still behind. The shops could not furnish sufficient goods, and the inns had not hands enough to serve the many guests who crowded their rooms, and who all were hungry, and still more thirsty, and who paid cash without grumbling. The Prussian thaler proved a great pacificator.

When I started next morning for Falkenberg —which the French have changed into Faulquemont—I met on the road an officer belonging to an horse-battery on its march to join the army of Prince Frederick Charles, which was commanded by a very agreeable captain, of the name of Rodenwoldt. As we were mutually pleased with each other, I resolved to remain with that battery, on the invitation of the officers.

We halted for the night at Mainvillers, and the captain and I took quarters in a farm, where the lady proprietor had utterly lost her head from fear. No male inhabitants were to be seen, and all the shutters were closed. The poor women stood tremblingly before us when we entered the house, but when the very good-natured captain, with his kind, honest face, assured them in a jocular way that he was not exacting, and would be satisfied with a little boy for breakfast, and some baby for supper; and when I spoke soothing words to them, a heavy load seemed to fall from their hearts, and they inwardly thanked God that the Prussians were human beings like themselves, and not such monsters as they had been described by the fugitives from German-French villages, who had arrived in their place running and crying—"Sauve qui peut! les Prussians sont là, et ils

tuent tout le monde!" There seemed to be an apprehension among the inhabitants that the Prussians would enlist all the young men in their army, and that they even took children of ten years, and less. Our hostess had sent her boy to Metz! Relieved from her fears, she did all in her power to please us, and on our departure next morning we had to enforce payment on her.

Passing on our march next day through Lupy, we encountered a very gay-looking procession of carriages, ornamented with the Red Cross on white, in which we saw elegant Parisians, and very fat, discontented Catholic priests. This procession was composed of the members of the Sanitary Society of the Press. With true Parisian carelessness, they had crossed the lines of the Prussian outposts, and when captured by the Prussians, demanded with true Parisian assurance to be permitted to return to the French camp, pretending that they had a right to this by the Geneva Convention. Herr Stieber, the chief of the field-police, had however a different opinion. He had already captured many persons who had put on the protecting badge, unprovided with the legalising stamp; and though these voluntary nurses were entitled to be respected, so far as not to be fired upon, it would have been foolish to

permit them to return after they had seen the Prussian position, camps, &c. A deputation of these gentlemen asked, however, for an audience with the King, who spoke to them, to the great fear of Herr Stieber, who—not without ground—apprehended that amongst these young men might be some fanatic who would profit by the opportunity to make an attempt upon the life of the King. The King left Herr Stieber to decide in this matter; he refused, and sent them to Saarbruck, where they had plenty of opportunity of nursing their wounded countrymen. They were on their way to that place, when we met them, and in such a bad humour, that they did not even answer our polite greeting.

In Cheminot, where we arrived early in the afternoon, the captain, myself, and another officer were quartered in a fine farm. Though its possessor wore a blouse, no stockings, and hob-nailed shoes, his house was very well furnished. There were marble mantelpieces, and well-carved walnut wardrobes and chests of drawers, and his stables and barns were in an excellent condition. The former had been filled with more than a dozen of fine Percheron horses, of which the Prussians had taken six. He was a sensible man, and a philosopher, and resolved to make *bonne*

mine au mauvais jeu. On our arrival, we were somewhat startled by a curious sight. He was standing in the middle of his courtyard, brandishing an immense knife, with which he was killing, with great zeal and many gestures, a number of hens and pigeons, in order to show his anxiety to please us. He was assisted by three witch-like females, whose limbs trembled with fear, whilst their eyes were lighted up with the most deadly hatred. I have never seen such basilisk looks; it was a very uncomfortable sight.

The philosophical farmer frequently shook his fist at the women, and I heard him whisper to them—"Imbéciles! venez donc nous faire malheureux tous!"

In one of the houses, where two soldiers were quartered, a number of women had armed themselves with long knives, probably to cut the throats of the soldiers. When some more came, however, they concealed the knives under their petticoats. It may be that they were afraid of personal outrage.

A most disagreeable accident with my horse spoiled all my arrangements. The saddle which I bought with the horse was not his own, as I supposed, but much too narrow for his fat back. In consequence of this, and careless saddling, his

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back became not only sore, but swollen in such a manner that I could not even think of using him. When we broke camp, before day next morning, I was glad to find a place on the sutlers' waggon.

We directed our march towards Pont-à-Mousson, but halted for a very long time on a field near the road, from where we could see, to our right, and just discernible, the cathedral of Metz and the fort of St. Quentin. . Soldiers who came from Pont-à-Mousson told us that severe fighting had taken place on the 14th and 16th of August near Metz, and a good number of French prisoners, mostly of the guards, whom we met under escort on the road, confirmed the report, though we could not hear anything positive.

As the captain had no horse to spare, and it was, moreover, uncertain whether the battery would be ordered to the front, I said good-bye to my friends, and went with my useless horse to Pont-à-Mousson, only a short distance off.

Pont-à-Mousson is situated on both sides of the river Moselle. On a high hill, which is to be seen from a great distance, stood the ruins of the Mousson castle. The very pleasant town has about ten thousand inhabitants, and is a place of some pretension. The market-place, where is the town-hall, is very large, and was, on

my arrival, a very lively scene. A whole host of army waggons of all kinds were placed there, and train-soldiers were bivouacking around them. Though only one battalion of infantry had remained there as a guard for the head-quarters of the King, which was at that time at Pont-à-Mousson, the whole place was filled with uniforms, and amongst them I noticed many slightly wounded officers. Before entering the town I had encountered a great many wounded soldiers, marching to some place further from the front. I pitied the poor fellows, who, with their smarting wounds, had to trudge along the dusty road in the hot sun.

The head-quarters of the King, with all belonging to it, counted about one thousand persons, and besides them a great number of surgeons and voluntary nurses were in the town. Whole companies of the latter arrived during the day, and marched off to the front. All the larger cities of Germany had formed such companies, consisting of young men in all stations of life, who were not obliged to enter the army, and who were generally under the leadership of some well-known physician or surgeon, and subjected to a self-imposed military rule. They were provided with everything necessary for their service on the

battle-field or in the hospitals. These voluntary sanitary columns rendered the most important services; but their efficacy was very much impaired by the circumstance that they were subjected to the knights of St. John, or Johanniter. At the head of the whole voluntary sanitary affairs were placed the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor of the order of St. John, with the title of military inspector, and by their instructions they were directed to choose their delegates principally from the knights of St. John and Malta. In consequence of this, not less than 517 Johanniter, and 62 knights of Malta were acting as royal commissaries, and they had the disposal of all the voluntary gifts of the people; all the hospitals, depôts, and sanitary columns were subjected to them.

Everybody asked by what right or merit these knights were entitled to such a command. Noblemen, who could prove a certain number of noble ancestors, and who engaged to pay a certain contribution, could become knights of St. John, but whether they had an idea what was required for the sanitary service in the field or in the hospitals, nobody asked. These (frequently very ignorant) noblemen assumed the command over surgeons who understood their business, and dis-

tinguished themselves by their arrogance, laziness or negligence. In the campaign of 1866 many complaints were heard in this respect, and it was still worse in this war.

It would be very unjust to accuse all the Johanniter, for amongst their number were many very intelligent, practical, and self-sacrificing men; but it is not too much to assert, that at least three-fourths of the Johanniter might have stayed at home, and would by their absence have rendered better services than by their presence. They created confusion, angry feelings, and inconveniences. As they had the pretensions of noblemen, they took the best quarters everywhere, appropriated to their personal use the very few carriages and other conveyances, and were rarely to be found near the battle-field, where their presence was most wanted, They loved comfort and good living, and all the hotels were crammed with these lobsters of St. John. They were looked upon as a nuisance, and a calamity of the war, especially by the surgeons and the voluntary sanitary columns, whom they frequently treated so shamefully, that several of them preferred going home. I specially invented for them the name of "Schlachtenbummler," (battle-loafers), which was accepted by the people,

but which was soon extended to other similar nuisances, for instance war correspondents.

The Hotel de la Croix Blanche was so crowded with Johanniter that it was difficult to find a place at a dinner-table, and if you found it you were looked upon as an intruder. All the rooms were occupied by them, and I was glad to find a bed in a room where there were two others, one occupied by two orderlies, and the other by the courier whom the American general, Sheridan, had taken with him from Berlin. By applying some thalers in the right place, my horse found a corner in the stable also, and I went out to find means of reaching the front.

I met a thirsty Catholic army chaplain, whose acquaintance I had made somewhere on the road, and who was out on a beer discovering expedition. He was a young man, who must have seen much of the world, for he was in every respect a gentleman, and had far less the stamp of his profession upon him than his colleagues of the reformed persuasion, though in the centre of his handsome head there was a shaven spot as large as a half-crown piece, which looked amid his fine dark curls like a star amongst clouds. I had seen him driving alone in a very enviable comfortable carriage, and when he paid for his beer, I saw some

hundred thaler notes in his portemonnaie, which was rarely to be met with in the purses of German Protestant chaplains.

In the beer-blessed coffee-house of Pont-à-Mousson, I met two gentlemen who had dined with me at the same table ; one was a fellow correspondent of the *Vienna New Free Press*, and the other an English gentleman whom I had murdered and buried long ago, at least in the papers. He was Mr. Legge, correspondent of the *Irish Times*, who was said to have fallen a victim to his curiosity at the battle of Spichern. I was extremely glad to meet his ghost here in flesh and bones, and we three correspondents took coffee together and played at cards, whilst a far more serious game was played at that very moment on the gory fields around Metz. Thus the public are served by correspondents whom they do not enable to keep their own carriages and pair. Though I knew that some hundreds of pounds were running after me from post to post, I did not know when the money would reach me, and dared not buy a horse from one of the wounded officers, for fear of becoming altogether helpless.

In the evening at supper in my overcrowded hotel, I fell in with some high officers of the commissariat. Being informed of my difficulty,

one of these gentlemen offered me a place in his carriage next morning, when they were to go to Buxières, whither nearly all the provision columns had been ordered.

From some wounded officers, who had taken part in the fights of the last days, I heard what had happened since my departure from Saarbruck.

After the battles of the 6th of August, the French armies hastened to concentrate themselves backwards on Nancy and Metz. All provisions which were to be found in the whole country around were brought into this great fortress, which was provided for 50,000 men, but not for the 400,000 men which Napoleon expected to assemble there, to fight a decisive battle on his *fête*, the 15th of August. He soon received the dismal news that MacMahon could not reach him, for the daring Prussian Uhlans were not satisfied with pursuing this general's corps, they even had advanced to the square between Moselle and Meuse, and threatened Metz from behind, making the ground thereabout very insecure for operations. On the 13th they had destroyed the railroad near Commercy and Bar le Duc, and even appeared a few miles from Chalons! In fact, the German victorious south army stood

between Chalons and Metz and MacMahon, and the troops coming from Chalons, tried in vain to break the formidable wall, in order to reach the army of the Emperor at Metz. The direct line of communication with Paris was cut off, and in consequence of a council of war held on the morning of the 17th of August, in Metz, the Emperor left that fortress, and took the road to Verdun, escorted by sufficient forces of cavalry,

At the same time another corps marched towards Conflans, and a third went towards Gorze, to reach Troyon, a place on the road from Commercy to Verdun. At this latter place the two wings were to meet again with the central corps, which marched with Napoleon on the direct road.

The Prussian first and second army never lost sight of the movements of the south army. General von Steinmetz had marched directly upon Metz ; the second army reached the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson. Guessing the intention of the French army to retire towards the Meuse, Prince Frederick Charles saw that they could only be prevented from doing so by outflanking. He therefore advanced against the road leading from Metz to Verdun, but even with forced

marches he could not hope to arrive there before the 16th of August. General von Steinmetz, who knew this well enough, on seeing the preparations for the marching of the French on the 17th, resolved at once to attack, in order to detain them a day or two longer on the spot. He made a rather hazardous manœuvre, by crossing with the corps von Manteuffel (1st), and von Zastrow (7th), the Moselle nearer to Metz, whilst he left the corps von Alvensleben (3rd), and von Goeben (8th), on the eastern side of Metz, to operate there against the fortress.

The fight, which lasted until late in the evening, was a very hard one, but crowned with perfect success for the Prussians, for the retreat of the French was interrupted, and the greater part of Bazaine's *corps d'armée* compelled to retire under the fortifications of Metz. Only those French corps which had marched towards Conflans continued their march slowly, in hope that the other corps would follow.

On the news received from the result of the fight of the 17th, Prince Frederick Charles, who had thus gained twenty-four hours, again turned towards the east, in order to effect a communication with Steinmetz, and to keep Bazaine where he was.

Reconnaissances made on the 15th, in the morning, informed Bazaine that the Prussians were in force at Gravelotte, a large village, where the road leading to Conflans forks off from the direct road to Verdun, which he wanted to gain. He therefore directed two of his corps towards Gorze, which is some miles south of Gravelotte, in hopes of reaching the Verdun road at Mars la Tour.

He had already reached Vionville, a place on that road, only about three miles from Mars la Tour, when the commander of the 3rd Prussian Army Corps, forming the advanced guard of the army of Frederick Charles, who had arrived there, received, on the morning of the 16th of August, intelligence that the French were in Vionville, and had also occupied the heights to the right and left of the road. It was about 9 o'clock, a.m., when two brigades of that corps boldly advanced to the attack. It was an awful struggle, for one single corps of the Prussians stood here against two corps of Bazaine's army—the best troops of the French army. For six long hours these brave Prussians kept them not only at bay, but drove them back to Rezonville, though with very heavy losses, and longing much at last for assistance. It arrived in time, and

even before it had been necessary to bring the Prussian reserve into play. It was 4.30 o'clock, p.m., when the 20th division of the 10th Army Corps (General von Voigts-Rhetz) arrived; the rest followed, and after them three regiments belonging to other corps. After a fight, which lasted until 9 o'clock p.m., the army of General Bazaine was again compelled to retire towards Metz.

This battle was one of the bloodiest and most interesting of the war, especially on account of the several cavalry charges which took place, and which were perhaps undertaken with more pluck than judgment. The enormous losses of the cavalry proved that its time is gone by, and that it has but little chance against infantry armed with chassepots. Later military authors will find out who blundered here; as it would lead me too far to attempt a description of this battle, I must resist the strong temptation; but in order to give the peaceable reader a faint idea of its fierce character, I cannot forbear translating a passage from a letter of Major Count Schmettow's, of the 7th Cuirassiers, whom I had known as a young lieutenant in 1849, when he escorted me from Rastatt to the Swiss frontier, undertaking to convince me that there was no hope for

Rastatt from the revolutionary army, who had already left Baden a fortnight ago. The count is a celebrated sportsman, and known as one of the most daring horsemen and officers in the Prussian army.

Etain, August 22nd, 1870.—"I give you with this all I can state until now as positively certain. I delayed, because persons reported killed appeared now and then quite safe and sound. I will still say that everyone who has been captured on this occasion may be proud of it, for it was only after the regiment had ridden down two batteries in its heroic charge, and broken two columns of infantry, that the French cuirassiers had the chance of making any prisoners. It would be unpardonable for a commander to lead his troops into certain destruction without powerful reasons. Colonel von Voigts-Rhetz came to our highly revered brigadier von Bredow, who has proved himself a hero on every occasion, and said, 'Well, general, the commanding general has agreed with General von Rhein baben (commanding the cavalry division), that you should break through near the wood, and how is it that you are still here?' General von Bredow answered: 'Must I break through the infantry near the wood?' 'Yes, yes,' was the

reply; 'we have already taken the village, and cannot approach the wood; the fate of the day depends on it that all is cleared away that is standing along the wood. You must attack, and that in the most energetic manner.' We formed two 'Treffen,' (formations of battle), the regiment of cuirassiers standing on the left wing along the edges of the wood; the regiment of the Uhlans on the right wing, one hundred paces behind. Our brave general with his staff (four officers), of which he lost three, stood about abreast with the cuirassiers. The first battery could only get ready to fire with two guns, before we were upon them. The honour of finishing its commander I could not leave to any other man, and I think I hit him. It was very clear to me there could be no question of bringing home trophies, but we must first destroy everything standing between the wood and the turnpike road. Everything belonging to the battery was cut down, and at a mad gallop we went against a column of infantry, which was ridden and cut down, and which sent a few shots after us, after we had broken through them. A second battery was attacked, and all who did not fly were cut down; with these fugitives we advanced against a second column of infantry. Before we had

quite reached it, two squadrons of French cuirassiers wheeled from an opening in the wood, amongst our sadly thinned troop, and after the last column of infantry was over-ridden, our small troop, now *pêle mêle* with the French cuirassiers and Uhlans, wheeled to the right and hurried back. In front of the battery I received two shots, which pierced my helmet, without, however, touching me seriously. The aide-de-camp, hit by two bullets, fell from his horse; one trumpeter was killed, the horse of the other wounded, and while speaking to Captain Heister, he fell also. For a while Lieutenant Campbell was at my side, until he came badly off on making an attempt to snatch the standard, of which he had caught hold with his left hand, from the French cuirassiers. Some men rescued him. I shall never forget the moment when I—at that place from which we started, after a ride of little more than a mile—ordered the first trumpeter whom I met to sound the regimental signal. A bullet had hit his trumpet, and it produced a sound which pierced through all my bones. My call assembled from eleven divisions (five had been detached) all who remained. A sad bivouac followed. Two days later we were again under fire. Still five (German) miles from Chalons, where again something

will happen, I guess. The regiment lost seven officers and 206 men. All the officers are in Prussian hospitals, only the regiment have [no news about Lieutenant Friese, who had been seen with a broken skull on the field. Captain Meyer and Ensign von Stockhausen are buried on the battle-field."

This memorable attack took place near Mars la Tour, but the battle on the left wing of the French position, near Gorze, was perhaps still hotter. There stood the French reserves, the best troops of the guards. As soon as this was reported by the patrols, nine Prussian battalions attacked this far superior corps, which was placed in the most advantageous position. The losses on both sides were enormous. When it was getting dark, the French guard tried another attack, but in vain; they had to leave the Prussians masters of the battle-field. In no other engagement were more deeds of bravery done than in this, which is called the battle of Mars la Tour, and sometimes that of Gorze.

CHAPTER V.

On the road to the battle-field.—Too many Buxières.—St. Marie des Baraques.—The battle of the 16th of August at Vionville.—A night at Rezonville.—A rough sketch of the great battle of Gravelotte.—St. Privat.—Death of the Prince Salm-Salm.—The Pomeranians!—After the battle.—A ride over the battle-field.—St. Hubert and the plateau.—The Samaritan field-gendarme and a hospitable major.—Drive to Amanvillers.—Bivouac there.—Return to Pont-à-Mousson and Saarbruck.

I HAD refused the "Intendantur Rath" to go with him next morning (August 19th), because he intended to start at seven o'clock, and had promised the "Intendantur Assessor," because he said he would go at six. When I came to his house at that hour, I found him still in bed, as was the young chaplain also, who seemed to be his shadow. It struck eight before these civilians were ready. The chaplain drove in the carriage of the assessor, and I in the more modest vehicle furnished by the government to the chaplain, bearing on its outside the red cross and an inscription announcing its sacred character. With me was another clergyman from West-

phalia, who wanted to make himself generally useful, and whom his superiors had sent to the Second Army. This reverend gentleman was as inexperienced in the ways of the world as his young *confrater* in the assessor's carriage was the contrary. The latter must have been a tutor in some nobleman's family, for he could stand his glass of wine, sat his horse well, and knew how to get the best of everything for himself at other men's expense. In an ebullition of fraternal affection he offered his assistance to his innocent Westphalian colleague, and promised to bring him safely to the head-quarters of the Second Army.

When we arrived at the little town of Thiancourt, where an unreasonable number of roads crossed each other, the leading assessor inquired for Buxières, and we drove merrily on, for the weather was splendid. Seeing by the milestones that we were on the road to Toul, I said to my companion I supposed we ought to pay the Crown Prince a visit; but not liking to give my advice without being asked, I did not communicate my doubts to the assessor. We drove on for miles. Nowhere was a German soldier to be seen, and in the villages which we passed the natives crowded around our carriages in a man-

ner which I did not like at all, especially as we had no arms with us, though our drivers wore the Prussian uniform. When the Latin of the egotistical chaplain came to an end, and the Magdeburgian French of the assessor was of no avail, I was appealed to, and beckoned to a little rosy-cheeked Catholic clergyman, who stood outside the church at the head of a rural congregation. The good little man approached with great alacrity, and his flock thronged after him like sheep that follow their leader. He scraped out with his left leg, took off his broad-brimmed hat, and answered my questions with great politeness and volubility, that there existed half-a-dozen Buxières and Boussières in several dozens of different directions, distinguished from each other by names indicating the locality. He told us also that if we drove on a little longer in that direction we might have the pleasure of meeting Maréchal Çanrobert. The Buxières which lay in that road was therefore not the Buxières to which we wanted to go, and as I had seen the right one, which was near Metz, on the map the night before, I ordered the driver to turn tail, and we arrived soon at St. Benoit, from whence a road went to Buxières-en-bois, which was the right one. The houses in St. Benoit were locked,

and all the shutters closed, but seeing some signs of life in one of them, I knocked persistently, and at last an old woman came, who sold us bread and very good red and a white wine, which resembled that growing in the Champagne.

Between the two reverends had sprung up a coolness. I do not know whether they discovered a different shade in their theology, or what else was the cause, but when the Westphalian chaplain drove off with me, he complained that his colleague had revoked his promises to take care of him, and meeting a sutler's cart going to Pont-à-Mousson, he arranged with the owner, and left me, without saying good-bye to the egotistical reverend.

We arrived in the afternoon at Buxières-en-bois, where we found a great many provision columns, and also troops. The existence of so many Buxières had created much confusion, and we had the comfort of hearing that we had not been the only sufferers.

At this place there is a very fine farm, called La Ferme St. Marie des Baraques. On the very neat, but useless turrets at the entrance are inscribed the names of the farm and of its builder. In the middle of the principal building stands a statue of the Holy Virgin, with the inscription :

"Ave Stella Matutina." The owner of this farm had misused the neutral sanitary flag to give signals to the French, betraying the position of the German troops. Caught *in flagrante delicto*, he shot a major, and was immediately hanged by the soldiers. His farm was sacked, and what could not be carried away was destroyed; but the buildings were used for military purposes.

One of the commissary officers lent me a horse, and I visited the battle-field of the 16th of August, which was close by. The country between Gorze and Vionville is very fine, but not convenient for military operations. The hills are rather steep, and covered with brushwood. The road from Gorze to Rezonville runs, however, over a kind of plateau, from which the slopes descend. The fight on this plateau was exceedingly severe, and the loss of the Prussians very great—far greater than that of the French, who were in a more covered position. The 11th Prussian regiment, belonging to the nine battalions who held this place against a very superior force of the French guards, of three thousand men lost two thousand, and forty-four officers. The whole field was covered with dead of that brave regiment, and thickly strewn with helmets and needle-guns. Two regiments of dragoons (of

the guard) who also made an attack here, were so much thinned that one regiment had to be made of the two. Amongst the killed was Prince Reuss.

All the Prussian soldiers I spoke to were unanimous in saying that the chassepot was superior to the needle-gun, and it was fortunate that the French did not yet know how to use it, and that the Prussians fire so deliberately, whilst it is a rule with the French to shower as many bullets as possible upon the enemy without aiming.

It was late when the provision-column to which I had attached myself received orders to march, and late in the night when we arrived at Rezonville. The place was crowded with wounded from the battle which had been fought on the 18th, and who were too ill to be transported. Everything was wanting, even water was scarce, whilst some miles off the lobsters of St. John swilled champagne and claret, and were too lazy even to distribute the immense stores filled with everything for the comfort of the wounded, furnished by the generous kindness of the German and English people.

The night was very dark and rainy. To find an abode was difficult, but at last some men

belonging to the commissary opened a house, and in the corn-loft room was found for us all. In a little garret adjoining the loft the King had slept the night before. I found a place on a heap of corn near the stout Intendantur Rath, who snored like the trumpets of Jericho, whilst the practical Christian chaplain had appropriated a solitary mattress, which he had spread in the snuggest corner, where he did not suffer from the awful draught as we others did, for windows there were none.

I had not eaten anything since the morning, except a small piece of bread, but I had saved a bottle of wine, which I concealed carefully under my coat, and pressed against my heart in sleep, taking now and then a stealthy pull during the night, to keep myself warm. The example of the practical chaplain was contagious. The morning came at last. It was fine, but rather cold for the season, and I was glad to warm myself in the ruins of a house opposite, which had been a corn magazine, and where the heaps of corn were still aglow, offering the soldiers an opportunity of boiling their coffee. There was nothing to be had in Rezonville, not even a piece of bread, and I was agreeably surprised to discover a forgotten stick of chocolate in my pocket.

The village of Rezonville is half-way between Vionville and Gravelotte, on the Verdun road, and right on the battle-field, and bore everywhere the marks of the hard struggle. I was astonished to see some inhabitants in some houses, and even a few women. The gardens and fields round the houses were thickly covered with dead, mostly French. Close behind the house in which I had passed the night the Prussian grenades had done much havoc; I saw many groups of frightfully mutilated corpses. One of the poor fellows was torn in such a manner that it was difficult to recognise in him a human body; one of his legs had been carried away twenty paces. As far as one could see the field was covered with Prussian troops, who bivouacked on the gloriously-won battle-field. As the close proximity of so many corpses of men and horses was disagreeable, and even dangerous, a colonel with a large force had orders to bury them, and to collect the scattered arms of all kinds. I conversed with the colonel and the general commanding the cavalry encamped on the fields around, and they told me all about the battle, which I had missed because I had no horse.

When the reports of the battle of Mars la Tour arrived in Pont-à-Mousson, the King at

once ordered the advance of all troops still on the eastern bank of the Moselle. A second line was behind the principal army that had advanced in the night.

Two great turnpike roads run westward from Metz. That running in a north-western direction leads to Briey; the other going south-west, is the road to Verdun, from which forks off the road to Conflans. The principal battle of the 18th took place in the angle formed by the principal roads.

A dispatch sent to Pont-à-Mousson at two o'clock, a.m., on the 18th, decided the King to set off for the battle-field at four o'clock instead of six. He drove to Gorze, where he mounted his horse. On the bloody field of the 16th he met Prince Frederick Charles. He passed the cavalry regiments who had taken part in the battle in review, and rode past the infantry, having a word of well deserved praise for all of the 11th regiment. Seeing so many of these brave soldiers dead on the ground, he shed tears.

A council of war between the King, the Prince, Moltke, and General von Stiehle, was held on the field, after which Prince Frederick Charles had a conversation with General Moltke, which lasted nearly two hours.

Movements in the French camps indicated that they would try another line of retreat. As that on Verdun was cut off by the battle of Vionville, (which is the official name of that I called Mars la Tour), there remained only the northern road over Briey.

The left wing of the French was near Ars sur Moselle and Jussy, and their lines extended through the Bois de Vaux to Gravelotte, Verneville, Amanvillers, St. Privat la Montagne, and St. Marie aux Chênes, which two latter places, on their utmost right wing, are near the road to Briey.

The 7th German Corps was south of Gravelotte, and the 8th Army Corps, with the 1st division of cavalry—all belonging to General Steinmetz's army—was south of Rezonville. These troops had to cover the movements of Prince Frederick Charles's army, which had orders to reach the road to Briey, and bar the French the passage, in case they should attempt it. The first line of this second army was formed by three army corps: the 12th (Saxons) marched from Mars la Tour towards Jarny; the Guards directed their march on Doncourt; and the 9th Corps crossed the Verdun road, west of Rezonville, and went towards Caulre farm, also on the

Briey road, and north of St. Marcell. In second line followed the 3rd and 10th Army Corps, and as a last reserve was expected to arrive the 2nd Army Corps, which had left Pont-à-Mousson at two o'clock, a.m.

At about half-past ten o'clock it became certain that Bazaine would not attempt an advance, but that he would wait for an attack in his position, which was naturally strong, and otherwise much fortified. The Second Army received orders to wheel to the right, and to direct its centre corps upon Verneville and Amanvillers, whilst its right wing remained with the left of General Steinmetz's corps. The general attack was not to commence until this movement had been executed.

At about twelve o'clock the 9th Corps engaged the French near Verneville, and on hearing the firing, the army of Steinmetz received orders at a quarter before one o'clock to occupy the French opposite them by artillery fire. This was opened from fifty—afterwards eighty—guns, by which the fire of the French was silenced in about an hour.

The 12th Army Corps, supported by a brigade of the Guards, took St. Marie aux Chênes at half past three o'clock, p.m., and made a movement around the right wing of the French, with the

intention of reaching Roncourt, in which they succeeded only at half-past six o'clock. Meanwhile the artillery of the guards, under General Prince Hohenlohe, standing between St. Ail and Habonville, silenced the opposing artillery, and advanced nearer to St. Privat, whilst the artillery of the 9th Corps had a similar success near Montigny and Amanvillers, but had also great losses, for fifteen of their guns were disabled. As the fire from the French was extremely heavy, and several attacks were attempted, the 3rd Army Corps (of the second line) advanced at three o'clock until Verneville.

The Saxons had not accomplished this flank movement, for which the whole line was waiting with impatience at five o'clock. As a general attack was to be postponed so long, the commander of the Guards imagined, from some movements in the French lines, that they would evacuate, make good their retreat under the protection of night, and compel the Prussians to recommence the battle next day; he therefore ordered St. Privat to be stormed. All generals and field-officers remained on horseback to watch their troops. In a few minutes, however, all their horses were killed, for they were received by a most formidable fire from behind walls and

ramparts, which strengthened the already commanding position, and made it like a fortress. The losses were tremendous, and the general in command ordered the guards to halt, until the Saxons should have accomplished their flanking movement.

General von Pape had two horses in this attack killed under him; one of his aide-de-camps was killed, the other wounded; Colonel von Roeder, commander of the 1st regiment of Guards, was killed; Count Waldener received a shot through his bowels; and the two princes Salm met a glorious death upon the field.

Prince Florentin Salm, the gallant boy whom I mentioned before, was killed first, by a shot in his head. His uncle, Prince Felix Salm, advanced at the head of his battalion on horseback. When his right arm was struck, he took his sword in his left hand, and when his horse was killed, he advanced on foot. A shot in his breast struck him down. When I was at Coblentz, and the prince was preparing for the field, I spoke seriously to one of his servants, and received his solemn promise to remain as near as possible to the prince in battle, and not to leave him in the hands of the enemy if he should be wounded. The brave fellow, who loved his kind master

much, kept his word. He and another man carried the prince to the rear, and whilst doing so, one of them was killed. The prince, though fatally wounded, always thinking more of others than of himself, would not be moved from the spot, until the poor man had been covered with his own cloak. The prince lived two hours, and received the sacrament from the Catholic chaplain. His last words were a farewell to his beloved wife.

The storm was resumed at half-past six o'clock, after the artillery had been at work against St. Privat, which was burning at different places. The French fought with desperation, but the Guards took the village, whilst the brave Saxons entered from the other side. The French retired precipitately towards Metz.

The 9th corps and a brigade of the Guards fought meanwhile around Amanvillers, where they had superior forces against them. Their losses were enormous; for instance, the battalions of the Guard-Jagers lost all their officers, and the battalion was reduced to half its strength. At dark a division of the 10th Corps, from the second line, reinforced the 9th Corps, and the French fled now in such haste, that they left behind a splendid camp, filled with all

kinds of comforts and luxuries, undreamt of by Prussian soldiers.

The 7th and 8th Army Corps of General Steinmetz's corps, as I related before, had kept the left wing of the French army busy, whilst Prince Frederick Charles executed his change of front. When the 9th corps was engaged (at 12 o'clock), near Armanvillers, the troops of Steinmetz advanced also from Gravelotte and Rezonville. A deep and rather narrow valley crosses the Verdun road between Gravelotte and St. Hubert, and extends to the south, between the Bois des Ognons and de Vaux, to Ars sur Moselle. The ground in the triangle between Malmaison, Gravelotte, and St. Hubert is covered with dense wood, and the troops which had the severe task of attacking, could only progress slowly, whilst those to their right advanced faster, and soon reached St. Hubert, which they took by storm.

At 4 o'clock General Steinmetz ordered a pursuit of the enemy whom he believed to be in retreat. Two horse batteries and a regiment of Uhlans advanced, but it became evident that the French had not retreated, but only sheltered themselves against the heavy artillery fire. The Prussians were received with a tremendous quick

fire, and many brave men dyed the grass of the valley with their blood.

Though the strong position of St. Hubert was retained, and the Prussians lost no ground, they could not advance, for the French had a very strong position on the heights, and fired from behind terrace-like ditches.

I may perhaps be wrong, but it seems to me that the movements on the right wing of the Prussian army were not as well directed as those on the left, though the ground, after all, was more favourable. The extreme right wing had, however, advanced from Ars sur Moselle, and taken Jussy.

The King, who mounted his horse on his arrival in Gorze, remained on the height near Flavigny, a place south of the Verdun road, between Rezonville and Vionville, where the 9th corps was engaged at 12 o'clock. At 4 o'clock he rode to another height near Rezonville, from where he could overlook the fight near Gravelotte.

Behind that village, where the Verdun road makes a turn near St. Hubert, the French had taken the formidable position, of which I have spoken. The more gently rising continuations (I guess 20 degrees) of the steep slopes of the above-mentioned gully lead to a high plateau.

The Verdun turnpike-road runs along that slope. French infantry was placed in the ditches of this road, and six mitrailleuses stood behind it on the plateau, protected by light fortifications, whilst farther back other trenches were to be seen.

The battle seemed to be lost for the French, but the Germans were exhausted from the long marches and the fight. It was seven o'clock, p.m., when an event took place which produced no little consternation. The French, driven back everywhere, but still comparatively fresh, as they had been always on the defensive, tried once more to gain the Verdun road, and made an attack towards Gravelotte.

When that happened the King and all his cortege were on the road near the place, to see what was going on. A piece of a French grenade killed the horse of the King's court-marshal, Count Perponcher, after having slightly wounded an aide of the secretary of war, General von Roon. The latter did not think this a safe place for the King, and persuaded him to return to Rezonville.

The unexpected and furious attack of the French took effect on the much fatigued and decimated German infantry approaching them,

who commenced to waver and to retire at some places.

The King meanwhile was at Rezonville, near a garden wall, close to a burning manufactory, sitting on a ladder, of which one end rested on a balance, and the other on a dead French horse. At his side was his brother, Prince Charles, the Grand Duke of Weimar, the hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Count Bismark, General von Roon, and Count Donhoff. The secretary of war wore, contrary to custom, a cap, but the King wore his helmet. All were rather silent, and felt some anxiety, for the fate of the day depended on the French on their left wing being beaten decisively. Count Moltke was looking with great anxiety towards the road from Pont-à-Mousson, from where he expected the second (Pomeranian) Army Corps, under Lieutenant-General von Transecky, who had left Pont-à-Mousson at two o'clock that morning. That town is more than twenty miles from Gravelotte, which is little for a single pedestrian, but much for an army corps of about 30,000 men. The corps had not been in any fight yet, and was anxious to reach the battle-field. It arrived exactly in time. When Count Moltke at last discerned the heads of the longed-for

Pomeranians, he rode to meet them. When he was recognised, and his revered name ran through the ranks, he was greeted with a tremendous cheer. The Count, drawing his sword, placed himself at the head of the columns, and led them against the dangerous heights above described. When the news spread in the Army Corps that the chief of the general staff of the army himself was leading them, an immense enthusiasm seized the troops. They stormed through the ravine, and ascended the slope towards the road. Their first ranks were mowed down by the mitrailleuses, but that did not arrest them; they stormed on, supported by the artillery, which from the heights behind silenced the mitrailleuses. The plateau was taken.

When the aides succeeded in disengaging the great chief of the general staff from the *pêle mêle*, the storm, led by General von Transecky himself, had nearly succeeded, and Count Moltke rode back to Rezonville, and approaching the anxious King and the group around him, he reported :— "Your Majesty, the victory is ours, and the enemy retiring." This news was greeted by a vigorous hurrah! Now all discovered that they had not eaten anything for a long time. A sutler who happened to be near was called, and

all the princes and high personages filled their field-flasks with his indifferent red wine, of which the King drank a glassful, whilst Count Bismark was seriously occupied with a large piece of black ration bread.

As Pont-à-Mousson was more than some twenty miles distant, the King gave orders to bivouac on the field, and said that he would pass the night in his carriage; but a garret near a corn-loft was discovered, where a kind of couch was prepared, on which the King slept without undressing, covered with his cloak. For supper he had had the good luck to get some cutlets, whilst Bismark swallowed some raw eggs, which he broke on the hilt of his sword. The Count found out a room with three empty beds, of which he, the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, and the American General, Sheridan, took possession.

Night spread its brown mantle over the gory fields, on which the over-tired troops established their bivouacks. Many prayers were doubtless sent up to heaven. Many slept close to the living their eternal sleep, and still more lay there in agony, waiting with anxiety for a friendly hand to dress their smarting wounds. Oh! such a night on a battle-field immediately after a

battle is of all horrible things on earth the most horrible, and he who has not seen it should never wish to do so; for if he is not hardened yet, a series of such nights will haunt his sleep years afterwards, and he will hear for a long time the groans of the dying and suffering.

Still, there are wretches who are so utterly hardened that they only think of gain, and follow the war with such intentions alone. The night after a battle is for them a feast, and they are very properly called the hyænas of the battle-field. To rob the dead may not be considered as bad as robbing the living; but unfortunately too frequently, if not always, murder is added to theft.

The pale moon shining over the fields and woods from St. Privat to Gorze lit many sad and awful scenes, which occurred else unnoticed in some lonely nooks, and only by chance descriptions of them can be made public. The dead do not speak. Therefore it will be interesting to the reader to hear the narrative of Captain Furstenberg, of the 10th Hussars, who lay that night, from the 18th to the 19th, wounded, on the battle-field. When he, towards the morning, awoke from a deep swoon, he saw some figures gliding about, and when one of them

came near him he distinctly recognised the Cross of St. John on his arm. He was just going to call the man to help him, when his voice refused its service on noticing an awful scene. The man with the cross drew the attention of the other men to a group of dead and wounded. "Quite near to me," reported the captain, "I recognised distinctly a man in the dress of a field-chaplain and two Johannites. When the men arrived at the group of dead or wounded, they commenced to cut open, with knife and scissors, the breasts of the uniforms, and every man who still moved they strangled with their hands. If they found nothing in the breast, the pockets were searched; rings were taken from the fingers, and if they would not come off, the fingers were cut off. All the valuables were pocketed by the priest. These hyænas approached the place where I was lying. With great pain I tried to sit up, and to call for help; but one of them had noticed me already, and came running towards me. I cried with all my might, and on hearing this two of these fellows ran ahead, to keep watch. Fortunately, I felt that my six-barrelled revolver was near me; I fired; the field-chaplain fell; the others escaped, but were overtaken by the guard, who hurried to the spot on my shot." These

men were—one a hotel-keeper from Duren, a wealthy man, and the other three were Belgians, who had disguised themselves as Johannites. About eighty, more or less, valuable rings—not rarely with the fingers—three hundred watches, purses, epaulets—in all, valuables worth about 20,000 thalers, were found upon them. The rascals were sent to Coblentz.

This battle of Gravelotte was the greatest of the war. The losses on both sides were enormous. The second army of Prince Frederick Charles alone lost 14,000 men in dead and wounded. But the success was worth the great sacrifices. Whilst the Crown Prince followed MacMahon closely, the two other armies had cut off Bazaine, with his great army, from Paris, and compelled him to enclose himself in Metz.

After having given this rough sketch of the great battle, I return to my personal narrative.

I was so fortunate as to get a horse lent me by an obliging commissariat officer, who was glad to remain on *terra firmâ*, as were the commissariat and medical staff in general. I rode first along the Verdun road, turned to the right, and rode over the field, where I visited the different troops encamped there, mostly

belonging to the Second Army Corps, which had arrived so *àpropos*, and given the last touch to the battle. .

I rode around the considerable village of Gravelotte, in which all the houses were crammed with wounded, and the road with army waggons and requisitioned peasant carts of all kind. Proceeding beyond the village, I examined the celebrated gully which had cost so much blood, and ascending the road I soon reached St. Hubert, which is to the left. A knot of buildings, probably belonging to the inn on the roadside, had been transformed into a field-hospital. Though the flag of the Johannites was waving outside, I could not discover a single knight of St. John. The hamlet had not suffered much, for it was built of solid stone, and the whole looked somewhat castle-like. This is the case with nearly all the farms in that neighbourhood. Building material is everywhere at hand, and stones are lavishly used. All the houses are solid, and every little or large garden, every yard, is surrounded with a stout stone wall. The French had built these walls, and pierced the houses with loopholes, from which they fired in perfect security. Each village, each farm, was a little fortress, and on looking on them one is filled with

admiration of the brave soldiers who conquered them. Notwithstanding all their courage and pluck, they would, however, scarcely have succeeded without the aid of their powerful artillery. Solid shots, field-pieces, could not do much either against such stone walls, but the grenades proved more efficacious. Thrown in a curve, they smash roof and ceilings, and, bursting inside the house, their splinters cause much damage and terror, and frequently ignite the house. These Prussian grenades are dangerous missiles, far more dangerous than those of which the American Confederates were so liberal. The rebel grenades frequently did not explode at all, or, if they did, they burst only in two or three pieces, whilst a Prussian grenade sends forth from eighty to a hundred pieces. Moreover, they are fired with awful precision, and at great distances, owing to a mantle of lead with which they are covered. This soft metal is pressed into the groves of the gun, as is the case with the bullet of a common rifle. The Prussian artillery has distinguished itself as much in this war as the infantry.

Behind St. Hubert, somewhat higher up the plateau, I noticed a kind of orchard, or cattle-ground, which was surrounded by a stone wall. There had been a sharp fight at this place, and

from thence the French on the plateau must have received a flanking fire.

The battle-field presented the usual aspect of a great rag-fair. The troops had been, however, very busy already with burying the dead; but there were still many lying about, and it was a melancholy occupation to examine their features and mangled forms. Some lay there as if asleep; others with widely-opened glassy eyes, staring up to heaven; in the distorted features of others you read that they had died in great pain. Their blood-clotted hair, brains laid bare, and protruding entrails, were an awful sight. Some were lying in groups together, and not rarely I noticed the arm of one comrade round the neck of his neighbour, or their hands linked in a farewell gripe.

Many mothers would not have recognised their darling sons in the muddy heaps of rags I saw before me; those whom they had reared with the utmost care from youth, who had been their thought for day and night for twenty years, lay in a muddy ditch like refuse thrown on the dunghill. It is fortunate that mothers and wives are not admitted to battle-fields, or the lunatic asylums would be over-crowded.

What astonished me much, and what I had

noticed already on the battle-fields in America, was the indifference with which the soldiers buried their dead comrades. They smoked their pipes and cracked their jokes, though they might expect to lie to-morrow in the same, or a similar ditch. In justice, I must however say, that I also saw many thoughtful faces, and tearful glistening eyes.

The most prominent and most obnoxious objects on a battle-field are the dead horses. After a day or two they swell to the size of elephants, and their legs stick out high in the air like sign-posts. These huge carcases spread an intolerable stench, and as it requires much work to bury them, they remain sometimes for weeks above ground. I wonder that they did not burn them, as they frequently did in America, by piling wood around them and igniting it.

I visited some of the wounded in St. Hubert, and other houses, and no wonder that I became spiteful against the Johannites, who understood so little of their sacred duty, or were too lazy or impractical to attend to it. There the brave soldiers, writhing in agony, were lying sometimes on the bare ground, not seldom twenty in a wretched hole of a room, where four would have been too many, in an atmosphere which made you sick on

entering from the fresh air. The surgeons did their utmost; they worked, indeed, to exhaustion; but they wanted assistance, and above all the means to refresh the poor sufferers. I will not repeat the well-merited but not elegant compliments these surgeons paid to the Johannites, who were injudiciously entrusted with so much power. Pont-à-Mousson was swarming with them and their magazines were filled, and hundreds of young men anxious to carry whatever was wanted to the places near the battle-fields, but they were kept idle because the Johannites were not disposed to attend to business. I wonder that large tents were not provided for the severely wounded, as I have seen in America, and where they would have been infinitely better than in those airless, dirty, peasant hovels.

Near St. Hubert the road turns to the right. Looking in the direction of Gravelotte, I had below me the celebrated slope which was stormed by the brave Pomeranians. In the ditch along the road, and from which the whole broad slope could be raked, lay a number of dead Frenchmen. On the other side of the road, on somewhat higher ground, six mitrailleuses and infantry had been placed, behind trenches. A corporal of the Pomeranians, who had taken part in that

memorable storm, described it to me. The first ranks, he said, were mowed down by the fire of the mitrailleuses, which were just at their most effective distance. That it was already dark was some advantage, however, for otherwise the slaughter would have been still greater. The corporal could not sufficiently wonder how it was possible that he had been preserved through this leaden hail, to reach the turnpike road. He had hoped to take one or two of the mitrailleuses, but before he could arrive the French had been driven away by the Prussian grenades, sent from a hill behind.

The places where the mitrailleuses had been standing were thickly covered with empty cartridges, but some boxes left behind were still filled with them. The cartridges were in wooden boxes, containing each twenty-five, sticking in holes like cigars. Officers took some of these boxes with them as a keep-sake, and had cigar-holders made of them. I took only some cartridges with me.

The ground everywhere was strewn with pieces of grenades. The officers occupied in collecting arms, warned me to ride with care, else the hoofs of my horse might strike against some grenades, of which there were a number quite intact, and explode them.

On the plateau—which extended to the right

to the village of Rozerieulles—some hundred paces behind the place where the mitrailleuses had been standing, long lines of trenches were thrown up, behind which the most advanced German outposts were now standing.

There I met an upper field-gendarme, who knew me, and who very politely offered to accompany me over the field. I wonder that I did not notice any newspaper correspondents. I saw only one little, lively man, who had arrived in a carriage by the road, and who looked like one. He seemed in ecstasies; ran here and there, carrying with him a telescope as long as himself, with which he reconnoitred the fort St. Quentin, which rose threateningly before us to the left. When cautioned, half in joke, not to do so, because the people of the fort might take his shining brass machine for a cannon, and greet him with a twenty-four pounder, as they were in the bad habit of doing, he hobbled rather hurriedly to his carriage.

The outposts had no objection to my passing beyond their line on the plateau, seeing me in company of an upper gendarme. We advanced some six or eight hundred paces towards Metz, and halted near some trees, from whence we had a view over Metz at our feet, and of the fort St.

Quentin. There was, however, a haze and smoke hanging over the city, and we could not see much. As the shining helmet of the gendarme—which glittered in the sun—was very likely to attract the attention of the French outpost hidden somewhere in the neighbourhood, we returned to St. Hubert.

It was about noon, and not having eaten anything for nearly twenty-four hours, except a stick of chocolate, I asked the gendarme whether he did not know a place where something might be procured. He said that his major, who was in command of several provision columns bivouacking near Gravelotte, had plenty to eat, and would certainly give me a dinner.

Following the gendarme, we arrived before a tent, in which we found Major Grabe, to whom I was presented as a very hungry wayfarer. On hearing my name the major received me with much kindness, and pointing to his right, he said dinner would soon be ready. Fire was made there in a cooking ditch, and over it were hanging a number of tin vessels, watched by serious-looking soldiers, holding spoons in their hands. The major regretted that he had to offer nothing better than peas and bacon, but to do honour to his guest he procured some tender loin, from

which splendid beef-steaks were cut, under the especial superintendance of a young lieutenant, the major's aide-de-camp.

The table was laid on an old box, and we three had so delicious a meal as I rarely have eaten. I became quite poetical about the peas cooked with bacon, and my mouth is watering now on thinking of them. A good bottle of wine, and good cigars, wound up our welcome dinner, and after having thanked the kind major for his hospitality, I rode away a far more contented man.

My horse had also partaken of the hospitality of the major, but as water was not to be had in the neighbourhood, I followed some cavalry-men, who said that they were going to water their horses at a place some three or four miles off.

The fields which we passed were nearly as bare as my hand from all the hundred thousands of feet which had trodden them. The watering-place was in the park of a very fine farm, of which I do not know the name, and offered a very lively war picture. The horses of all the troops for many miles around were here assembled. As the banks of the moat or tank were steep, the approach was very difficult. Bad as the water was, all the soldiers had buckets with them, which they filled and took to the camp, where their

comrades waited with impatience for it. This want of water around Gravelotte was a great hardship for the troops assembled there.

When I returned to Rezonville my friends were on the point of starting for Amanvillers, and I again occupied my place in the egotistical chaplain's carriage. The road was highly interesting, for it went right over the field where the most bloody fights had taken place. Malmaison, a large farm to the right of the road, was still burning, and nearly battered to pieces by artillery. It resembled all the fortress-like farms there about. In Verneville was still the staff of an army corps. The fields to the right of the road between that place and Amanvillers were thickly covered with French dead. To judge from the number of the dead there, the fight must have been extremely severe.

It was rather late in the evening when our provision columns stopped to bivouac on a field in front of Amanvillers, of which every house was filled with wounded. The surgeons were quite in despair, for they had not even water enough, as the French had destroyed all wells and pumps. I did not see one Johanniter or member of a sanitary corps in that place, though their help was most needed here, for there were

only very severely wounded men who could not be moved. This neglect has caused a great many deaths, and from those who underwent amputation under these circumstances scarcely one survived.

The night was very cold, and rainy towards morning. I had to pass it in the open carriage of the chaplain, who had managed to find some warmer place. Having only a very light blanket with me, I felt extremely cold, and was glad when morning approached. The soldiers had found some wood; they lighted a welcome fire, and made coffee, of which I got also a cup, with a piece of bread. Though we had the highest officers of the commissariat of the corps in our company, there was very little to eat amongst us. A sutler who was with the column had nothing except some very bad spirits, not even a piece of bread. Everything in the Prussian army is admirably arranged, but the sutler department is utterly neglected.

The sutlers are, for the greater part, poor men, and have not always money to buy provisions when they are to be had, nor have they the means to transport much of them. A rickety cart, covered with torn and patched canvas, under which are one or two barrels, and a box filled

with a variety of the most disgusting bits and scraps of the meanest sort of victuals, is generally drawn by two skeleton horses, and driven by the dirty owner, who is sometimes assisted by his still dirtier wife. Most of these sutlers are good-for-nothing fellows from some great city, and not rarely rascals who disgrace the army by their rapacity, and who steal wherever they have an opportunity. Amongst them were a great many battle-field-hyænas. In America sutlers are appointed by the colonel, belong to the regiment, and wear uniform. They are subjected to discipline like other soldiers, and some of those I knew had ten or twelve assistants. I think a sutlership ought to be given as a kind of reward to very brave and steady men, and money should be advanced to them, and every facility offered, for the well-provided cart of a sutler is of great value if provision-columns cannot reach the bivouac or camp in time.

With our column was also the field-post of the corps, with the officers of which I always made good friends, which was very useful. Not one of all my letters during the whole campaign has been lost. It was interesting to see the dexterity with which a bureau was established in the open air, for not even the post had a tent at its dis-

position, nor was there one for the bureau of the commissariat.

We had a soldier with us who was a jewel in a bivouac. He discovered a spring with delicious water; he found the best dry wood, and cooked the best coffee; and when the rain became very inconvenient, he returned from the village dragging behind him a very large and excellent French tent, on which was printed the firm of its maker, "A. Godillot, Paris," to which I retired with my papers, when driven out of the Intendantur assessor's carriage, because he wanted it.

In this bivouack we were utterly cut off from all news; I might as well have been a thousand miles from it; and as this did not serve my purpose, and I was tired of these bootless hardships, I heard with great pleasure that a column of empty waggons was going to Pont-à-Mousson to fetch provisions. I had scarcely made myself comfortable in a waggon, when we stopped and took in about eighty wounded. The "rendant" who lead the column had, fortunately, a spare horse; but we had to proceed very slowly.

We passed again over the battle-field of Gorze, of the 16th, where soldiers were still occupied in burying the dead, and whole heaps of those

of the brave 11th regiment were still lying there.

The rather considerable town of Gorze was also filled with wounded, who were nearly as badly provided for as those in Amanvillers. I visited several of them, and pitied them much, for they were lying in dirty and close rooms on the bare floor.

Feeling very hungry, I had bought a small piece of bacon from a sutler on the road, who had no bread, and in all Gorze I could not procure a piece. At last a waggoner sold me a piece of hard black bread, which was already green with mould, for two shillings. When I commenced eating it, I saw near me a ladder-waggon full of young students of Bonn, forming a sanitary corps, who had just arrived. One of them looked shudderingly on my bread, entreated me not to eat it, and gave me a piece of good white bread from his knapsack. I only mention these trifles to show how badly off the troops were around Metz after the great battles.

It was ten o'clock, p.m., when we at last arrived in Pont-à-Mousson, and I was fortunate enough to find a vacant bed in the Croix-blanche, where the supper-rooms were crowded with feasting Johanniter.

The King had left Pont-à-Mousson, and gone to Commercy, a place between Nancy and Bar-le-Duc. As nothing was to be expected to occur before Metz, I also decided to change my base of operations. Moreover, I had still my sick horse on hand; he had a back like that of an hippopotamus, and he was suffering great pain. A veterinary whom I called in made a cut as long as my hand, which relieved him greatly.

I met in Pont-à-Mousson a whole nest of correspondents, and amongst them the well-known Hans Wachenhusen, of the *Cologne Gazette*, and Mr. Faucher, the national economist, and member of the Prussian Chamber, who had lived long in London, where he was an editor of the *Morning Star*.

My good fortune threw into my way two dragoons, who had to bring the horses of their officers who were killed in the last battle into Remilly. I arranged with them that they should take care of my sick horse, and I rode one of the officers' horses.

We saw on our way many hundreds of workmen occupied in constructing a railroad to connect Remilly with Pont-à-Mousson. The work was not carried on very briskly at first, for

people believed that Metz would be compelled to surrender for want of provisions.

Passing over Herny and Buchy, we met Prussian Landwehr on their march towards Metz.

At three o'clock, p.m., we arrived in Remilly. This is a very fine place, in which the rich people of Metz have beautiful country-houses, surrounded with splendid gardens and parks. The turmoil at the station is undescribable, and I really admired the etap-commandant, who quietly listened to all the hundreds who addressed him, and did not lose patience, but attended to his manifold duties with a truly astonishing promptitude. He listened also to my request, and though it seemed nearly impossible to find room for our horses in the train standing on the rails ready to carry wounded to Saarbruck, he made it possible, and I found a place in a cattle-waggon, in which twenty sick soldiers, suffering from camp dysentery, were bedded on straw. How pleasant this company was, may be better imagined than told. The waggon was, however, cleared at St. Avold. At every station halls were built, with a buffet, from where the sick and wounded were served with coffee, beef-tea, wine, or other things, as the surgeons directed.

In Forbach we had to take in more than three hundred French prisoners, of whom many were wounded. Arriving about three miles from St. Johann, the train stopped, for there was no room in the station for it. Though it rained as hard as it could, I descended, and walked on the rails, carrying my things in my hands. The turmoil in St. Johann station was still greater than at Remilly, and it was no easy thing to persuade the station-master to take my horse from the train, when it at last arrived, and still more difficult to get the horse out. The waggon was in the middle of the long train, and had to be taken out, and all this in the darkness, in a pelting rain, amidst thousands of people running to and fro!

I was steaming like a freshly-boiled potato when I at last descended to St. Johann, and when I next morning awoke, under the hospitable roof of my friend M. Simon, I felt not well enough to start either for Chalons or Strasburg. I was, however, glad to have a pretext for staying a day, for I had found a great number of letters, which required answers, waiting for me. The money which had been running after me for weeks had arrived also, and I prepared for a

new trip, after having sold my sick horse for forty thalers, to the same man from whom I bought it, a week ago, for some hundred and fifty.

CHAPTER VI.

Good treatment of the wounded in Saarbruck.—Military trains.—Again at St. Avold.—Old acquaintances.—The starveling host and his house.—French women.—German women.—Baron Behr.—Going with an ammunition column.—Faulquemont.—Two Johanniter.—In quarters at a schoolmaster's.—The poor French villagers.—The last cow.—At the roadside.—Pont-à-Mousson again.—The armies before Sédan.—The King.—Bismark's camp life.—Gorze.—Bivouac near Verneville.—To Briey.—The Croix-blanche.—Our doctor and his patients.—The battles at Beaumont and Sédan.—Bazaine's last attempt.—A scene from the fight at Barzeilles.—Horrible deeds.

PRINCESS SALM was no longer in Saarbruck; she had gone to St. Privat to bring back the body of the prince, accompanied by the elder brother of her husband, and the general-surgeon, Dr. Busch.

Having been told by some people at Saarbruck that the wounded in the hospitals were much neglected, I visited some of them; and it was well that I did so. There was not a word of

truth in these reports; the wounded were very well cared for, and all to whom I spoke were satisfied with their treatment. They were placed, whenever it was possible, in airy, lofty halls, and the surgeons at the head of the hospitals, no longer hindered by meddling Johanniter, but assisted by voluntary male and female nurses, did their duty in a most praiseworthy manner.

Whilst the first and second German army were occupied with Bazaine around Metz, the third army, under the Crown Prince, kept MacMahon in check, and prevented his forming a junction with Bazaine's army, which was utterly cut off from Paris. MacMahon had been reinforced by the corps under General de Failly, and near Chalons another corps under General Trochu was in formation, also a corps near Paris, under General Vinoy. MacMahon took the command over all this army; the Emperor was with him, and a decisive battle near Chalons was expected.

The army of the Crown Prince advanced from Nancy on the Paris road. A Bavarian brigade was left before the fortress of Toul, and the 3rd army passed the Maas (Meuse) near Commercy, between the 16th and 20th of August.

The blockade of Metz did not require all the troops who had taken part in the late great battle,

and, moreover, Landwehr from Germany was on the road to that fortress. It was, therefore, a 4th German army, formed under the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony, which was composed of the 4th, 12th, the guard-corps, and two divisions of cavalry, who commenced on the 19th of August their march from Metz on the road to Verdun, in order to act in connection with the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia at Chalons. Some other troops were directed towards Rheims, extending their right wing unto the Belgian frontier.

I resolved to leave Strasburg for the present, and follow the armies to Chalons. I heard with great pleasure that the trains for Remilly from Saarbruck, were despatched very regularly, and at half-past nine o'clock one morning I reached the station of St. Johann, where a military train stood ready. By the special kindness of the etap-commandant I got a place in a third class coupé, and we started soon after twelve o'clock.

To travel with military trains was not comfortable, but it was amusing, on account of the strange company. Amongst the motley crew in my waggon was a well-dressed man, on his way to the King's head quarters on a peculiar mission, of which he spoke in a mysterious manner. He had to do with Count Bismark, he said,

significantly, and was very anxious about a trunk, and afraid that it might get wet, "for if" they would not burn it would be awful. I began to suspect that he had Orsini shells in his trunk, and that he meditated an attempt upon the life of the iron Count, when I was agreeably disappointed by his confidential communication that he had voluntarily, and at his own expense, undertaken to convey from Berlin as a present from a patriotic Berlin banker, to Count Bismark, a lot of genuine Upmans. I hope the intentions and patriotism of the banker were more genuine than the cigars which I had later an opportunity of testing.

Another gentleman from Silesia was on his way to look after a relative who had been severely wounded on the 16th, and whom he hoped to find still alive at Gorze, though he had received three dangerous shots.

A most curious Saxon manufacturer wished to see "ach Herr Jeses!" the horrid battle-field, for which purpose he was provided with sufficient passes, and still more sausages, for "hehren Se, sehen Se, horchen Se, ich bin Se, ä verfluchter Kerl, aber verhungern thu' ich Se nich gerne."

We flattered ourselves with the hope of reaching Remilly in three or four hours, and with the

still bolder hope of reaching Pont-à-Mousson at nightfall. Meanwhile we were glad to be under cover, for it rained heavily. Our patience was already sorely tried at the first station, at Forbach, where we halted three hours, and it was past nine o'clock at night when we reached the second station at St. Avold. Our indignation was, however, changed into alarm when we suddenly heard the command, "Everybody must descend; the train is returning to Saarbruck."

It was a dire scene of confusion. The station was as dark as possible, and the clouds pouring torrents on the whirling crowd. Officers called their soldiers together, and swore at lamenting civilians who, tugging at their luggage, ran between their legs. Locomotives with immense fiery eyes snorted threateningly along the many intersecting rails, between which yawned deep pits like wolf-traps. Single torches were lighted, to make the darkness still more visible. Helmets glittered, bayonets sparkled, civilians despaired. Not I; that's not in my line. Taking up my traps, I started at once for St. Avold, which is a few miles from the station. The mud on the road was more than ankle deep, and it rained hard, but I laughed at the rain, for it could not make me damper than I was.

Arrived in St. Avold, it was difficult to carve a way through all the soldiers assembled in the streets; but at last I reached the Hôtel de Paris, where I ran against the little fat young landlady in the porch, defending it against unwelcome guests. Asking whether there was a room vacant, she exclaimed: "Oh, c'est vous! Oh, oui, Monsieur, pour vous!" Thus a few silver thalers and golden compliments judiciously applied on my first visit, secured me a dry and comfortable bed, for which many sighed in vain that wet night.

In the dining-room I found four officers at supper. Empty bottles of "sect," an enormous mirabel tart, and a fine melon smiled at me. The most striking figure amongst the group of officers was that of the commandant, a six feet high captain of Landwehr cavalry, with a hearty, open face, and a "pepper and salt" beard. On hearing the landlady address me as colonel, the officers rose and introduced themselves, as it is the habit in the Prussian army. Whenever a higher officer approaches a group, all of a lesser degree give him their names. The commandant was a Baron von Schimmelmann, and on hearing my name he remembered that we had once met at a ball in his country some forty years ago. He had then three

beautiful sisters, who were generally called the three graces, but now—as the ungallant brother said—shrivelled up old women. This recollection at once established an agreeable intimacy. The other elder officer was a Baron von Behr, also a captain of the Landwehr cavalry. Both captains had been, of course, officers in the regular army, but being wealthy noblemen, they had retired from active service, and were farming their own considerable estates. On the outbreak of the war they, like hundreds under the same circumstances, had offered their services. Baron Schimmelmann was made commandant of St. Avold, and Von Behr commanded an ammunition column. With him were a lieutenant of artillery, and a young, fair-haired doctor, both very agreeable men.

I have spoken of St. Avold before. Though still wondering at the immense number of soldiers passing through, the inhabitants were no longer afraid of them. The Hôtel de Paris is in the main street of the neat town. To the right of the great entrance for carriages is the café of the hotel, to the left the salle à manger. In the latter were the officers; the former was crowded with corporals and privates; but hunger, the leveller, effaced the differences of rank, and

frequently both rooms are filled, at six o'clock a.m., *pêle mêle,* with soldiers of all uniforms and degrees.

The landlord was a true French figure of the Auvergnat type. He did the functions of a chef de cuisine, and it required some study to recognise in him the master of the house. His head was covered with short black bristles, as round as a bullet, and so was his swarthy face. He was of middling size, had a neck like a bull, arms like an Hercules, and a stomach and legs like a Silenus. "Messieurs je suis ruiné. Ou m'a laissé rien du tout, de tout!" was his often repeated refrain. We called him, therefore, "the starveling," and he asserted that his enormous arms were only the result of over-work and despair. The poor man was really badly off, for he had not hands enough to rake in all the Prussian thalers which were showered on him from morning until night. No wonder. He sold his wine grown around Metz, which might have cost him fourpence a litre, as Burgundy, and the soldiers, who were glad to get something to eat and drink, paid whatever he asked.

The landlord was worthily matched by his fair fat young wife, who had forgotten her fright long ago, and was smiling about the house all the day

long, like a happy little guinea-pig, forming a striking contrast to the thin, tall young German waiter, who looked like the ghost of a greyhound dead of distemper.

The young shop-keeping lady opposite, with the "brand-rocket" eyes, which she understood how to use, was not any longer afraid of anything Prussian, and there was scarcely one officer of taste passing who did not buy a French tobacco-pipe from her, only to repeat the hackneyed complimentary request to light it with her eyes. Higher up the street a shoemaker had beautiful boots for sale, and three more beautiful daughters, who despised the Prussians, and resisted the boldest hussars and uhlans, though they loved their thalers. In general it must be acknowledged that the French women behaved admirably coolly towards the invaders, and that the more cosmopolitan German women might have followed their example with advantage. From some places in Germany, where French prisoners were interned, their absent husbands, lovers, and brothers heard rumours which made them mad. Pity for misfortune may be carried too far, and this was certainly the case, if for instance at the railway stations the ladies stuffed the French prisoners with all kinds of good things, while they neglected

the Prussian escort, who were also in want of refreshment. At one station, where some young ladies were extremely assiduous around a French prisoner, a rather handsome young officer, whilst the Prussian escort was utterly neglected, the officer commanding the train approached the lively group, and said with icy politeness, "Ladies, if one of you wishes to give a last kiss to the gentleman, she must hurry up, for the train will start directly."

Baron Behr's ammunition column belonged to the Pomeranian Army Corps—the same which arrived so opportunely on the battle-field of Gravelotte—and I heard with pleasure that it was ordered to follow the army of the Crown Prince on the road to Paris. I therefore could not do better than accept the kind invitation of the Baron to stay with him. He was to receive ammunition at St. Avold. It had not, however, arrived yet, and we had to wait two days, a misfortune which we bore very meekly.

Amusement was not wanting in St. Avold, for the Hôtel de Paris resembled a kaleidoscope, offering every hour a change of scene. It was crowded all day with the officers of the passing troops. There came soldiers from Brunswick and Mecklenburg, and also the Grand Duke, with

many carriages and a number of splendid horses, of which I would have liked to pick out one or two.

I noticed with pleasure the cordiality which had sprung up between German officers of all degrees and nationalities. Even the Prussian officers had lost much of their stiffness, and behaved with as much urbanity and politeness at the table of an hotel as they showed pluck on the battle-field. I believe this war will effect an entire change in the relations between the public and the military officers. In the time of absolute monarchy the soldiers were always looked upon with suspicion and even aversion, especially the officers, because they formed, as it were, the body-guard of a prince who very frequently was a tyrant, ready to commit any atrocities against the defenceless people. The arrogance of the officers, especially in Prussia, towards all civilians, was disgusting and insupportable. They were feared, and at the same time ridiculed, the chasm between the uniformed and non-uniformed citizens became wider and wider, and officers felt very indignant if it was said that they formed part of the people. They were the watch-dogs, the people the sheep. The war of 1866 had already changed this very much, and the present

war will, I hope, abolish altogether so unnatural a state of things.

The expected ammunition arrived at last, and the column of Baron Behr started one morning at eleven o'clock for Faulquemont. One of the escort emptied his saddle for me, and I was happy to have a good horse under me again. We made a halt at Faulquemont (Falkenberg) to receive forage. In that place is a very fine and extensive tobacco depôt and manufactory of the French Government, where great quantities of tobacco had been found and confiscated. Refreshing ourselves in the never-failing "café de commerce" at the roadside, we discovered sitting outside the door, two venerable knights of St. John, and the doctor induced the captain to try whether he could not get a few bottles of brandy from their magazine, for the benefit of those of the soldiers who were suffering from diarrhœa. The polite captain failed, however, in his mission, which had no other result than the interesting communication on the part of the Johannites that "they believed" they had eight wounded in Falkenberg. "They did not know it even for certain." That's a sample in what manner some of these lobsters of St. John fulfilled their duty.

In Herny, where we expected to stay for the

night, we heard from the quarter-masters sent on ahead, that we had still to march to a village a few miles further off. A smart trot, and we arrived. I was quartered in the schoolmaster's house. For a French village schoolmaster the man was very well educated, and better informed about German affairs than is usually the case with Frenchmen. He had a very high opinion of General Moltke, Maréchal Steinmetz, and Prince Fritz, but ridiculed the very idea that Metz could be taken by the Prussians. When I advised him to learn German, as this part of Lorraine, together with Alsace, would certainly be united to Germany, he became quite pale with excitement, and said emphatically, that "all France would rise if only one inch of French soil should be detached from it." I only expressed the hope that France would sit down again, and rest satisfied with the lesson she had received. He did not believe much in the German victories, though he thought it rather strange that the French armies were concentrated so far back, and doubted not for a moment that they would be victorious in the end, and that all the Prussians would perish on the "sacred soil." And yet this man was one of the most reasonable I met in France.

The schoolmaster was very poor, though his furniture did not exactly indicate indigence. The fact is that I could not get anything for dinner but a bowl of milk and a few boiled eggs. There was nothing to be had, not even a drop of wine. Hessians, who had been in the village, had cleaned it out thoroughly, and in a rather brutal manner. The schoolmaster complained that they not only took everything eatable—which might be excused—but that they did much wanton damage, by breaking barrels, and burning house-doors and shutters, with plenty of fuel close at hand.

These villages, through which so many troops passed, were indeed badly off. The provision columns could not always follow as fast as the troops marched, and the soldiers were compelled to live on the resources of the country, which of course were very soon exhausted. The poor inhabitants were nearly driven to despair, for nothing was left them to live upon, and even the hope of getting something for the future was taken away with the seed-corn, the horses, oxen, cows, carts, and implements of agriculture. The soldiers, of course, acted everywhere as masters, and as they had no time for parleying, they did what must be done sometimes harshly. The peasants, who could not understand the necessity

which compelled the soldiers, looked upon them with bitter hatred. Violent and heartrending scenes occurred frequently.

A friend of mine was quartered in a well-kept house. The people did all they could to satisfy him, even before knowing that he would pay. The master of the house, a fine old man, past fifty, said that his son was serving in the line, and his son-in-law in the Garde-Mobile. The wife of the latter, mother of two children, waited on my friend, her mother and grandmother being both ill in bed. For a fortnight they had had soldiers in their house every day, and the poor people were nearly destitute of everything.

As my friend was discussing an omelette which the woman had made, a young man—the mayor's clerk—entered, and without saying a word, he handed a paper to the master of the house, who took it with a trembling hand, whilst the young woman began to wring her hands and to cry. She guessed what this paper meant, and was not mistaken, for it ran thus: "Mr. Dorjet is required to furnish a cow." The soldier who came to receive the poor brute was already waiting outside. There was no resistance possible against the order of the mayor, and the master went to the stable. The young woman sobbed aloud

when her brown friend, which had until then furnished nourishment to her babe, was delivered up to the butcher. It was the last of three. When the children saw their mother cry, they cried also, and from another room were heard the lamentations of the bed-ridden old women, whilst the poor father sighed, "Mon dieu! mon dieu!" The cow—which perhaps had a foreboding of her fate—resisted the soldier, and lowed plaintively when she at last was compelled to give in. "I followed the soldier," said my friend, "as he had won my sympathy by the manner in which he had done his painful duty. When I approached him I saw him wipe away his tears, of which he seemed to be ashamed. 'Dear me,' he said, 'I do not cry exactly about these French people, but I thought of home, and that moistened my eyes; but it was not for sadness, either, rather the contrary. How fortunate that we are with the French, and they not with us!'"

When we left the village next morning, we heard the booming of guns in the direction of Metz. We made a halt in the wood. The captain ordered the strong box to be taken down from a waggon, settled his accounts with the "Wachtmeister," handing him the pay due to his men. Whilst this and an *al fresco* breakfast

was going on, troops and provision columns passed us on the road, some going to the front, others returning to the depôt. Military civilities were exchanged with passing officers, and also news. Amongst the troops who passed were many fresh men arriving from Germany. One captain told me that he had with his company one hundred volunteers, mostly students from a university. Men of all stations in life voluntarily took part in this national war. In St. Avold a second lieutenant was sitting opposite me at dinner, who excited my curiosity, because his hair was already mixed with grey, and his face had not the usual lieutenant's cut. He was an "Obergerichtsrath" (counsellor of the high court) of Celle, in the province of Hanover, who had left his comfortable and honourable position (as a judge) to enter the army.

To our great disappointment we heard that the 2nd Army Corps, to which our column belonged, and which had been already on its road to Paris, had received counter-orders, and had returned to their old quarters in the neighbourhood of Metz, and we did not rejoice at all at the prospect of returning to the howling wilderness of Amanvillers.

To make up for lost time, we rattled along the

excellent road in a sharp trot, and had soon before us the friendly town of Pont-à-Mousson. When our escort at the head of the column passed the bridge over the Moselle, which divides the town into two parts, the Pomeranians were singing an old soldier's song, dating from 1813, and made against the first Napoleon, but fitting even better now.

"Napoleon, du Schustergeselle,
Du sitzt ja nicht fest auf deinem Thron."

(Napoleon, you cobbler's apprentice,
You do not sit firm on your throne.)

It seems that cobblers were at that time held in very low esteem by the people.

As we expected a time of starvation, we enjoyed doubly the good cheer in Pont-à-Mousson, and had a splendid dinner with indifferent champagne, in an overcrowded dining-room, where we met a great many slightly wounded officers, of whom we eagerly asked what was the news from the army. It was very fragmentary and unreliable, for every officer knew only what had occurred to his own corps, and there were no newspapers. People in Berlin, or London, were therefore, far better informed about the progress of the war than we were, who found ourselves in the midst of it.

The expectation that a great battle would take place in the plains of Chalons was not to be fulfilled. MacMahon, probably in hopes of effecting his junction with Bazaine, or for some other purpose, which historians will have to find out, afterwards evacuated the fortified camp at Chalons, and retired in the direction of Rheims in such haste that his retreat resembled a flight.

As soon as this change of base became known to the King of Prussia, measures were taken to prevent the probable intentions of MacMahon, both by the army of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and by that of the Crown Prince of Saxony, who all turned their heads towards the Belgian frontier. The head-quarters of the King were changed nearly every day. From Commercy, it was moved to Bar-le-Duc; from there to St. Menéhould, and then to Clermont (en Argonne.) The old King behaved wonderfully; he took part in all the operations, inconveniences, and hardships of the war; and whilst holding frequent consultations with his generals, the secretary of war, and Count Bismark, he attended to his other governmental business with the same regularity as in the midst of peace in Berlin.

No wonder the German soldiers were astonished at the luxuries found in the captured camps, see-

ing their highest commander and the Chancellor of the Empire himself live with simplicity, from which some English officers might also take example. I will give here, from a letter of a friend, a sketch of the life which Count Bismark and the *employés* of his bureau were leading in Clermont:—"We belonging to the bureau of the Chancellor of the Union share all the hardships and deprivations of the campaign at least in the same measure, as do the gentlemen in attendance on his majesty, and there is also plenty of work. After a drive of more than thirty miles from Bar-le-Duc, partly under heavy hail and rain, we arrived yesterday, towards night, at this little overcrowded mountain town, where the Chancellor, and we with him, are quartered in the boys' school of the place. On the first floor is the bureau of the Chancellor, which also serves him as a bedroom. Our sitting, bed, and writing-room is the dormitory of the boys on the second floor, a large, but very low, room. There the minister takes his dinner with us and the privy councillors. The necessary furniture was soon provided. The bureau messenger had very cleverly constructed a field table out of a barrel, a sawing-horse, a baking-trough, and an unhinged door. Instead of candlesticks we used empty wine

bottles. Chairs were non-existent; some were, however, procured, otherwise we use boxes and trunks for seats. Beds are a superfluous luxury. Fortunately, I have a sack, filled with straw, to sleep upon, and my india-rubber coat for a cover. The disorder round about is picturesque. Open trunks and carpet-bags, bureau portfolios, letter envelopes on the ground, pieces of paper and straw, compose the picture. One washing-basin is sufficient for all; unfortunately it has a leak. With praiseworthy ability, a servant stopped the hole with hot sealing-wax. Work is done very bravely and industriously; we are writing dispatches, instructions, telegrams, newspaper reports, whilst a lively conversation is going on near us. Field-messengers, cabinet-courriers, postmen, officers, orderlies, guards, go to and fro. In all this our chancellor sets us a shining example as a pattern of activity and frugality."

Whilst things of the highest importance, of which we did not yet know anything, and of which I shall speak afterwards, were going on, the ammunition columns to which I had attached myself left Pont-à-Mousson, and marched towards Gorze, where we arrived at noon. We found Hessians in the place, who had made a halt in the streets in such a foolish manner as to stop all communication.

Baron Behr had to speak Prussian to get his column through. I was very much struck by the difference I noticed between the Prussian and Hessian troops. Though the men certainly are as brave as the Prussians, even a civilian would have become aware, after observing their manner of marching and behaviour only for a short time, that they were deficient in the Prussian military spirit, and the discipline, which have made Prussian troops superior to any others. Even a year or two after the Badish troops had accepted the Prussian uniform and regulation, I could distinguish a Badish soldier from a Prussian, if I saw them only walk in the street.

In an hotel at Gorze, which we officers entered, we were greatly surprised on finding an elegantly-laid dinner-table, with a bouquet of flowers in its centre, of course prepared for the Johanniters and surgeons. We managed, however, to get a place there also, and had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Langenbeck, who was treated with great and well-deserved respect by all the surgeons and inhabitants of Gorze. I met in the street an acquaintance, a Count Ario, in the uniform of the Johanniters, and was extremely pleased to hear his praise from many parties, as an exception to the general rule. We marched over the battle

fields of the 16th and 18th August. Though the traces of the battles were still to be seen, the bare fields were now utterly deserted by troops. Only on the roadside we found plenty of soldier graves, the crosses adorned with helmets and wreaths.

We stopped for the night on the battle-field, not far from Verneville, where an encampment or bivouac of the French had been, and where they had built large bowers of green branches, which offered some protection against the rain for our men and horses.

Whilst the servants tried to light a fire and prepare some kind of supper, the doctor, sniffing the wind and smelling corpses, induced me to explore with him a neighbouring thicket, where the battle had been very fierce. Following our noses, we were of course led to some corpses, but they were those of only slightly covered horses. If these battle-fields be not disinfected, there will be to famine added pestilence in the neighbourhood of Metz.

Our supper was a dead failure; for through the leafy ceiling of our dining-room, lighted up by a dim lantern, the rain trickled into our plates, but hot spiced claret elevated our spirits. Fortunately, the captain had procured two small French tents.

Whilst the doctor and the lieutenant crept into one, the captain and I occupied the other. There was, however, a flaw in the little ditch surrounding it; and, on awaking early in the morning, I did not wonder that I had dreamt all night that I was swimming, for I was lying in a puddle. It was still raining when we started for Aboué, where was the head-quarters of the Second (Pomeranian) Army Corps. Its commander, Lieut.-General von Franseki, stood near a bridge to see our column pass, and told the captain that he would have to join the other columns which were in bivouac on a high plateau opposite the town of Briey.

The country between Aboué and Briey is splendid, and had not suffered much by the war. The extensive plateau, on which the bivouac was established for all the artillery, and all ammunition and provision columns of the corps, was a very agreeable place in dry weather; but the clay ground had been converted by the rain and the many carts and horses into a quagmire, and beasts and men were very badly off, as the colonel, commanding in Briey, would not permit requisitions of straw and oats to be made in the neighbourhood, though there was still plenty of both. The colonel might have been instructed to use such

forbearance in a country which was to be added to Germany, but the immediate consequence was sickness amongst men and horses.

As soon as the obligations of the service would permit it, the officers of the column paid a visit to Briey, which very temptingly invited us from the opposite hill side. It is a most picturesquely situated little town, built against a steep hill, in the most unreasonable manner. The foot of the hill is washed by a little river, I believe, by the name of Mance. The principal communication between the lower and the upper town is formed by a narrow street, rising at an angle of thirty-five degrees; a street which had to hear much swearing as it led to the "Hotel de la Croix-blanche," the rendezvous of all the officers of the Army Corps, who longed for a good glass of beer, or wine, or a dinner. Some bold hussars tried to pass that steep street on horseback, but as the pavement is extremely slippery, they nearly broke their necks.

The town of Briey has some very stately buildings, and seems to be a flourishing agricultural place. The inhabitants are very good-natured people, and agreed extremely well with the German soldiers. The German language is

understood only by a few; but the town now forms a part of Germany.

The confusion in the Croix-blanche was really wonderful. A hundred or more hungry or thirsty officers called for a hundred different things in the loudest voices, and the most exquisite Madgeburgian French; but Mademoiselle Sophie, a resolute French waitress of mature years, always smiling and ready for a joke, understood and supplied them all.

Our spirits being somewhat elevated by frequent potations, we returned at night to our bivouac. The doctor had been entrusted with the "Losung" and "Feldgeschrei"—watchwords—and marched proudly ahead of us, when he was stopped by the loud "Halt, werda!" of the outpost. The doctor had forgotten, or mistaken the word; but the sentinel, recognising him and all of us in the moonshine, answered good-naturedly, "It is wrong, doctor," to his consternation and our amusement. Such mistakes are, however, dangerous with Prussian soldiers, for not rarely they are answered by a bullet.

Next morning, Sunday, divine service was held in the field, which the captain had to attend. As we intended to make an excursion, on horseback, after service; I was busy with my corre-

spondence, at an improvised table behind our little tent, when my attention was attracted by some sounds of pain close by. I looked up, and saw sitting on the medicine-box a corporal, and the doctor occupied with drawing one of his teeth with a pair of small pincers, with which I would not have attempted to draw a tack from a cigar-box. The corporal roared lustily, for the tooth came out piecemeal; but presently went away satisfied, holding his cheek. "By J—!" said the doctor to me, "if any one had worked at my tooth as I did at his, I would have knocked the rascal down." The operation had, however, attractive power, for immediately afterwards a Pomeranian, with a set of teeth like a gorilla, requested the frightened doctor to remove one of his ivories, in which was only a hole like the point of a needle. The doctor worked away with so much zeal, that the perspiration stood on his forehead, without succeeding either in drawing the tooth or a sigh from the gorilla. "Has that fellow nerves!" grumbled the doctor, whilst I was convulsed with laughter. "Well, the tooth is loosened now," said the doctor to the Pomeranian, "and you must feel much relieved?"—"Yes," said the Pomeranian, "I thank you," and went away.

Our intended trip was prevented by the startling news, brought by some army-gendarmes, that the captured Emperor Napoleon would pass Briey in an hour or two, on his way to Germany.

It is difficult for people who read their papers every morning, to form an idea of the ignorance about passing events prevalent in the Prussian camp. The movements of the armies, and their intentions, were kept very secret, and it was so difficult to find even whole army-corps, that I knew officers who were returning from Germany to go wandering about for a fortnight without finding theirs. Whenever a great success was achieved, and secrecy no longer required, it was made known to the army in the order of the day. During all the time that I was attached to the ammunition-column of the Second Corps, I knew nothing about the great things going on near the Belgian frontier, and only in the last days some vague rumours of a battle won by the Crown Prince of Saxony had reached us.

Military common sense would have urged MacMahon to march with his army upon Paris; and even when his precipitate retreat from Chalons towards Rheims suggested the idea that he would be so foolish as to make a dangerous and long flank march, in order to try to rescue

Bazaine at Metz, the Prussian chiefs had to be prepared for both eventualities.

Only on the 27th of August it became certain that the line of MacMahon's army — about 150,000 men—extended from Rethel, on the river Aisne, to Stenay, on the Maas (Meuse). This position was extremely advantageous, for the French army was protected in its rear not only by wooded mountains, but also by the river Maas and the two strong fortresses of Sedan and Mezieres, near the Belgian frontier. This position had, moreover, the strategical advantage that it, in case of success, permitted a movement from the Aisne towards Paris, and from the Maas towards Metz. It was likewise excellent both for defence and attack; it formed, as it were, a large net, of which two ends were attached to the two wide rivers, and which might be drawn together quickly over the first German columns arriving. The intention of MacMahon was obviously to beat the arriving German corps separately, before the rest could reach them, and after this had been done, to march upon Metz and fall upon the rear of the army enclosing it, whilst Bazaine attacked in front.

General Moltke was, however, too clever to go into that trap. The Crown Prince of Prussia,

leaving one corps at Chalons, advanced north on St. Menehould to the left bank of the Maas, whilst the troops of the Crown Prince of Saxony, advancing from the east, and having to make only a shorter way, retarded their movements; in order not to arrive before the Crown Prince of Prussia.

During the last days of August the armies on both sides of the Maas approached the French army, without the latter taking much notice of it. Only some cavalry fights took place. On the 30th of August, however, MacMahon imagined that the moment had come to execute his plans. The army under the Crown Prince of Saxony was the nearest to him; he might beat it before the Crown Prince of Prussia arrived. The French army moved eastward, and the battle of Beaumont took place, in which MacMahon lost 23 guns, 7,000 prisoners, and the camp near Beaumont. His army was thrown back to Mouzon. He passed the Maas between this place and Douchery; but the half of his army was not yet on the other side, when it again was attacked, on the 31st of August, near Vaux, and driven back with much slaughter to Carignan, which place had been, however, already occupied by the Germans, on the evening of the 30th. Whilst MacMahon retired to Sedan, the Crown Prince of

Prussia's army cut off the road between Sédan and Mezieres, and there remained nothing left to the French marshal but to try to cut his way through this line, or to hold Sedan, in hope that Bazaine would be more successful, and break the iron ring encircling him in Metz.

In this hope he was, however, disappointed; though Bazaine tried his best. He attacked the Prussians of the army of Prince Frederick Charles on the 31st, at its weakest point. The battle lasted until late at night; but, as the Prussians had very good positions, without success for the French. They now resorted to a very good *ruse de guerre.* Their buglers sounded in the evening the Prussian signal ordering the cessation of firing; and when this had taken effect, they attacked, at half-past one o'clock, a.m., the villages Retonfay, Flavigny, Noisseville, and Servigny, and occupied them. When at daylight the Prussians became aware of the *ruse,* they were furious. The East Prussian Landwehr, without firing a shot, only making use of their bayonets and clubbed guns, drove the French out of Retonfay, and the other villages were also retaken. At four o'clock, p.m., Sept. 1st, the army of Bazaine was again thrown into the fortress of Metz.

Whilst Bazaine fought these battles, the ring of troops around Sedan was closed, and commenced to be tightened between twelve and one o'clock p.m. on September 1st. The tremendous battle, which lasted until about three oclock, p.m., around Sedan, has been extremely well described in English papers, and, as I did not see it, I need not dwell any longer on it. The final result is known. Napoleon himself surrendered, with an army of 127,000 men, of whom 44,000 were wounded; 400 field-guns, including 70 mitrailleuses, 150 heavy guns, 10,000 horses, and immense war material, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

This battle of Sedan would furnish rich material for a volume. It was a most frightful slaughter, and many scenes of horror occurred. As the Duke of Fitz-James has told the English public, that the village of Bazeilles, situated to the south of Sedan, had been burned because its inhabitants took part in the fight, as national guards, and has reported from *hear-say* things insulting to the Bavarian soldiers, I will give part of a description of the fight in Bazeilles, from a friend of mine, an *eye-witness*:—

"I hurried down the street to see how the fight went on, and I took my place behind a garden-

wall. Through some loopholes I had a view of a large, strong house, about which fighting had been going on for several hours already. The building fronted two streets, and both were raked by a continuous fire from the windows. Numerous Bavarians had been killed by it. The house had become a fortified work, against which the bravery of our soldiers seemed to be powerless: its position made it impossible to apply artillery against it, and to shell the village in general was prohibited by the many wounded lying in its houses and streets.

To destroy this stronghold of the enemy nothing remained but fire. At the risk of their lives some pioneers succeeded in getting behind the house; they pierced its back wall, and threw firebrands through the breach. The spreading flames compelled the French to abandon their position, and to retire through the garden. The Bavarians stormed after them across the ignited house, but they were too hot in their pursuit, and met suddenly with reserves of the enemy, who had not yet taken part in the fight. Now it was time for retreat; but it had become nearly impossible, for the house, through which they had come, was all in flames, and impassable. Two colours were in danger of falling into the hands of the

enemy. A short but violent attack, during which the colour-bearers climbed a not very high wall, saved the colours, but several officers and men, who had ventured too far in advance, were cut off and made prisoners.

Whilst the fight was going on behind the houses, I went up the street. The misery I saw there was frightful. I was the first who appeared there since the fight had shifted. Dead were heaped on wounded. Cries for help struck my ear. I looked in the direction of the voice, and saw a peasant dragging a wounded Bavarian towards a burning house, whilst a woman assisted him, by poking the poor man in his side with her heavy clogs. But the heartrending cries of the unfortunate man had already attracted those of his comrades, who cried out, "Shoot them down! No, hang them!" Two shots were fired; the peasant broke down. The horrid hag laughed, and when the soldiers were already three paces from her, she once more kicked her victim in the face. The woman must have been mad. A stroke cleaved her skull. "Hang her! Into the fire with the brutes!"

Whilst the soldiers thus satisfied their only too natural thirst for revenge, I stooped to look at the poor wretch. He was dead. With his cry

for help he had breathed his last. He was a handsome, vigorous fellow. Fortunate that his mother and sisters did not hear his last cry of anguish! I shall never forget it; it will resound in my ears all my life long.

Away from this scene of horrors! but I am retained by others. From a house close behind me I hear some shots following each other quickly. Turning round I see a voluntary nurse give a start; the litter glides from his hands; he reels and falls to the ground. The wounded man whom he was carrying is rolling with him in the dust. The shots came from yonder house. Five, six Bavarians rush towards it, and the door is shattered by the butts of their guns. But the soldiers stand spell-bound: on the threshhold appears a stately woman, a fowling-piece in her hand. She may be about fifty; her dishevelled grey hair waving around a handsome, noble face. On seeing the armed men her features become distorted. She laughs wildly. Oh, the laughter of these women is frightful. "Vous êtes une bête," says a doctor, who is hurrying to the spot. Her laughter ceases; a gush of tears streams from her eyes, and she says calmly, but with the expression of heart-rending grief, "No, I am a wife and a mother. You have murdered my

husband and my two sons. Kill me also; I will thank you for it. If you do not kill me, I will kill you!" The soldiers fire, and, deadly wounded, she sinks. "Let her die quietly," says the doctor to the soldiers, who did not think themselves yet sufficiently revenged; "she has lost to-day her husband and two sons." The soldiers are moved; without saying a word they turn away. I stay with the doctor, and we stoop down to the poor woman. Her wounds are mortal. The woman stares wildly at us. Taking her hand, I said, "Pauvre femme!" These words seemed to do her good, for she felt that they came from the heart. Her vacant eye lights up, and tightening her grip round my fingers, her last sigh escapes her breast.

CHAPTER VII.

Camp life before Metz.—A tipsy episode.—From Briey to Courcelles. —Ars-sur-Moselle.—Bad weather.—Amongst the outposts.—Courcelles.—Amongst the Obotrites.—Pattern of a Mecklenburgian nobleman.—Treated as a spy.—Amongst the gensdarmes.—Night in a horse-stable.—Rescued.—A bilious Lieut.-Colonel.—Final escape.

NAPOLEON did not pass Briey, and we all were much disappointed, but that was forgotten at once when the 2nd Army Corps received orders to be in readiness to march next morning. The officers believed that they would march on Paris, but I was not of this opinion, and, on the contrary, believed that the corps would remain in the neighbourhood of Metz.

Of all military operations a blockade, or even a siege, is the most uninteresting, and though I would have liked very much to witness the expected capitulation of Metz and the army of Bazaine, I did not think it quite so near as my friends did. Marshal Bazaine's ideas in reference to such a

capitulation was still very far from what the Prussians would grant him. It was said he had demanded free retreat for all his army, with all military honours, but had been answered emphatically "No."

Camp life in fine weather is tolerably amusing for a time, especially in a rich country; but in rainy weather, and in a country where nothing is to be had for ever so much money, surrounded by corpses, which were washed out of their shallow graves by the rain, and exhale a horrible smell, where even drinking water is a luxury, camp life is little attractive, and what I perhaps might have seen there occasionally of fighting was not in proportion to the sacrifice. Now and then little incidents occurred which enlivened the monotony of that life, and I remember one story which was circulated in the camps around Metz, but afterwards hushed up.

A gallant lieutenant of cuirassiers and his friend, a doctor, had had the good luck to get hold of some bottles of excellent wine and brandy. After having examined them for several hours the conversation of both tipplers became very ambitious.

"Doctor," said the cuirassier, "I feel an army in my fist! Let's do something grand."

"Yes, yes," answered the leech, "I feel an army in my head. Let's do something sublime."

"We will get both the iron cross; but what shall we do to deserve it, doctor?"

"We will enter Metz, lieutenant, and ask Bazaine for a handful of hair from his beard, and three of his grinders, like Huon."

"Nonsense, doctor, we will take that redoubt there before us."

"By Jove, my Hector, that's capital. Let's storm it."

"No, no, doctor, fair play; no slaughter if we can help it. Let's first summon them to surrender."

"All right, I'll frighten them with my helmet."

"You are tipsy, doctor, take another glass, and listen to sober sense. We will not storm. Fair play. We will summon them. Let's be off."

"Yes, my Rodomont, let's summon them."

The horses were ordered. The doctor crawled into his saddle as well as he could, and before he had found the other stirrup, off they went, right against the French redoubt.

"Doctor, put your handkerchief to your toasting-fork as a flag of truce—you know, fair play, no slaughter. D——, your flag is red. There,

take my handkerchief. All right; but you tipsy wretch, keep steady."

"Qui vive? Parliamentaires?"

A polite French officer appeared and asked the behest of the two Prussians. The cuirassier spoke French, and answered:

"Well, French comrade, you will understand that you are lost, for we will storm you. But fair play. We come to request you to surrender. Fair play, no slaughter."

"Pardon, Monsieur."

"Be magnanimous, my Hector, don't kill him," hiccups the doctor in German, and is requested in the same language to hold his tongue, and his pommel.

The French officer excused himself for not surrendering on the spot, but said that he would report to his superior.

"Don't make so much fuss, my good soul," says the cuirassier, "but surrender your mole-hill quietly; we have no time to wait."

The French officer insisted. Curious French soldiers crowded behind their officer, and the doctor commenced to feel uneasy.

"That's a wicked rascal," he said in German. "Let's be off."

"All right," replied the cuirassier; you must

take the consequences of your refusal. We will return."

The French officer would, however, not hear of it; they must wait for the answer of his superior, he said, and if they went away they would be fired at. At the same time he laid his hand on the Prussian officer's bridle, but the cuirassier struck him with his riding-whip over his knuckles, turned his horse, and dashed off, crying, "Cut away, doctor!"

The doctor's horse, which was as sober as the doctor was tipsy, followed his comrade, while his rider, holding tight to the pommel, cried "Hurrah!"

Bang! bang! went a dozen of shots after them. The bullets whistled round the ears of the tipsy knights errant, but without hitting them. Turning a corner at the entrance of a hamlet, the doctor fell off, but with the agility of a monkey he crawled on hands and feet into a yard, where he discovered a two-wheeled cart, with a horse before it. He jumped into it, and rattled after the cuirassier, who met him already at the entrance of his hut, with a bottle in his hand.

"Let's finish that bottle, doctor; better luck next time."

Neither the delights of La Croix-blanche nor

the charms of the mediæval Sophie were attractive enough to retain me in Briey. As some time must still elapse before the German armies arrived at Paris, I thought it best to look at some other part of the extensive theatre of war. It was, however, no easy thing to procure a vehicle, as all the horses in the country had been taken for the armies—first for the French, and what remained for the German. I was, however, persistent in my endeavours, and having called in vain on half-a-dozen men who had once had horses, I found a seventh still in bed. He was a stout Frenchman — or, rather, Luxemburgian — who limped on one leg, maltreated the German language, and had kept seventeen horses, of which friends and enemies had left him a single one, to drive in an open gig. I agreed with him that he should carry me to Saarbrucken—or at least, to some railroad station—for thirty francs a day. I was to find food for the stout fellow and his lean horse. The master offered to drive himself, and we started in the morning at eight o'clock.

All the different roads leading to the turnpike between Metz and Paris were covered with troops and army-waggons; and as it was utterly impossible to go past them for the narrowness and

badness of the road, we had to crawl along at a snail's pace. My fat Luxemburgian, who had formerly driven the post from Briey to Metz, knew, however, all the bye-roads thereabout, and by striking through a village and a bye-lane, we reached the main road before the columns.

Driving over the battle-field near St. Marie-aux-Chênes, we saw still the traces of the battle everywhere, especially in the ditches at the road-side, where wind and rain had driven together whole heaps of fragments of uniforms, over which now and then a skeleton helmet kept guard.

Arriving at Gravelotte, I shuddered, less in thinking of the slaughter which had taken place there than of the starving inhabitants, and the poor German soldiers who had to bivouac on the rain-soaked ground without any protection against the inclemency of the weather.

Over bottomless roads we drove to Ars-sur-Moselle. Everywhere dead horses showed their long teeth, as if they had laughed for pleasure at the idea of thus escaping the drudgery of this vale of sorrow. In peaceable times the country near Ars must be very fine; but in rainy weather, and ornamented everywhere with hippopotamus-like carcasses, from which four legs stick out and

a horrible smell emanates, even the finest landscape would lose its charm.

There are considerable iron manufactories near Ars-sur-Moselle, but they were deserted, and partly destroyed. The streets and all houses were crammed with Prussian uniforms, and everybody seemed to be on the look-out for something to eat. The connections of my stout driver proved of avail here, for we got a tolerably good dinner and wine at reasonable prices.

At two o'clock, p.m., we started again, and passed the Moselle over a bridge which connects Ars with a neat place on the other bank, of the name of Jouy-aux-Arches, so called from the considerable ruins of a Roman viaduct once overbridging the whole valley, standing on both sides of the Moselle.

The topographical knowledge of my driver ended at the bridge of the Moselle, but following the given information, we took the road towards Augny, in order to reach the railroad station of Courcelles, from where I intended to return to Saarbruck.

We had scarcely crossed the bridge when it commenced raining as if it had not rained since the deluge, and kept on until the evening. Though I had an India-rubber coat, it was of no

avail; the importunate fluid found its way to the most protected parts of my body, and both the driver and myself were soaked to the skin, and had, moreover, the benefit of a perpetual bath.

The stout Luxemburgian swore at his patron saint for not having taken better care of him, and, blinded by the gushing rain and the wind, he managed to get into a wrong and wonderfully bad road, which, if we had pursued it for a while, would have procured us the pleasure of seeing Bazaine. We were, however, stopped by a Prussian soldier, who directed us to drive into a large farm-yard, where we should find a major most desirous to make our acquaintance.

Though it was no pleasure to produce my papers, which were minutely examined, in that rain, I could not but admire the extremely polite and gentlemanly manner in which this major fulfilled his duty. Notwithstanding the pelting rain, his aide accompanied us to the next post, and we jogged on—on another wrong road.

We passed a picket, commanded by an officer. They let us drive on without saying a word; but on arriving at a sentinel more in advance, the man stopped us. When I told him that his major had seen my papers, he answered—"All

right; but I suppose you do not want to go to Metz? There stand our skirmishers, and firing is going on from both sides."

So it was, indeed; but I had been too much occupied with the bad weather to notice it. When my stout Luxemburgian realised his position, he became nearly frantic with fear, and broke out in the most ridiculous lamentations. He raved about his four children; protested solemnly that he had not provoked the war; that he detested war, and that it was utterly wrong of his patron-saint to lead him thus in such a calamity. Not for a thousand francs would he have driven me if he had imagined the possibility of coming near where there was any firing.

He became, however, somewhat calmer when I laughed at his ridiculous fears, and ordered a retrograde movement. We drove along behind the chain of the last Prussian outposts, and came soon to another picket (Feldwache), on a barricaded road, commanded by a lieutenant. The polite officer, who again examined my papers, showed me the way, and also a hole in the ground, caused by a shell of recent date.

From that post we had a very distinct view of Fort St. Quentin, and still better of the cathe-

dral, whose architectural ornaments I could admire without the assistance of a glass.

My driver was utterly upset by the sight of the hole which the shell had made in the earth, and retired so rapidly, that we soon arrived at Verny, which is about as far from Ars as it is from Courcelles. The rain ceasing for a moment, I consulted my map, and saw the mistake. We were retained, however, for nearly an hour by a convoy of some thousand French prisoners, who looked very miserable; but I was pleased with the behaviour of the Prussian soldiers, who stood there to see them pass, but who did not utter one word which might hurt them. We drove from Verny to Petre, a miserable little railroad station, buried in mud, and encumbered with barrels, boxes, and sacks. The whole concern made a most melancholy impression, and we felt quite relieved when we heard that it was not Courcelles, for which we had at first taken it. We hoped Courcelles might be better, and a dry place discovered for our poor horse, which was utterly knocked up. We had met a dying horse on the road, which my driver recognised as one which had formerly belonged to him, and he was shedding tears at the thought that his last horse might meet with the same fate, if after such a

drive it should have to remain all night in the rain.

It was nearly dark when we at last approached Courcelles; but our hopes fell below freezing point at the aspect of the place. Troops were bivouacking in the dripping fields, and every nook seemed to be occupied. The sentinel at the entrance did not allow us to follow the main road, but compelled us to drive round the village over some fields to the opposite entrance.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg had his head-quarters at Courcelles, and as he had a great number of horses with him, and a whole host of gendarmes, there was indeed little hope of shelter for our horse. My fat driver cried and wrung his hands. Angry at his lamentations, but pitying him at the same time, I got down and went out "prospecting."

Seeing a Mecklenburgian Jäger standing near the door of a barn, I put a thaler in his hand, and asked him to find a dry place for a horse and myself. I was in luck. The barn was occupied by the guard, and there was plenty of room for ourselves and horse.

When the friendly soldiers saw that I was drenched and shaking with cold, they told me that in a house close by, where they had just

cooked their supper, the stove was still burning, and invited me to dry my clothes.

I accepted with thanks, and entered a low room on the ground-floor, where I found about twenty Jägers. The house had been the scene of a dreadful tragedy. An old woman to whom it belonged had torn out the eyes of a wounded Prussian officer, and the infuriated soldiers had killed that horrid old hag in a most atrocious manner with their spurs. Everything in the house had been destroyed; nothing remained except the bare walls. As the soldiers were wet and cold, and a sutler was at hand, I ordered a few bottles of rum, and sugar, and brewed a good glass of hot grog for each of these men.

They were singing "Die Wacht am Rhein," and other patriotic songs, when they suddenly ceased, and rose from their seats. Two Mecklenburgian officers entered, of whom one was an officer of gendarmes, a Count Rantzan. He asked me in a very rude manner "What business I had there?" I showed him my papers, by which he saw my name and rank, but he returned them, and went away without saying one word, or even touching his cap. I was somewhat astonished, but on learning his name who spoke to me, I no longer wondered. He was a speci-

men of a nobility which had made itself notorious in Germany for its arrogance and stupidity.

Feeling rather tired, I went to the barn to arrange my couch for the night, on some straw. A soldier took away the lantern, and it was dark in the barn, when someone entered. It was again the Mecklenburgian thoroughbred snob, who in a most uncourteous manner bade me to rise and to follow him. I could not find my hat, and was groping for it, when the uniformed brute angrily urged me to make haste, and to come without my hat. As I could not find it I had to comply, and to walk bareheaded through rain and wind along the whole village to the railway station, which was about ten minutes off. When I stepped one or two paces aside to go out of the way of a deep puddle, the officer who accompanied Count Rantzan pushed me forward with angry words. Arriving near the station, the same fellow demanded my papers. They were in a leather money-bag, and when I took the key from my pocket to unlock it, the companion of the count, again with brutal words, tore the bag from me, and gave it the count, who entered the station, whilst I waited with his comrade outside.

Now I beg to observe that these officers could

not have the slightest doubt about my identity, for my rank and name were mentioned in the paper given me by the governor of Saarlouis, and in my passport, signed by W. H. Seward.

After a little delay I was called to the bureau of the etap-commandant, where I found his assistant, a Prussian major. The latter had examined my papers, and after having found them in perfect order, and politely enquired whether I was the same colonel who commanded 1849 in Baden, he said that there was not the slightest objection to my remaining at Courcelles.

On hearing this, the two Mecklenburgian slaves of the ox's head—the arms of their Grand Duke —disappeared, and I returned to my barn. My appearance without a hat struck another Mecklenburgian gendarme as highly suspicious. He stopped me; but I answered somewhat impatiently that I was tired of their fooleries, that I had just come from the commandant of the etap, who would tell him who I was; moreover, I slept with the guard, and he might find me there. He was, however, not to be shaken off. He accompanied me to the barn, and whilst he went away to report, he made one of the guard responsible for my remaining where I was.

Meantime I prepared for sleep, pulled off my

soaked boots, and wrapped myself in my wet blanket, when two officers of gendarmes—one of them was a Mr. von Weltzien—entered the barn, and ordered me to rise and give up all my effects to one of the gendarmes. As I could not resist force, I put on my boots and delivered up all my effects, my money-bag, &c., which were carried away in my blanket. The officers led me to a horse stable, where I found a number of gendarmes stretched on the floor. One of them was ordered to give up his place, and I had to lie down between his two neighbours on the bare floor, for the grumbling depossessed one took away his straw. I requested the officer to give me at least my blanket, as I was shaking with wet and cold, but was told that I must do without it.

A night is soon passed, I thought, and made myself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, covering myself with my india-rubber cloak, which the Obotrites had left me. I have acquired the faculty of sleeping at will, at any time and under any circumstances. When, in 1861, I was on board the "Great Eastern," and everybody was expecting to go down, I slept, notwithstanding the roaring of the storm and the sea, to the amazement of the first lieutenant who

went through the ship ; I slept also in the horse stable between two gendarmes. But it was not for long. I was awakened by the upper sergeant of gendarmes, to whose care I had been particularly recommended by his snobbish officers. I was told that I must rise again, and go to the guard-room, where my person was subjected to a careful examination. I was handled as a sheep is by the butcher, and though I felt first indignant, I was struck with the humour of the scene, and laughed outright, to the great astonishment of the surrounding gendarmes, whom I told that I would not miss that joke for a hundred pounds.

"It is wonderful !" they said, looking at each other.

"What is wonderful ?" I asked.

"Well, the resemblance !"

They told me that I resembled someone who had been *signalé* to them for several days. I knew that this was a fib. The upper sergeant told me afterwards that Count Rantzan had telegraphed to Saarlouis to the governor, to ascertain whether my *laissez passer* was genuine ; but whether this was also a fib, I do not know.

When the searching Obotrites pulled off my indispensables, I really was afraid they would subject me to a specific Mecklenburgian proceed-

ing,—I mean that they would give me a whipping. But they did not go quite as far, and after they had confiscated everything they found in my pockets, I was permitted to sleep in peace, but not before my walking-stick had been removed.

When I awoke next morning, a cow had broke loose from an adjoining stable, and was running about, endangering our bodies and faces. I had the pleasure of observing the different manner in which the Mecklenburgian gendarmes made their toilet under difficult circumstances, but as the day advanced and nobody appeared to release me from my confinement, I became impatient. The upper sergeant told me that an answer had not arrived yet from Saarlouis. This non-commissioned officer was a far better educated man than his superiors. He had once served the Hudson's Bay Company, and gone through many adventures, especially with Indians, of which he told me some. He offered me his field-flask, remembering that I had not taken anything for many hours, and I accepted with thanks a draught of port wine, which came direct from the Grand Duke's bottle, the butler being the upper sergeant's special friend.

I asked for Count Rantzan, or for an audience with the Grand Duke, who—as one of the

gendarmes assured me—"was the most sensible man of the snobbish lot." This was, however, not necessary; I was rescued from the Obotrites in a more summary manner.

A Prussian army gendarme, holding a paper in his hand, entered the stable, saying, "Well, you Mecklenburgian gendarmes will get it for having kept the colonel a prisoner after the major had seen his papers, and found them in order." At the same time he handed the gendarmes who guarded me an order from the etap-commandant to deliver me and all my confiscated things immediately to him. The Mecklenburgians made long faces and some show of resistance, as their officers were out for a ride; but the Prussian had a persuasive Prussian manner of his own, and I went with him to the bureau of the etap-commandant. This was a little bilious lieut.-colonel, who, not being fit for the field any longer, had got his present position, for which he was no more fit, but in which he was rendered harmless by a very able assistant in the above-mentioned major.

Through the glass door, I could see Count Rantzan in lively conversation with the little lieut.-colonel. When I entered the bureau, the latter received me with great politeness, but chirped, in his subdued falsetto, "Well, colonel,

much as I regret the occurrence, I must say that you owe it to yourself, by mixing in a society not fit for you." "Why, lieut.-colonel," I answered, "I think the company of brave, polite soldiers is very fit for me; and I prefer it greatly to that of uncivil, snobbish officers."

The major showed, by many signs, that he was dissatisfied with the whole proceeding of his superior; and when the latter desired the auditor to draw up a document about the whole affair, he expressed himself with some impatience; but the little lieut.-colonel—little fellows are always more jealous of their authority than big ones—cried in a shrill voice, "I order it!"

The auditor—who had examined all my papers, amongst which were letters from exalted personages—shrugged his shoulders, but he had to obey the yellow tyrant. When he read the paper to the lieut.-colonel, it was found insufficient in reference to my personal history. "Why!" exclaimed the auditor, "I cannot be expected to write the biography of the colonel? It has been published already, in three or four volumes." "Ich befehle es!" cried the little man, and the auditor had to comply; but he was so furious against his tyrant that he sent the paper by his clerk, to the anger of the lieut.-colonel, who at

once despatched an orderly to fetch the discontented auditor.

I was highly amused at all this by-play, but glad when I at last was placed in a coupé of the train.

One of the Mecklenburgians gave me the clue to the behaviour of his noble officers, by saying that my name was very well known, and that some incidents of former times had not been forgotten. When, in 1849, I commanded a brigade of the troops of the Provisional Government, at Mannheim, I had dispatched a battalion, which bore my name, to Ladenburg, a little town on the Neckar, that was occupied by Mecklenburgians belonging to the Federal army sent against us. My boys took the bridge, whipped the Mecklenburgians, and made eighty prisoners, amongst whom were some officers of the bluest blood. This defeat was worthily avenged on me twenty years afterwards.

I told the story in the *New Vienna Press* and in the *Gartenlaubè*—a weekly illustrated paper which has about three hundred thousand subscribers, and is read by the Germans all over the globe. That was my revenge.

The train started at last, at three o'clock, p.m., and I had time enough to study the beauties of

Courcelles, which made a most melancholy impression on me. It rained very hard, and everywhere the water stood on the meadows, and on the clay ground, which refused to suck it in. The bivouacking soldiers protected themselves as well as they could without tents and without straw, and could not even light a fire, on account of the everlasting rain. Near the road lay an immense quantity of loaves, exposed to the rain, which were of course mouldy all over, and not good either for man or beast. Close to them were hundreds of sacks of oats, each looking like a piece of turf, for the oats had sprouted, and the blades found their way through the meshes of the coarse canvas. Sacks with salt and rice, and boxes and packages with "gifts of love" for the army, all spoilt, abounded. The cause of this sad waste here, and at other places, was chiefly the narrowness of the small railroad stations, which had not been laid out for such an immense traffic. The trains arriving daily made it necessary that each waggon should return empty within twenty-four hours; and if it was not unloaded after that time, soldiers did the work, and laid the goods along the road. Without this necessary measure, stoppages would have occurred on the line; but I should think it would not have been so very diffi-

cult to prepare sheds near such stations, by which millions of money would have been saved. Whilst the soldiers were starving, the rain converted thousands of loaves into a stinking and fermenting pulp, which had to be buried in the ground.

I was heartily glad when I arrived in the evening at my friend's, Mr. Simon, in St. Johann, Saarbruck, whose house I found crowded with soldiers, and around whose hospitable table were half-a-dozen officers, making frightful inroads on his battalions of Scharzberger and his stock of Havannas. "Well," he said, on my pitying him, "suppose the French had remained in Saarbruck, do you think they would have respected my cellar?" Many of the people of Saarbruck did all they could for the German soldiers with a hearty good will. They had to suffer, however, not a little either, for epidemics made their appearance in the town, and even Mr. Simon's children were seriously ill of the camp diarrhœa, or "ruhr."

Under these circumstances, I would not increase the troubles of my kind friends by my presence, and went to Frankfort again, to enjoy, for a few days, some of the blessings of peace—good beds, good dinners, and dry stockings.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Paris is France"—no longer.—French lies.—Proclamation of the Republic.—Who is responsible for the war?—Expulsion of all Germans from France.—Delusions of the French rulers.—Jules Favre's absurd pretensions.—Vindication of the course taken by King William.—Voice of the press.—Edmond About.—Victor Hugo.—The *Liberté* and the Black Forest scheme.—*Figaro* on the Landsturm.—M. Thiers on a begging trip.—Leon Gambetta's war against pictures and statues.—Measures for defending the country.—Destruction rage.—March of the German army against Paris.—The Crown Prince enters Versailles.—French fortresses which had to be taken.—Negociations for an armistice.—Journey from Frankfort to Weissenburg.—Mannheim and Endwigshefer.—Reminiscences of 1849.—Weissenburg.—Measures against the rinderpest.—How Elsass and Lothringen became French.

"PARIS is France" has been an almost undisputed truth these two centuries. Paris made or unmade kings or republics as it made fashions; and all it made had to be accepted by France. The population of a great city developes itself, however, in a far more rapid, and far dif-

ferent manner from that of the country. This was also the case in reference to Paris and France, and had at last the result that Paris ceased to be France in reality; though sharing some principal traits of character, both good and bad, the Parisians and the Frenchmen of the provinces had become different people, whose interests were not any longer exactly the same. Though the provinces followed the lead of Paris from habit, and for want of another rallying point, it was not done with the same readiness and goodwill as formerly. After this war, Paris will not longer be France; it has forfeited its place.

From the commencement of the war, the French people were deceived by their Government, by impudent and absurd lies, which only could be believed by so vain and ignorant a people as the French. This system of lying was continued even after the disaster of Sedan. The consul at Basel announced publicly that MacMahon had defeated the Prussians, and captured 80,000 men and 100 guns. In all the towns in the south and south-east of France this great victory was celebrated. Similar lies were intentionally spread by the official Parisian journals. At last the truth came out on September 4th, by the arrival of English papers. The result was the deposition of Na-

poleon and his dynasty, and the proclamation of the Republic.

I do not blame the French for this; Napoleon had richly deserved his fate, and the mismanagement of affairs justified the nation in taking them into their own hands. But it was unjust and cowardly of the French to throw all the responsibility for this war on Napoleon. The people had encouraged and urged him to it; and when he declared war, the news was received with acclamation, and the cry: "To the Rhine! to Berlin!" was heard from one end of France to the other. The French nation is at least as much responsible for that foolish and wicked war as Napoleon; and if they had possessed any proper pride, they would have borne their disasters with dignity. The people, however, who pretended to march at the head of civilization, who looked on all other nations as semi-barbarians, or at least as far inferior to themselves, behaved not only ridiculously, stupidly, but most ignobly, brutally, and cowardly.

Utterly forgetting that they had most wantonly provoked the war, the French revenged their defeats on the defenceless Germans who had lived amongst them for years. Whilst no Frenchman in Germany was molested or insulted, the Ger-

mans were exposed to the coward fury of the mob; and the government, instead of protecting them, supported and made common cause with their craven aggressors. Under these circumstances it was natural that all Germans who were able to do so, were desirous to leave France, but were prevented under some futile pretext; they were stopped at the frontier, and if they refused to return to the place from whence they came, they were transported into the interior of France, and put into prison.

A few days later, however, the government changed their minds; they had found a precedent in the time of the first Napoleon, who had expelled all Englishmen from France. This base act was repeated in reference to the Germans, who received orders on August 12th to leave the country. The ministers of several great powers remonstrated against such a cruel measure, and took the Germans under their protection; but though the French government made some promises, they were not kept. Even German families who had been living for thirty years and longer in France, had to leave, and those that could or would not do so, voluntarily were transported by gensdarmes over the frontier. Only a few men of honour and one single Parisian paper, *le*

Journal des Debats, ventured to say a word against this cruelty, but of course without the slightest effect.

In Paris alone lived more than 100,000 Germans, and their numbers was great in other cities, where many of them had flourishing mercantile houses or manufactories. Their property was plundered by the populace; their books were torn, the outstanding debts of course not paid, and nearly all of them were ruined.

The provisional government of the republic acted neither more honourably nor wisely than the imperial; their childish and absurd behaviour made all true republicans blush with shame.

Men who believed themselves able to govern 40,000,000 of French under existing difficulties, ought to have been cool and unprejudiced enough to see that France, after Sedan and the preceding defeats, was not in a position to carry on victoriously an unjustly commenced war against united Germany. Delivered by the Germans from Napoleon, whom they burdened with all the responsibility of this war, the government of the republic ought to have made peace on the best conditions they could secure. But far from seeing what every sensible man out of France saw, they blinded each other with lies and foolish declama-

tion, and acted more like unexperienced, over-excited boys, than like men.

The principal error of the new self-imposed rulers of France was the great value which they ascribed to the word "republic." They expected from it the same effect as in 1793, utterly forgetting that the circumstances in 1870 were far different on both sides. Acting under these false suppositions, they aped all the measures of the great revolution about in the same manner and with the same effect as Napoleon III. aped his great uncle.

The two principal leaders of the new government were M. Jules Favre, and M. Leon Gambetta; the one an old, the other a young lawyer. The one was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, the other Minister of the Interior.

Jules Favre is a respectable man and a great orator, but he lacked all the qualities necessary for a minister of foreign affairs. For such a position he was not objective enough; he was always carried away by his subjective feelings, and therefore looked on affairs through subjectively-coloured spectacles. He was no match for the "iron count."

He made his *debût* as a minister by an absurd circular to all French representatives at the

different courts, in which he, with a childish naïveté, demanded that the King of Prussia should withdraw his armies from France, basing his demand on the supposed declaration of the King, that he did not make war against France, but only against the dynasty of the Bonapartes. If the King of Prussia *would* continue the war, he would have to take all the consequences; France would not give up one inch of its ground, nor one stone of its fortresses.

The King of Prussia had never made a declaration of that kind; he had only said that he did not make war against peaceable inhabitants, but only against the army and armed men. But even if Jules Favre's erroneous statement had been true, his demand would still have been absurd.

For four centuries France had wronged and robbed Germany, whatever had been her forms of government. All France had rejoiced when Napoleon declared war, and though the Emperor was dethroned, the same French who cried for the Rhine and for Berlin were still in France, and the new republicans were only more furious than ever against the Germans, and eager to be revenged on them for not having permitted "la grande nation" to conquer Germany, and to dictate peace at Berlin.

If the press represents the feelings of the people, the King of Prussia had good cause to distrust the intentions of the new republicans against Germany. Here is a passage written by Edmond About: "We had no evil intentions against the German race (!) Whose fault is it, if we have become their enemies? If France cannot save civilisation otherwise than by crushing all that Teutonic vermin, Europe must on January 1st, 1871, be delivered from all these Hohenzollerns, these little nobles, these helmeted Jesuits. On our eastern frontier we must have a Germany tattered and fettered for a century."

Though all Europe laughed at Victor Hugo's crazy proclamations, which are the most pathetic nonsense ever written, they express the meaning of the leader of public opinion, and have value as such.

What must we think of the ability and good sense of men who stood at the head of leading papers like the *Liberté* or *Figaro?* The former brought out quite seriously the following amusing piece of news:—"At this moment, as we are going to press, the Black Forest, the chief support of the German invasion (?) is perhaps already in flames, and will be burnt down, we hope, to the ground. It is the task of our franc-tireurs to

ignite it, and already three days ago their appearance on Badish territory has been reported. Each of these bold volunteers is armed for this purpose with two bottles of petroleum."

The French were always fertile in such nonsensical schemes, and when the first Napoleon could not succeed in attacking England by his fleet, the most wonderful expedients were proposed to him for this purpose. Amongst others, one professor proposed that a sufficient number of dolphins should be caught, and taught to carry French soldiers on their backs! I proposed once, in joke, to put albatrosses before balloons, to draw them like the doves or sparrows that drew the carriage of Venus; but I and the *Liberté* were beaten flat by the French professor's aquatic cavalry.

The *Figaro* paraded its cheap wit and ignorance in an article about the Prussian Landwehr (which it confounds with the Landsturm), describing a battalion of venerable crones, of which the youngest, the pet of the colonel, is fifty-five. Well, I suppose *Figaro* has become better acquainted now with the Prussian Landwehr, especially with that of the guards, who did such wonders before Paris.

If phrases and flippant newspaper articles could

have done it, the Prussians would have been annihilated very soon; but even the government did not rely much on its full-mouthed proclamations, and established itself at Tours, whilst Jules Favre, who remained with Gambetta in Paris, sent old M. Thiers on a begging circuit to all the foreign courts, in hopes of inducing them to compel the King of Prussia to go home. The neutral powers, however, resolved to remain neutral. Bismark was a resolute customer to deal with, and Moltke had behind him nearly 1,000,000 of the best soldiers in the world.

Leon Gambetta made war meanwhile against the pictures and statues of the Emperor, gave the streets republican names, had the words "*Liberté, egalité et fraternité,*" engraven on all public buildings, and filled all good places with good republicans, without asking whether they were otherwise fit for their positions. One decree in the style of 1793 succeeded another, and created a kind of straw-fire enthusiasm. Even republicans in foreign countries were affected by his republican swindle. The word "republic" exerted its old charms over enthusiastic minds, and many who had until then sympathised with Germany, sided now with France, because she had changed the sign-board of her shop. Even brave old Gari-

baldi, the modern knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, was deceived by the Parisian humbug; he offered his sword to the republic, and many thousands, with more pluck than brains, followed the dear old enthusiast.

Measures for the defence of Paris, and the road to it, were not neglected, however, but were carried on in the same nonsensical manner which characterised everything emanating from the new government. It was fortunate that the defence of Paris was left in the hands of General Trochu, who at least understood more of that business than a whole wilderness of republican lawyers. All the French seemed to be seized with a rage for destruction. Without considering whether there was any real necessity, the railroad bridges and tunnels between Nancy and Paris were destroyed; trees near the roads, and whole woods were cut down, and damage done to the country which must amount to hundreds of millions. And all this work of destruction was almost entirely superfluous: German pioneers built pontoon-bridges in a very short time, before the army approached, and where the tunnels could not be restored, the field railroad-builder of the army constructed another railroad around the destroyed tunnel. The cut-down trees and woods did not

impede the march of the Prussians for a single hour.

After the battle of Sedan the road to Paris was open to the German army, who at once advanced against it on different parallel roads, the columns marching at such distances from each other, as to enable them to concentrate soon in case of an attack. The armies advanced with caution, but before the front of the main columns Prussian uhlans and hussars swarmed with unequalled audacity. Small troops of them entered populous cities, made requisitions of everything they wanted, and disappeared again like phantoms, unhindered either by the terror-struck national guards or the redoubtable *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, who shared the general dislike of the French to the Prussian uhlans.

General Vinoy had been sent with 25,000 regular troops from Paris to support MacMahon; but he arrived too late, and on the 5th of September he left Mezieres, and retreated towards the capital, which was deprived of all regular troops. He arrived in the neighbourhood of Paris, and on the 12th made an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the Prussians from passing the Seine at Villeneuve St. Georges. Other fights took place all round Paris, with the same result;

and on the 20th of September the iron ring around the great fortress was closed. On that day the Prussians entered Versailles, after having beaten General Ducrot at Sceaux, and the Crown Prince of Prussia took up his head-quarters in the Prefecture.

From that moment the interest of the whole war is concentrated around the besieged fortresses, and all movements of the French armies have no other purpose but to compel the Germans to give up the respective sieges.

We may divide the French fortresses which the Germans had to besiege into three classes, after the reasons which made it necessary to take them. To the first class belong those situated in the two provinces, which formerly belonged to Germany, Elsass and Lothringen, and which the Germans were resolved to keep, not only because they believed themselves to have a right to them, but also because they secure Germany against any future attempts on the part of France.

To the second class we may refer fortified places which impeded the communication between the army before Paris and Germany, from whence the troops had to receive provisions, ammunition, siege guns, and men to fill up the gaps made in the regiments by so many battles.

A third class of fortresses had to be taken by the Germans, because they prevented them from occupying Northern France, which became necessary in order to cut off the railroad communication between Paris and the sea, and with Belgium and Metz. From this latter place a railroad runs along the northern frontier. At Mezieres it sends off a branch over Rethel to Paris, and at Soissons one which, over Laon, runs to Belgium (Brussels) from where the French received support of all kinds.

Seeing that Bismark was not frightened by the most grotesque antics of the republican French lion, Jules Favre, still hoping that Thiers' voyage would have some effect, condescended to request an interview with the iron count, to treat about an armistice. Everybody could see that these negociations would lead to nothing, for Jules Favre was still far from having realised his position; but Bismark granted him a meeting. He did so especially to enable the French to elect a legal government during an armistice, with whom peace might be finally negociated. As such an armistice was not then advantageous to the Prussians from a military point of view, Bismark required some equivalent; he exacted the

surrender of Strasburg—of which the siege was already far advanced—and of Toul and Bitche, places which hindered communication with Germany. In reference to Paris, he was willing to permit the city to be provisioned during the armistice, but only if some commanding part of the fortifications around it were given up.

Gambetta and his other colleagues were, however, by no means enraptured with the idea of a freely-elected government; they wanted to keep their usurped position, and the propositions of Bismark were refused with indignation. It was resolved to defend Paris to the utmost.

Whilst the Prussians were marching towards Paris, I was often in Frankfort. As I knew that the preparations for a siege would require at least some weeks, and as I further knew that Metz would also resist for some time, I resolved to utilise this delay by making a trip to Strasburg.

I left Frankfort on the 15th of September. My travelling companions were mostly officers. One of them, a very amiable young Bavarian, had been wounded at Worth, and, though scarcely convalescent, was returning to his regiment. At Mannheim we found the station overcrowded with a transport of French prisoners, whose behaviour

disgusted everybody, and who gave much trouble to the Prussian escort, whose good humour and forbearance I admired. When the train was on the point of starting, it was difficult to collect the loiterers, and I laughed much at the original exclamation of a Prussian corporal, who cried, "Immer rin, immer rin, grande nation!"—("Get in, get in, great nation!")

This station at Mannheim recalled many interesting scenes of 1849 to me. There I had been arrested, with other officers, by base traitors, and passed a very anxious half-an-hour, until I was rescued by my brave aide-de-camp, poor Hauff, who hurried to the spot with two companies.

The Bavarian town of Ludwigshafen, opposite Mannheim, had changed so much, that I scarcely recognised it. When defending Mannheim from the Rhine-side, I shelled it for three days, until I had driven the Prussians out of it. The post-building, which was destroyed at that time, as well as the Rhine bridge, had been rebuilt, though less stately than formerly.

The journey across the Bavarian Palatinate was charming. To our right extended wonderfully-shaped hills, crowned with many picturesque ruins of castles, the slopes covered with vineyards. Everywhere on the roadside were fruit-

trees, laden with apples and pears. It would indeed have been a pity if the French had devastated this happy country, and its inhabitants had great cause to cheer the German soldiers passing through.

At a station not far from the French frontier, the passengers were frightened by a detachment of Bavarian troops, who attacked the station building with the bayonet; but they did not fire, and their merry faces soon showed us that it was only a sham-fight, to drill the young soldiers.

We arrived at Weissenburg towards evening. I knew the place very well, for when, in 1848, I was banished from France by order of the minister of the interior, M. Senard, I retired to Weissenburg, and lived there six weeks under an assumed name. The railway station is at some distance from the town. When we arrived at the gate, we, to our great astonishment, were compelled to enter a villainous-looking hole, from which we saw some other persons emerging, who were sneezing and laughing, a token that nothing very fearful was likely to happen to us. We had to remain in that hole a few minutes, during which we were thoroughly fumigated on account of the rinderpest. Everyone who passed the gate—and if it was twenty

times a day—had to submit to this ceremony. Officers in uniform, however, were permitted to pass unmolested; and, moreover, the fumigating cell was closed late in the evening and early in the morning, by which the whole measure became illusory.

The origin of Weissenburg is the Abbey of Wizzenburg, which was built by King Dagobert. The town around it had increased so much in 1247, that Emperor Frederick of Hohenshaufen elevated it to one of the ten free cities of Elsass. I have mentioned the place already in a former chapter, and will add only a few words. It is now a town of 6,500 inhabitants, who are mostly vintners or small tradesmen. There are also some manufactories and breweries in the town, which has some fine buildings, amongst which the most remarkable is the Gothic collegiate church, that formerly belonged to the abolished abbey. From the cupola of the choir, the golden crown of King Dagobert hung in former times, and from it the town was called Kronweissenburg.

When I lived in Weissenburg, the fortifications had been much neglected; and even the wall around it was so defective, that I saw smugglers use it like a ladder to enter the town. But recently the French Government had somewhat

restored them, as also the once celebrated "lignes de la Lutter," which were esteemed so highly, that the Convention condemned General Beauharnais to the guillotine because he had not held these lines against the Austrian general Wurmser. These lines were not only restored before the war, but even in some degree extended to Bitche. Thousands of labourers had been occupied day and night in building fortifications. Those on the Geisberg had also been restored. We have seen that all this was of no avail.

There were, however, no very serious traces of the battle left; and though the inhabitants were said to be more French than those of neighbouring towns, on account of the many *employés* living there, they seemed to agree well with the Bavarian garrison, for they all speak German, and are German in their habits.

I had alighted at the same hotel where I had lived under an assumed name in the revolution of 1848, and the landlord remembered me only too well, I might say, for he remembered also the balance of a bill that I was not able to pay at that time in full, being then a refugee, and very hard up. I was very glad to discharge now—after twenty-two years—the small amount of three pounds.

As I wished to see the battle-field of Wörth,

and pay a visit to the little fortress of Bitche, which was besieged by the Bavarians, I was glad to meet a driver in the inn who was to return next morning to his home, not far from Wörth. Such a trip was the more interesting, as it enabled me to judge of the feelings of the inhabitants of that part of Alsace.

The annexation of the two provinces of Lothringen and Elsass by the victorious Germans has caused much comment, and been blamed as unjust and too hard for France. Mr. Carlyle has already characterised this cheap sympathy, and vindicated the demand of Germany, but I do not remember whether he entered upon details; and it may not be superfluous for many readers to recapitulate the circumstances under which these fine countries were torn from Germany.

Lothringen and Elsass formed portions of the holy Roman Empire of the German nation. Elsass had been once united to Suabia, but became later divided into many little counties, abbeys, free cities, &c., which were more or less independent of each other, but all subject to the German emperors, and remained so until the thirty years' war.

Lothringen received its name from Lothar II., who, in the arrangement with his brothers, Lewis

II. and Charles (855), got the country between the Rhine, Maas, and Scheldt, as far as the sea (Lothari regnum). In 1048, the Emperor Henry gave it to Count Gerhard in fief, and Lothringen, with its capital, Nanzig (Nancy), belonged to the Upper Rhenish circle, and its dukes were princes of the Empire. The three bishopries—Metz, Tull (Toul), and Verten (Verdun), were, however, not subject to the duke.

Lewis IX. of France tried to get possession of the German countries on the left bank of the Rhine, and all his successors did the same. The religious wars following the Reformation favoured their plans. The Protestant German princes, who made an offensive and defensive treaty with Henry II. of France in 1551, permitted him to occupy for a time the above-named three bishopries; but in 1552 Henry took possession of Lothringen for France, and occupied Nanzig, Toul, and Verdun, under the pretext of delivering these countries from the tyranny of the German emperors, calling himself the "avenger of German liberty." Metz, however, prepared for defence. France bribed the Cardinal and Bishop of Metz, Robert, who won over two influential patricians, by whom the citizens were persuaded to grant the French general, the Constable de Montmorency, a

passage through their city with only his guards and the cavaliers of his suite. The Constable entered, however, with his whole army, and remained in the city. Feigning a mortal sickness, he invited the most respected members of the magistracy, who had opposed him, to serve as witnesses to his last will. They came; but suddenly the pretended moribund jumped from his bed, and murdered them with his own hands. This was the manner in which Metz was conquered by the French! Henry II. advanced against Elsass, in hopes of getting possession of Strasburg in a similar manner, but failed. Henry kept the three bishoprics after the peace, and the German princes protested in vain.

The thirty years' war is the most unfortunate period in all the history of Germany. France, always ready to fish in troubled water, mixed itself up with it, for Cardinal Richelieu wished to extend France to the Rhine. At the end of the year 1644, the French occupied all the country on its left bank, from Strasburg to Coblentz, and that between Moselle and Rhine, and when the negociations for peace commenced, they astonished all the world by demanding damages for the expenses incurred by the war, though nobody had invited France to take part in it. The Imperial

ambassador was foolish enough to listen to these demands, and to promise that the three bishopries should be given over definitively to France. He was only laughed at; for France claimed, besides these bishopries, nearly all Alsace and the neighbouring territories. Though the German princes clamoured and protested, the Kurfurst of Bavaria supported French impudence, and Austria acceded also, bribed by three million livres, which were paid to the sons of Archduke Leopold, to whom these countries belonged. It was stipulated, however, that the ten free towns of Alsace—Hagenau, Colmar, Schlettstadt, Weissenburg, Landau, Kaisersberg, Obernheim, Rossheim, Munster, and Thuringheim, as also Basel, Strasburg, and some other territories, should preserve their liberties and immediate dependency upon the German Empire; but Lewis XIV. never cared for sworn treaties, and in 1652 he demanded that the ten free towns should recognise him as their sovereign, against which pretension they succeeded, however, in defending themselves until 1662. After 1673, Lewis XIV. laid garrisons in these towns, and had their fortifications razed. Only Strasburg resisted.

Success encouraged the French King, and when his father-in-law, Philippe IV. of Spain, died, he at once took possession of the Spanish Nether-

lands and the free country of Burgundy, an old fief of Germany; occupied Lothringen, surprised and plundered Nancy, and prepared war against the little Republic of Holland. This was too much even for German patience. The great Kurfurst Frederick William of Brandenburg made an alliance with Holland, and declared war against Lewis XIV., who tried in vain to bribe him by tempting offers. Before, however, decisive battles had been fought, a hurried peace was made in 1678, at Nymwegen, in which Lothringen was not mentioned at all, and remained in the hands of France. Frederick William, forsaken by all his allies, had to sign the peace (1679) of St. Germain en Laye, on doing which he called out the words of Virgil; "Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor!" Lewis XIV.'s thirst for conquests was not appeased yet. Some wily lawyers induced the French Minister of War, Louvois, to examine which territories might once have been dependencies or fiefs of those countries and cities which France had acquired by the peace of Munster and Nymwegen. King Lewis entered eagerly upon the propositions, and courts were instituted to examine and decide which countries had to be "re-united" with France. There was never seen more barefaced impudence and profanation of the

forms of law. The whole of Alsace, Strasburg, the duchy of Zweibrücken, Saarbrücken, Veldenz, Sponheim, Mömpelgard, Lauterburg, Germersheim, Homburg, Falkenburg, Bitch, &c., were declared to be dependencies, and claimed, and partly occupied by France. The impotent German princes clamoured again; and Lewis XIV., who wanted to rob under the seeming sanction of law, agreed that his claims should be examined by a Reichstag, which was opened July 31, 1681. During the preparations for this farce of a Reichstag, Lewis did not discontinue his robberies. Under the pretext of a review, a French army of 35,000 men assembled in the neighbourhood of Strasburg; but suddenly, on Sunday, 28th September, some thousands of French dragoons surprised a fortified work near the city, and made the small garrison prisoners. Next day, Louvois appeared in Altkirch, and summoned the city to surrender "to its lawful King." If it resisted, it would be treated as a rebellious city, and sacked. Strasburg had only a militia of eight hundred men, and the fathers of the city, influenced by Bishop Egon von Furstenberg, surrendered; and on September 30, 15,000 Frenchmen occupied Strasburg. The oath of allegiance was rendered on October 4th, and on October

24th Lewis XIV. entered and was received by the treacherous bishop as a deliverer, for which he was rewarded by a pension of sixty thousand livres. Through all Germany went a cry of indignation—but nothing else occurred!

Lewis XIV. had been left in the *de facto* possession of Lothringen by the peace of Nymwegen; but he wanted a lawful foundation for his supposed right to it, and that was easily found by the "court," which declared all Lothringen former fiefs of the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. All the protestations of the German Emperor and princes were of no avail; but, at the peace of Ryswick, Lewis found it convenient to show himself more yielding, and in 1697 Leopold, son of the Emperor Charles IV., was reinstalled as Duke of Lothringen. He had a hard task during the war about the Spanish succession, and when he refused to give up his dukedom for a rent of three millions of livres, Louis, under some futile pretext, occupied Nanzig, Homburg, Bitche, and other towns.

The son of Leopold, Franz Stephan, who had been educated in Vienna, was the elected husband of the Emperor Charles IV's. daughter, Maria Theresie, and not much in his dukedom, which was governed by his mother. Lewis judged

circumstances favourable for the execution of his plans against Lothringen. Under the pretext that the Emperor Charles IV. had offended him, by counteracting the re-election of his father-in-law, Stanislas Lescinsky, as King of Poland, Lewis, allied with Spain and Sardinia, declared war. One French army invaded Italy, a second attacked the fortress of Kehl, and a third occupied Lothringen, though it had been declared a neutral country.

The German princes this time supported the Emperor; but before much had been done in the field, the maritime powers mediated a peace, which was remarkable for the curious fact that King Stanislas Lescinsky was not endamaged, and Lothringen not mentioned in it! This did not serve the purposes of Lewis XIV., for under these circumstances Lothringen would have been included in the countries to be restored to Germany. Secret negotiations were entered upon with Emperor Charles IV., and damages demanded for Stanislas. The Emperor refused at first, but when Holland, on his request of assistance, answered with reproaches for his having meddled with Polish affairs, he agreed to damages for Stanislas. Now Lewis unmasked his secret batteries; he demanded Lothringen, for

which he promised to warrant the "pragmatic sanction." This "pragmatic sanction" was the Emperor's hobby-horse; any one who would assist him in this could get everything. With the utmost secrecy, on October 3rd, 1735, the preliminaries of peace were signed, by which that Austrian prince, who was then Emperor of Germany, bartered away a country belonging to the empire, for personal purposes.

This is, in a nut-shell, the history how Alsace and Lothringen were acquired by France, by which act 1,292,000 Germans were torn from their fatherland. But this short, rough sketch cannot give a faint idea of the wrongs and sufferings which the French inflicted on the German inhabitants of the border-countries during the wars, especially under Lewis XIV. These are not forgotten even now in the Rhenish Palatinate, which the "great" King claimed also, though they happened as far back as 1687. The ruined castle of Heidelberg is a perpetual memento of that time, in which Heidelberg, Mannheim, Speier, Worms, Offenburg, Bretten, Kreuznach, Frankenthal, Alzey, Oppenheim, and many other towns were sacked and their inhabitants tortured and murdered, by order of Lewis XIV., who had

placed on his list 1,200 German towns and villages which were to be destroyed!

The avenger, for whom the great Kurfurst sighed on signing the peace of St. Germain en Laye, has sprung up from his bones, and if King William claims for Germany only Alsace and those parts of Lothringen in which the French did not succeed in extinguishing the German habits and language, he deserves rather praise for moderation than blame for rapacity.

CHAPTER IX.

Drive through a part of Alsace.—What my driver saw in the battle of Wörth.—The battle-field.—The village of Froeschweiler.—An episode of the battle.—Reichshofen.—Niederbronn.—A spa.—The French wounded.—A trip to the besieged rock fortress of Bitsch.—A most beautiful country.—Lemberg.—Reyersweiler.—A war idyll.—A visit to the batteries.—Historical notes about Bitsch.—It has never been conquered.—The aspect of Bitsch.—Journey to Wendenheim, near Strasburg.—Visit to Mundolsheim.—State of the siege.—On a trip to Switzerland.

I LEFT Weissenburg on the 16th of September, in the morning. Though it rained a little, the weather was warm, and the country looked splendid. The formation of the hills and valleys is the same as in the Palatinate, and the inhabitants are not different either. He who says that Alsace is not German, has never been there. At least for seventy miles west from Weissenburg, the character of all the villages, and the manner of living, is German. The prevailing language is German, though it is difficult to be understood by

a North German; but not more so than is the case in the Black Forest, or in Bavaria. The younger people understand French, for the government did all in its power to introduce their language and to suppress the German. Notwithstanding this, all publications had to be made in both languages, and even Strasburg newspapers appeared with the German translation. The language spoken in families is German, and the Alsacians call the Frenchmen always "Welsch" (outlanders, foreigners). In some villages only the mayor, and a few other *employés*, understand French. The names of the owners, and some verses written outside the houses, are in German letters; and the same is the case with the inscription on tombstones, or under crucifixes at the roadside. I noticed, however, some change since I had been in Alsace in 1848; the endeavours of the government, vigorously supported by the Catholic clergy, to Frenchify the country, had made some progress during that time. The children, however, still talked German.

The whole of Alsace, divided into two departments, had, in 1866, 1,089,255 inhabitants, of whom only 254,440 are Protestants. Their number was, in olden times, greater; but Lewis XIV. and the Jesuits understood how to make

proselytes. During the second empire the Catholic clergy became more and more impudent, and the Protestants complained that they were hindered in the free exercise of their religion. The Jesuits excited the Catholics against the Protestants, and in many places the latter were in continual fear. Two years ago a Protestant baker, who had with him a considerable sum, was murdered and robbed in the mountains by a Catholic. The latter was caught, convicted, and condemned to death. The Catholics of the neighbourhood were furious, and when meeting Protestants on the road they called out, threateningly, "Wait only you rascals, you will rue it, that a good Catholic had to lose his life for such an heretical blackguard." The church in Sulz, built by a Protestant nobleman, for Protestants, was taken possession of by the Catholic clergy, and the Protestants got only permission to attend their service on Sundays, after mass, with a curtain drawn before the altar.

The Protestant churches are easily to be recognised, by the cocks on the top of their steeples, whilst a cross is on that of Catholic churches. Catholic women wear red petticoats with green borders, and Protestants green with a red border.

The war excitement had not found much fuel

in Alsace—at least, not in the country. People did not understand the cause, and the connection between the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne and France. Most of them believed that Bismark had commenced the war only to depose Napoleon, and with that they seemed quite satisfied, especially the Protestants, who hated the Emperor and Empress as enemies of their creed. Even the Catholics did not care for, and were tired of them. Napoleon, they said, carried on wars for no purpose they could understand; but they understood very well that the debts of the country, and the taxes they had to pay, increased. It was indifferent to them, they said, whether they belonged to Germany or France, if the government only left them alone, and they were able to make a living. I am fully convinced that if the German government treats the Alsacians with fairness, they will become, in a few years, reconciled to their annexation, as the people of Hesse, Hanover, and even Frankfort are now. In the cities the French element is more represented than in the country, and it will perhaps require a little more time to accustom people there to the new order of things.

My driver was an intelligent and good-

humoured man, from Illweiler, a village near Savern, who had been, much against his will, an eye-witness of the battle of Wörth. An editor, or correspondent, of a Paris paper had engaged him for a fortnight, and was most eager to see how the Prussians would be cut to pieces by the terrible Zouaves and Turkos of MacMahon. He arrived from Reichshofen on the road between Froschweiler and Wörth, just when the battle commenced there, and the Germans stormed the heights. When the first grenades whizzed through the air, the man of the pen became as pale as a sheet, descended hurriedly, and ran as fast as he could back towards Froschweiler, leaving the driver and his carriage to take care of themselves, without paying him, of course, for he did not see him again. On the height, where the wood ends, stands a large mile-stone, behind which the driver concealed himself, and from whence he could see down the slopes, covered with vineyards, and lower down with hop-fields. He spoke with little love, and still less respect, of the French, and with genuine admiration of the German soldiers, who were all, he said, far more polite people, and not such drunkards. The French soldiers had swilled all day, and many of them he had seen lying dead drunk in the road and

ditches. Even the highest officers had been always in the bar-rooms drinking and gambling.

He described the panic in the most graphic manner, and his narrative was frequently interrupted by loud laughter, as he remembered some of the scenes of this wild *déroute*. He had never in all his life seen people in such a fright. The men had been quite beside themselves; they had left everything behind, and he never believed before that men could run as the French did. Everything that hindered them in running was thrown away; arms, knapsacks, and even coats. Horses were cut loose from the guns and ammunition carts, and sometimes two or three were sitting on one, a fourth taking hold of its tail. With the cry, "the Prussians are coming!" they ran through the villages, frightening the poor villagers nearly to death, who joined them in their mad run, men, women, and children. When he, the driver, returned to his carriage, he found seven wounded in it.

Our road crossed the battle-field. It ran along the foot of the hills west of Wörth, leaving that little town to the left. I wondered to see so few traces of the battle. Even the vineyards were not much injured, only here and there a hop-field had been ruined. The fields around Gravelotte

looked bare, and were strewn with rags, but here everything was green, and only a few battered helmets or field-flasks indicated that a fight had taken place.

When we ascended the road and entered the wood, the traces of the battle became more numerous, for the ground was still covered with French rags, caps, empty mitrailleuse cartridges, etc. Between this wood and the village of Froeschweiler the battle had been most furious. A soldier whom I met in an hospital, and who belonged to the 95th regiment, described to me an attack of a French regiment of cuirassiers, which took place here. This company, together with half a company of pioneers of the 11th battalion, had been placed in a position which was somewhat protected by a hop-field and trees. Against this position a quite fresh regiment of cuirassiers advanced in a pace.

The Germans, took them at first for Bavarians, and did not fire, but when the cuirassiers had arrived at about fifty paces, and the real attack commenced, they could not doubt any longer. It seemed madness to hold the position with one company and a half, and the surprised Germans retired rather hurriedly. The lieutenant in command of the pioneers remained,

however, where he was, and called out, "Boys, will you leave me alone here?" The brave men halted at once and formed, and received the cuirassiers, who had already arrived within a few yards, with such a quick fire, that the regiment was wiped from the ground like a pencil-stroke with India rubber. 200, and amongst them the colonel and several officers were taken prisoners.

The village of Froeschweiler had suffered much, for here the fight was very hot. The houses had to be stormed one after the other, and many prisoners were made. Several houses were burned down, and all had suffered more or less by the bullets. Many roofs were not repaired yet, and showed wide gaps, which were partly closed with sacks or boards to keep off the rain. The fine new church was totally destroyed.

Between Froeschweiler and Reichshofen, in a narrow defile, the French train had been standing. The long row of carts of all kind could not turn round, and blocked up the road. This contributed to make the retreat of the French more disorderly.

My driver said that there had been large reserves near Reichshofen, who had not taken part in the fight, but who were carried away in the mad *déroute*, though the ground is as favour-

able as possible for a defence. A weak attempt at resistance was, however, made near Reichshofen.

Reichshofen is a considerable borough, in which Baron von Dietrich, the proprietor of many iron works in that neighbourhood, has a very fine château. Behind Reichshofen he has a manufactory of steam-engines, iron wheels, etc., in which about 600 labourers are employed.

My driver wanted to return home, but agreed to drive me to Niederbronn—a fine watering-place —where I most likely would find a carriage.

I had never heard of a place of that name, and was therefore much surprised to find a considerable town, provided with all the comforts of a watering-place. I alighted in the hotel *de la chaine d'or*, and sent out people to find for me a vehicle of any kind, for which I promised to pay most unreasonably; but I had the vexation to see them all return without success; not even the most miserable cart or horse was to be had, and I had to resign myself to the peaceable occupation of examining the pleasant watering-place.

Niederbronn is situated on the railroad from Hagenau to Bitche, about half way, twenty kilometres, from each of these places. It is connected by rail with Weissenburg, Strasburg,

Nancy, Paris, Saargemund, Thionville, Metz, etc., connections of which I could avail myself only in a very limited manner, as they were interrupted by Bitche.

Niederbronn has 3400 inhabitants, and is visited every year by from 2000 to 3000 guests. The baths there were already known to the Romans, who called the place Taberna Vassiovana (the town of the Vosges). In the neighbourhood Roman coins and antiquities are still found. The water tastes like that of the Hochbrunnen at Wiesbaden. The kurhaus and the promenades are very fine, and the whole place makes a very agreeable impression. The hotels are good, and private lodgings are also to be had. The country around, however, is finer than that at any other watering-place I know.

The place looked at that time rather unfavourable, for no guests were there, and the Kurgarten held a column of a field hospital, and the most conspicuous figures in the streets were Bavarian soldiers, doctors, and people belonging to the sanitary corps.

At dinner I became acquainted with the newly appointed Sous-Prefect, who has his seat in Weissenburg, and with him was the chief of the police, both Germans, from Baden. The mayor

of the place was, however, the richest and generally respected citizen of Niederbronn, Baron von Dietrich, who has a very fine garden, in which I admired the exotic plants. Several of the surgeons dined with us. A very young one described amusing scenes from the hospital, in which were many Frenchmen, with whose behaviour he was, however, little satisfied. These were, he said, always discontented and insolent, and as sensitive to pain as children. Amongst them was a very savage-looking Turco, who always cried with all his might "Yowdledich!" when the doctor dressed his wound, and the doctor said that he pressed him sometimes a little harder than necessary, only to hear that ridiculous exclamation. As he had a wound in his leg which prevented him from sleeping, the doctor injected morphine into his arm, which made him quite furious, for the son of the wilderness could not see the connection between his arm and his leg, and believed that the doctor pricked his arm only to torment him. The manner in which the old Bavarian nurses conversed, and made themselves understood by the Frenchmen, gave also much occasion for fun.

The étap-commandant was an old Bavarian captain of artillery, to whom this place had been

given on account of his bad health; but his position was indeed no sinecure. He was a very honest, sensible, and good-natured man. When he heard of my desire to visit Bitche, he endeavoured at once to fulfil it. As he had to send two nurses to Lemberg next morning to fetch wounded soldiers who were badly treated there, he offered me with many kind but unnecessary excuses, a place on a ladder-waggon, which I was only too happy to accept.

The morning was very cold for the season, but as bright as possible. The ladder-waggon, well provided with bunches of straw instead of seats, and with a team of enormously fat horses, was ready at seven o'clock. Two Bavarian soldiers of the sanitary corps accompanied me. Both were only privates, one from the neighbourhood of Munich, and the other from Lower Bavaria; but both were excellent, gentlemanly men, with whose company I was very much pleased.

The drive to Lemberg was one of the finest I ever enjoyed, and I have seen a good piece of this earth, and many splendid landscapes. The road runs at first to Philippsburg, along the railway in a charming valley. To the right and the left high, beautifully-traced, wooded hills are to be seen, with curiously-shaped rocks and cliffs.

which are here and there crowned with ruins, belonging to very olden times, of which many legends are told by the inhabitants. A clear brook winds its way through luxuriant meadows. Not far from Niederbronn, near the road, is an iron foundry, belonging to Baron Dietrich, in which many fine articles are made.

At Philippsburg we took a road branching off to the left, and leading to the Baerenthal (bears valley), which is still finer than that which we left, and renowned for its crawfish, carp, and trout, with whom we, however, had no time to become acquainted. Passing through the village of Baerenthal, I was astonished to see so many children. Outside each door were at least four or five little ones, and a great number were playing in the road. Bohemians haunt these valleys very frequently, but I did not meet any, or I would have indulged in the amusement of the Kurgash of Niederbronn, and consulted some tawny crone about my future.

From the valley is to be seen the ruin of castle Ramstein; but little is known about its history. More interesting than these tokens of the feudal time, are the many industrial establishments, of which the most considerable is near Monterhausen, which also belongs to Baron Dietrich. Every-

where are large basins provided with locks; and near them stand the well built houses of the labourers, in neat gardens.

What astonished me most in this trip, was the peaceful aspect of the country.

The peasants, men and women, were everywhere busy with hay-making; and nothing indicated that we were in a country occupied by enemies. I did not see one single soldier along the whole road. The people who met us on the road, greeted us in the German language; and only groups of labourers, assembled near the sickly-breathing manufactories, looked at us in sullen silence.

It was eleven o'clock, a.m., when we arrived at Lemberg, a place situated on a plateau, and on a railroad, also leading to Bitche. My two soldiers remained here, and I drove alone to Reyersweiler, promising to return at one o'clock, as we would have to drive home very slowly on account of the wounded. It was nearly twelve o'clock when I reached the first houses of Reyersweiler, where I left the carriage to mount a rather high hill, from where, people said, I could see Bitche quite plainly. Having proceeded some distance, I was stopped by a Bavarian sentinel, who belonged to a picket. The corporal commanding it, told me

that the outposts on the hill would not let me pass, without a permit from their commanding major, who was quartered in the village. I therefore, went to see him. Inquiring of an old woman, I was directed to a mill, and entered a cosy room with vine-wreathed windows, through which the sun entered with a subdued light. At a neatly laid dinner table I found a young Bavarian officer of artillery, who, with the greatest politeness, left his dinner, notwithstanding all my protestations, and insisted on introducing me himself to the commander of the troops, Major Pfeiffer of the 8th Bavarian regiment, who lived in a house some little distance off. We found the major also at dinner with three of his officers, in a still cosier room than that in the mill. On learning who I was, he received me with the greatest cordiality, and invited me to partake of his tempting meal. As I, however, had no time to spare, I declined, and accepted only a tumbler of wine, to drink the health of the officers.

Having heard what I wished, the major ordered a corporal to accompany me to the batteries, and to request the commanding captain to show me all I wanted.

The road up the hill was rather steep, and I

could very well believe the corporal, who told me that they had had a great deal of trouble to carry up the heavy mortars which we heard booming. Near the crest of the hill in the wood, we found a detachment of troops, and with them Captain Sactor, who was at once ready to accompany me to the batteries. We ascended to the crest, where the wood ended, and went along the opposite bare slope, from where we looked upon a charming landscape, in the centre of which the little rock-fortress of Bitsch was the most conspicuous point.

The fort of Bitsch was built by Vauban in 1679, on the advice of Turenne, and forms a link of the chain of fortresses, which, like Lichtenberg, Petite-Pierri (Lietzelstein), and Phalsburg, were built for the protection of the frontier. Its works were razed during the war of the Spanish Succession (1710), but in 1740 it was fortified again, by order of Louis XV, at a cost of three millions of francs. It is situated on the top of a rock, rising straight from the plain, about fifty metres, which is honey-combed by passages, galleries and casemates. There is, also, a well 87 metres deep, a mill, a horse stable, bakery and quarters for 1000 to 1200 men. When the buildings on the top are destroyed, the garrison may retire to

the bowels of the rock, or leave through subterranean passages reaching far in the country.

The fort has never been taken yet, even before it was fortified by Vauban. The Swedes attacked it (1633), but could not take it, though they sacked and burned the little town at the foot of the rock, called at that time Kaltenhausen.

When the European powers coalesced to put an end to the French republic, Austrians and Prussians occupied part of the departments of the Lower Rhine and Moselle, and Bitche was then as troublesome to them as it was in the last war to the army of King William, for it is situated on the railroad from Strasburg to Saargemund, and at the junction with the road coming from Lemberg. An army of 60,000 Prussians was encamped in the autumn of 1793 near Eschwiller. On October 15, 10,000 men of these were sent against Bitsch, which was defended by a Colonel Augier with about 700 men.

With the Prussians was a captain of engineers, Tutelin, a Belgian, who had served in the French army, garrisoned several years in Bitche, and emigrated half a year before the appearance of the Prussians. He knew, of course, the fortress perfectly, and on a dark night he led a detachment of Prussians into the ditches, whilst another went

along the covered way to the principal gate, which they tried to open with hatches. By the noise they made, a man sleeping in the stable was awakened, and ran for the colonel as soon as he recognised the Prussians. Alarm was given, and the soldiers hurried to the rampart, most of them in their shirts, and threw a shower of cannon balls, stones, beams, nay even the stove of the guard-room, down upon the Prussians. Another detachment of the latter, who were on the staircase, were cut off, and had to surrender.

The surprise cost the Prussians 120 dead, 80 wounded, and 250 prisoners. A courageous citizen set fire to his wooden house to light the scene, and by the shine of the flame the columns were discovered, ready in case the surprise had succeeded, and were at once fired upon by the guns of the fort. Amongst the prisoners was Captain Tutelin, who was shot at daybreak in the ditch.

In olden time Bitsch had been a fief of the church of Metz, but in 1044 it belonged to Lothringen. During the restoration from 1815 to 1818, it was occupied by Bavarians, and at the time of Napoleon I., English prisoners of war were penned up in the casements of Bitche, and their names are still to be seen on the walls.

The little town of Bitche, with about three thousand inhabitants, is built at the foot of the rock. It was said that it had been destroyed, but I did not see any damage done to it.

The batteries of the Bavarians, consisting of 15-inched mortars and twelve pounders, were built on the slope of a hill, opposite the fortress, towards Southwert, and on a point higher than the latter, and about 1200 to 1500 paces distant from it. The outposts stood at the foot of the hill.

The view from the batteries on Bitche is the most picturesque, for you look right against the edge of the rock, by which the large buildings on it appear like one mass, and make the impression of a great and strong castle ; seen from the side —and this view is generally represented on the pictures I saw—it looks neither particularly strong nor picturesque. The back ground of the pictures, seen from the batteries, was formed by the fine outlines of the Vosges, which, though at a considerable distance, overtops the fortress. On a height, to the left of Bitche, is an outwork, and still further to the left, a second, smaller, but both of them were not occupied.

The buildings of the fort had already suffered much by the bombardment : the arsenal and

barrack were burned down, and the smoke was still rising from them. The major believed however, that they had not been fired by his shells, but that they had been ignited by the garrison. When he visited the outposts in the night, he had seen steady lights in the buildings, which had become larger from minute to minute, until the flames broke through the roof.

Inhabitants who succeeded in stealing through the outposts, said that the governor and commanders of artillery were resolved to hold the fort to the utmost, and rather blow themselves up with it, than surrender. The citizens of the town had urged the governor to surrender, but he had said they might do so, he would not; but if they did, he would fire the town.

Whilst I was walking with the captain along the bare slope of the hill, from where we could see every stone of the fort, the mortars fired continuously about one shot every minute. As they had to throw their shells in a high curve, it was a good while before the sound of the bursting of the shell was heard.

Soldiers crawling cautiously on all fours past us, reminded me that our promenade on the slope was rather dangerous. We were, however, not honoured either by a grenade, or even a chasse-

pot bullet, from which the captain concluded that they must be short of ammunition in the fort; all day no shot had been fired from there, whilst generally even single men showing themselves on the slope, were greeted with a grenade or two.

I could not see the necessity for bombarding Bitche at all, and the Bavarians, who had once occupied it, ought to have known that all their shelling was of no avail. It would have been sufficient to leave a regiment before it, to prevent the garrison from communicating with the country around. This was done, I believe, later. The whole siege cost a great deal of ammunition, but fortunately not much blood; at least the Bavarians had had only a few killed and wounded.

I would have liked to stay a longer time with the batteries, or looking on the fine landscape, which lay there as quiet as possible. Even the cadenced firing of the mortars did not disturb this repose; it was the most peaceful and most "gemuthliche" war scene I ever witnessed.

After having drawn a very hurried sketch of Bitsch in my pocket-book, I took leave of the captain, and went down to Reyerweiler. Looking on the fine village, and the comfortable quarters of the soldiers there, I thought with pity of the poor Prussian soldiers before Metz, to whom

the little brook which ran through Reyersweiler would have appeared a great luxury.

When I returned to Lemberg, I heard that the wounded were not in a fit state to be transported, and we took with us only one man, who had recovered from typhus. The two Bavarian nurses said that the Germans wounded in Lemberg complained much of the treatment to which they were subjected. The French surgeons treated them fairly enough, but the French voluntary nurses behaved shamefully. When the fact was reported to the commander of Niederbronn, he became very angry, and promised to reprimand the mayor of Lemberg.

I heard with much pleasure that a train was going from Niederbronn to Wendenheim, near Strasburg, and I left by it next morning, Sunday, 18th September. It rained again all night, and it was one o'clock, p.m., when we arrived at a crossing about two or three miles from Wendenheim, where we had to get out, because the train went over Hagenau to Weissenburg. As there was no one who would carry my things, I had to drag them myself to Wendenheim in the rain. My humour was not improved on my arrival in Wendenheim. It is a rather large and rich village, but in such weather it made a very

wretched impression. The roads were quagmires, along which a muffled-up crowd of all kinds of soldiers crawled: Badish infantry, artillery, and Prussian Landwehr Hussars. I waded through the mud to a kind of winehouse, not far from the station. The floor of the bar-room was thickly covered with mud, and it was nearly filled with soldiers and army drivers, who were all wet, and exhaled a horrid smell. I found, however, a tolerably good dinner, which I shared with a citizen of Strasburg, who by chance had been absent when the siege commenced, and whose family was still in the fortress. Having heard that General von Werder permitted some families to leave Strasburg, he was on his way to ask this favour for his wife and children. As I also wanted to see the general, I offered to accompany him to Mundolsheim, the general's head-quarters.

When we started it was still raining; the ground was soaked, and we walked as if we were skating. I must confess I looked with envy on the young officers who passed and splashed us in their requisitioned carriages.

On our road we passed a considerable artillery park, with many wide-mouthed mortars, rifled siege cannons, on high-stilted carriages, to peep over ramparts, and arrived soon at Lampertsheim,

a very large and—in fine weather—beautiful village, in which the Grand Duke of Baden had his head-quarters. Near that place was a very extensive camp; but the soldiers must all have crept under shelter somewhere, for I saw only the dripping sentinels, who pestered me by their curiosity more than ever Prussians did, who all respected my *laissez passer*. One Badish sentinel wanted me to return to the mayor of Wendenheim and make him sign my military pass, for he had orders not to let any civilian pass without that signature. I had to parley with him nearly a quarter of an hour, and when he permitted me to go on, he did so with a doubtful shake of his head, and only half convinced. Mundolsheim is one of the richest villages of Alsace; but in this weather, which reminded me much of London, it looked dirty and disagreeable. I was therefore displeased with everything; and in this mood I gave up my intention of paying General Werder a visit. Whilst my companion attended to his business, I acquired information about the progress of the siege of Strasburg.

After the battle of Wörth, the troops of the Grand Duke of Baden were ordered to surround Strasburg, which was accomplished on August 17th. The commander of these troops, General

von Beyer, became sick—very opportunely—and the Prussian General von Werder took the command. Until the 27th August, the circle round Strasburg was drawn closer. Major-General von Decker, commander of the siege artillery, and Major-General von Mertens, chief engineer, arrived on that day, and the bombardment of Strasburg commenced, after its Governor, General Uhrich, had been duly informed. This bombardment lasted—with a pause of eight hours on August 26th—three full days, but was then stopped on August 27th, when the regular siege works commenced.

The first parallel was opened seven hundred paces from the works in the night between the 29th and 30th August; between the 1st and 2nd September the second parallel was established three hundred paces nearer the enemy; and in the night between the 11th and 12th September the third parallel was finished. The attack was directed against the north-western front of the fortress.

The batteries were built meanwhile without much hindrance from the part of the garrison, who made a sortie on September 2nd, which was repulsed without difficulty. On September 9th the building of the batteries was so far advanced that

98 rifled cannons and 40 mortars were in position against the attacked fort, whilst 32 rifled guns and 8 mortars played from Kehl against the citadel.

On the 18th, whilst I was there, preparations were being made to open a breach-battery at one thousand paces distant, against a lunette (No. 53); after that another lunette (No. 33) had still to be taken before the besiegers could proceed to the crown of the glacis. I therefore saw that at least ten or twelve days would pass before a storm might be expected, or even a practicable breach be made.

Though such a siege may be very interesting to engineers and artillerymen, it is to me one of the most tiresome of military operations, especially if the attack is directed against a fortress situated in a plain, for then the works are scarcely to be seen from a distance. The sojourn in the trenches or in the batteries is by no means agreeable at any time, and quite intolerable in bad weather. The parallels, approaches, and batteries are dug and made as we have learnt at school, and the dirty fabric creeps slowly towards the fortress. Stupid bullets and shells batter the still more stupid ramparts until they crumble down. That may be observed by a good glass, but the interesting scenes passing behind the ramparts are invisible.

A major with whom I spoke said this would last at least four weeks until all was prepared for a storm, for two ditches filled with water had to be passed, and it was still doubtful whether the artillery would succeed in destroying the works.

Under these circumstances, I resolved to wait for the catastrophe at some more agreeable place than Wendenheim, where they were just building a booth, with the inscription, "Officers' Casino," the dripping magnificence of which did not detain me. I was suddenly seized with a longing for dear little Rorschach, on the Lake of Constance, where I might wait for the surrender of Strasburg. In order to reach the railroad for Basel, on the Badish side of the Rhine, I might have crossed the river at some place below Strasburg; but to travel over that short distance would have been very difficult and disagreeable, and required more time than a detour by rail over Weissenburg and Carlsruhe, and I therefore preferred the latter.

The train was expected to arrive at the junction before mentioned at half-past six, p.m., but we had to wait in the rain more than an hour and a half. We arrived in Weissenburg very late at night, and started from there again at five o'clock in the morning. Arrived at the Rhine-bridge,

near Maxau, we had to descend, and again carry our things over the bridge to the station.

At one station we met a great number of people who had obtained permission to leave Strasburg. They were all much excited, like people who had just escaped a great danger. What I heard from them about the state of Strasburg, I will give in the next chapter.

A young married couple, with a baby with well-developed lungs, entered my *coupé*. The gentleman had been formerly a Prussian officer, who had married a rich French girl, and lived on his fine estate, near Paris. He had been compelled to forsake everything. At some other place I met German fugitives from Lyons, and all of them had to tell a tale of woe.

CHAPTER X.

The narrative of the fugitives from Strasburg.—Return from Switzerland to Baden.—Offenburg.—Kork.—Difficulties.—Snobs.—An agreeable meeting with two Prussian Landwehr sergeants.—An expedition for Liebesgalen.—Successful return to Kork.—Passing the Rhine at Anenheim.—Ruprechtsau.—Hönheim.—Oberhausbergen.—The quarters of my pioneers.—The white flag.—Effect.

THE train did not go on to Constance that night, and I had to stay at Waldshut. At supper in the hotel, I met several people who came from Strasburg, and who intended to recover in Switzerland from the horrors of the siege, of which very little was known outside. One of the gentlemen had kept a diary, and his narrative was highly interesting.

When the first fugitives from Wörth arrived in Strasburg, the excitement was very great, and increased by the sight of many wounded from the battle of Weissenburg, who, from the suburbs, were transported to the hospitals on uncovered litters. But the alarm reached its highest point

when the générale was beaten, and the report spread that the Prussians were outside the gates. These were closed at once, and the drawbridges drawn up. All soldiers ran to their barracks. At seven o'clock, p.m., the city was closed, and hundreds of inhabitants were locked out.

Next morning, greater numbers of fugitives arrived. At first they came in troops of twenty or thirty, amongst them many wounded, and all in the most wretched condition. This stream of fugitives lasted a whole day and a night.

On the morning of the 7th August the city was declared in a state of siege, for the Germans were already in Brumath, a town only a few miles off. On the next day great masses of people of the neighbouring villages arrived with waggons loaded with furniture and with alarming news. It was said that a *parlementaire* had summoned the fortress, and on receiving a refusal, had threatened it with bombardment.

Though it sounds almost incredible, it is a fact that Strasburg was not in the least prepared for a siege, which seemed to the French beyond possibility, so strong was their self-conceit and confidence in their victory. 'Its regular garrison had gone with MacMahon, and when the siege commenced, there were in the fortress only a few

gunners, a few hundred pontoniers, some men of the regiments who had formed the regular garrison, and the 87th regiment of line, which by chance was there on its march to its army corps. Some thousands of the fugitives from Worth, and the Mobile Guards, completed the list of defenders of the fortress. There were also a number of custom-house officers, and about sixty marines, who were destined for the gun-boats on the Rhine. The palisades were not set yet, the ditches not filled with water, and the guns on the ramparts without gunners. It was the general opinion in the city that the Prussians would not think of a siege, but march directly on Paris.

On the 10th, General Uhrich issued a proclamation, in which the citizens were told that the garrison consisted of 11,000 men, that 400 guns were on the ramparts, and that he would defend the city to the utmost. During the next few days the arrival of German regiments in the neighbourhood was reported, and railroads and telegraphs were destroyed. Rumours of French victories proved soon to be inventions, and the citizens commenced to realize the gravity of the situation, and everywhere preparations for defence were made. The Mobile Guards were drilled, trees on the glacis cut down, etc.

On the afternoon of the 14th the first fight took place, as the Germans attacked the workmen occupied outside the works. All demonstrations for the 15th were forbidden in Strasburg; a national guard and franc-tireur corps were formed. The first grenades fell in the city, but it was believed that they were only stray shots. On the evening of the Emperor's fête day the gas came to an end. Outside each house burnt a more or less dark oil lantern. At three o'clock, a.m., the Germans had inaugurated that day by blowing up the bridge over the Rhine-Marne canal, by which communication with the great village of Rupocht-san was cut of. At half-past eleven, p.m., the inhabitants were frightened by grenades, and women and children hurried to their cellars, whilst the men stood ready to extinguish any fire which might occur. This firing lasted only for half an hour, but did considerable damage.

On the 16th of August a sortie was made, in which the French lost three guns. On the 18th the French destroyed the large breweries near Schiltegheim, which might have served the enemy, and the trees and monuments on the fine cemetery were destroyed, as they hindered the view.

Since the 15th no grenade had been thrown in the city, and the citizens still hoped that they

would be spared a bombardment; but in the night from the 18th to the 19th, they were taught otherwise. Grenades whizzed through the air in great numbers, and burst in the yards and streets, or in the houses. At midnight a magazine of hay and straw was ignited, and more than ten houses caught fire and were destroyed, but the rain assisted to master the fire.

One grenade fell in a boarding-school; two young girls were killed on the spot, five others were severely wounded, and four of them had their legs amputated. Most of the grenades, coming from Kehl, fell, however, in the citadel. This was the first day of real bombardment, and much damage was done by it; but it was only a trifle compared to what was still in store.

On the 20th came an order from General Ulrich, bidding the owners of all houses at the south side of the city, between glacis and railroad, to evacuate them within forty-eight hours. When this was done, the fine new houses were levelled to the ground, all trees cut down, and splendid gardens destroyed.

There were many people who tried to profit by the calamity by buying up provisions before they were brought to the market. Measures were taken against this kind of usury.

On the 22nd the news spread that the governor had been summoned to surrender, and bombardment threatened. Next morning a proclamation signed by General Uhrich announced to the inhabitants that the great moment, viz., of the bombardment, had arrived. He exhorted the citizens to show energy and courage. The excitement was great; everybody was busy placing his valuables in some secure place. Suddenly the nature of the excitement was altered in a most agreeable manner; people shook hands, and told each other that the "Impartial du Rhin" had received a Paris paper, which contained the most favourable news. Since the 13th nothing had been heard from Paris, and since the 17th nothing from Metz. At four o'clock, p.m., the "Impartial" was published: it contained the following news taken from the *Moniteur du Soir*:—"Marshal Bazaine has gained a great victory near Metz; the French mitrailleuses have mowed down the enemy; of the splendid army of Prince Frederick Charles only a few remnants are left; the Berlin Exchange has fallen two francs; Prussia has called in to her assistance all the garrisons of her fortresses."

These pleasant illusions were dispersed that very evening. At nine o'clock a tremendous

bombardment commenced, which lasted until eight o'clock next morning. Nothing was heard but the sound of the shells, the crash of falling walls and chimneys, the cries of the wounded, and the rattling down of the rain. Fire broke out in many places, and the citadel especially was severely shelled.

This bombardment was, however, only the introduction to that of the 24th, which commenced at eight o'clock, p.m., and lasted all night. In the cellars women and children cried and prayed, whilst the men attended to their perilous duty. Everywhere was an infernal noise, but it was still increased at eleven o'clock by the cry of fire from the Munster. The new church was burning! Fire in the Munster Street! Fire on the Broglie, in the Schild Street, on the Kleber-square, etc. The whole city was bathed in fire. The picture gallery, the great library, whole streets were in ruins. There was no possibility of mastering the conflagration, for shells incessantly fell in and near the burning buildings, killing or wounding the proprietors. The very ground was quaking, and up to the sky rose the clouds of smoke and dust, when the Aubette, the new church, the library, and other buildings tumbled down.

Only next morning the great work of destruction became apparent. A great mill, where the corn for the garrison was ground, was burnt down, with many other buildings. The excitement was tremendous. Great crowds of people demanded explanations about the state of the city from the governor and mayor. The governor declared that he could hold the city for several months, but that he was not strong enough to drive away the enemy. New hope rose at three o'clock, when it became known that the bishop had left the city to see the Grand Duke of Baden, with a request that he would spare Strasburg; but he returned very sad, for he had not even been permitted to pass the outposts. At seven o'clock, p.m., the bombardment was continued with the same effect as last night; everywhere flames and columns of smoke rose up to the sky; in every house was despair. In about the middle of the night the magnificent cathedral stood in flames; the roof of the great nave burned. The new built church of the citizens' hospital caught fire; the clamours of the poor, aged, and sick, with whom the hospital was crowded, were pitiful to hear. They were, however, saved with the hospital, after much trouble. The railroad station was burned down; all the buildings in the citadel were in flames;

the gymnasium (college) burning for the second time. In a word, everywhere distress and destruction; the last day seemed to have arrived.

Next day again a mendacious report. 40,000 Frenchmen have arrived; they are fighting with the Germans, who are pressed towards the ramparts, and thus thrown between two fires. "Victoria! we are saved!" With night came again the disenchanting shells. The whole city was one huge fire; the White Tower Street and the whole quarter of the gardeners was burnt down, and towards the morning the palace of justice was in flames; not a single paper from it could be saved.

It would tire the reader to enumerate all the losses. The mayor announced in a proclamation that all France would indemnify the heroic citizens. On the 28th the council of the city was reinforced by a number of liberal men, whose task it was to provide for the shelterless, the wounded, and the poor. Some had built sheds along the bank of the river. Ill and public kitchens were arranged. Want of many articles began to be felt; the women and children missed their milk, and the men the beer to which they were used. Some proposed in all earnest a sortie to Konigshofen or Schiltigheim to procure beer. More serious evils appeared. Great numbers of persons had now been penned up for weeks in mouldy

cellars, of which even the air-holes are stopped against the splinters of the bursting shells, and sickness prevailed in these dismal subterranean localities.

To all this came another calamity. Gangs of thieves entered forsaken houses, and plundered them; many treasures confided to the earth in the cellars were dug up, though every thief who was caught was shot,

The bombardment of the city abated, however, and the shots of the Germans were chiefly directed against the ramparts and military buildings. They were aimed with a fearful precision. Shrapnels burst right over the guns, and dealt destruction around. To all this was added the fear of internal troubles, for in different parts of the city the cry of "Vive la Republique!" was heard, though General Uhrich suppressed such demonstrations with severity.

On the 2nd of September a sortie was made to destroy works and guns of the enemy, but it failed utterly; only half-a-dozen of prisoners were made. The rumour went round that the generals Failly and Douay had won a victory at Toul; that MacMahon stood at the head of a great army; that the Germans were in full retreat, and that Alsace would be delivered in

eight days. It was also said that the Republic had been proclaimed in Paris.

On the 3rd a number of families received permission to leave the city; but, in consequence of the cheering news, not many availed themselves of it. The bombardment continued in the evening, during an awful thunder-storm. On the 6th the large barrack of the Finkmatt was burnt down; it had cost 760,000 livres. Thus things went on to the 10th, when again fresh news of a rescue were circulated, and by a German paper information was got about startling occurrences in Paris, of which the mayor denied any knowledge.

On that day, about noon, the theatre, one of the finest in France, was burnt down, and many people who had found shelter in its cellars were again homeless.

The 11th of September was a day of great excitement; but, for once, of a real and agreeable kind. Switzerland had offered hospitality to the poor and homeless, and the women and children of Strasburg, and their Swiss delegates entered, with the permission of the German commander. Many thousands of persons applied for safe conducts.

The Swiss delegates brought the news of the

disaster of Sedan, and Paris papers. The Prefect resigned, but General Uhrich declared that he would stand with the Republic.

On the 14th and 15th the bombardment was awful. On the latter day a bullet struck the stone cross on the top of the Munster; the first lot of emigrants, many hundreds of women and children, left the city. The leave-taking was the saddest thing one could see.

Next morning I started with the train for Constance, from where I went, per steamboat, over Frederickshafen to Rorschach. How wonderfully the peaceful borders of the lake contrasted with the scenes which I had left in France and Germany, where every road and railway station looked warlike.

After having enjoyed three days of delicious rest, and cleared off arrears of correspondence, I went back to Constance, and from there by rail to Basel. The weather was splendid; and, for the first time, I saw the Rhine fall near Schaffhausen, which looks very fine, but by no means as grand as I had imagined from pictures I had seen. There are hundreds of similar and finer falls in America, of which nobody speaks much. The falls of the Potomac, a few miles from Washington, are scarcely known, and rarely visited, by the

Washingtonians themselves, though thousands of travellers would come there from every part if they were in Europe.

If you should ever happen to stop at the little neat Badish town of Offenburg, stay at the Fortune Hotel, where travellers find everything to please them. I had, however, no time to enjoy its good dinners and wine, for I was afraid of arriving too late for the surrender of Strasburg.

I went, on the 26th of September, by the train over Appenweir to Kork. With me in the *coupé* were two very curious tourists, with large field-glasses hanging at their side. When we arrived at the station, the road to the village of Kork was barred by a stout consequential-looking Badish gendarme, who with all the pomposity and importance of that tribe asked for our permits. The passes of the two tourists were treated with the utmost contempt, and the poor fellows had the pleasure of returning with the same train to Appenheim. My military pass, however, carried me through, and I went to the hotel which had been indicated to me as the head-quarters of the Badish captain of dragoons, who was etap-commandant of Kork.

That great man was of course not at home, and I had to wait for his return from his morning

promenade. An old physician who took his breakfast in the room doubted whether I should be allowed to pass the Rhine at the next bridge, as permission had been refused to him, also a Badish captain and a lady who came with a "laissez passer" signed by the Badish Secretary of War. On seeing my papers, the physician remembered my name, well known in Baden some twenty years ago; and after a while an old railroad officer came in great excitement to greet me. He had served under me in 1849, and was one of the gunners who shelled Ludwigshafen. The old fellow nearly cried for pleasure at seeing his old chief again.

The etap-commandant did not make his appearance, but a young Badish lieutenant of dragoons, who was a kind of adjunct to the commandant, came in. The old physician needed not to touch his forehead significantly, I saw at once that the young officer was a snob. He treated me and the captain "de haut en bas," because we wore citizen's clothes, and flatly refused to let us pass.

Oh! how I loved these Badish dragoons! Two regiments of them refused to attack at the battle of Waggharusel, in 1849, and caused the loss of the battle, which was already won, as the brave

Prussians themselves said. I still remember, however, with admiration, the courage which some of them showed at a sortie I made from Rastatt against Rheinan, where they did great slaughter amongst the ducks and geese and the innocent sucking-pigs of the village. Well, they may be better now, though I never heard them mentioned in any fight of the late war.

The captain and his lady were fortunate enough to find a ladder-waggon, on which they went to a bridge lower down the Rhine, in hope that there the signature of the Badish Secretary of War would be more respected. I did not know what to do; but hoping that something would turn up, I sat down at the dinner-table. Opposite me were two Prussian pioneer (Landwehr) sergeants, who had a tent on their shoulder-pieces. One of them was in ordinary life the royal architect Plopsch, and the other the royal carpenter, Master Otto Gutzert, who had been despatched from Oberhausbergen, to look out whether they could not get something of "Liebesgaben" for their men, who had hard work in the parallels before Strasburg. The carpenter was a jovial fellow, full of fun and East Prussian puns. He enjoyed with me the Badish dragoon-snob, and declared all his talk was "faulen Zaubis"—a phrase from some

Vaudeville en vogue, which meant about the same as rubbish or bosh—and offered to come with them, and to look what his men were doing before Strasburg. I accepted with pleasure, and agreed to return first with them to Offenburg, to look after the "Liebesgaben," and then to accompany them to Oberhausbergen, where they were quartered.

The Germans did a great deal for the army. Even in the smallest villages, the women were busy making all kinds of things for the soldiers which were good for them in the field, woollen shirts, stockings, shawls, &c., whilst the men provided cigars, wine, liquor, and other comforts. In the great cities, central depôts were established for these "Liebesgaben"—gifts of love.

Though we found in Offenburg a field-gendarme in charge of half-a-dozen waggons loaded with things for the army before Strasburg, the gentlemen at the head of the committee in Offenburg loaded two other waggons for my pioneers; and as they had no more blankets in store, which were especially desirable, they at once bought a sufficient quantity. There was not one ever so poor who did not contribute his mite.

As it was impossible to cross the Rhine-dyke in the evening, my pioneers gave their waggons in charge

to the army gendarme, who was to join us next morning in Kork, whilst the pioneers remained the night in Offenburg to enjoy—what they had not done for many weeks—the luxury of a bed.

At supper, in the Fortune Hotel, I met a lawyer from Edinburgh, who had come over to see the siege of Strasburg; but not being able to pass the Rhine, he went in the evening upon the steeple of Offenburg—which, in a direct line, may be about eight or ten miles from Strasburg—to see the bombardment from there. How he was satisfied with his observations, I do not know.

Next morning, on the 27th of September, we were so lucky as to find an extra train in Appenweier, which had brought ammunition to Kork, where we found our waggons ready to start. The weather was splendid; and though our seats amongst all the packages on the ladder-waggon were not very comfortable, we were in the best of humours.

I approached Anenheim with some apprehensions; for if the Badish corporal at the flying bridge was not reasonable, I should have to waste much time in going down to Freistadt, which was beyond the military jurisdiction of General Werder, who had given such strict orders because he was nearly pestered to death by curious people

of all countries, who were only in the way of the soldiers. All went, however, better than I expected. It was supposed that I belonged to the "Liebesgaben," and I made myself popular by a well-filled brandy-bottle and cigar-case.

I admired the dexterity with which the eleven heavy loaded waggons, with their horses, were carried over the Rhine-dyke, and from there on the narrow ferry. On the other side was a very strict Badish corporal on guard, who did not let pass any one in citizen's dress from France to Germany, even if accompanied by surgeons in uniform. The reason of this strictness was the rinderpest. All people coming from France had to go to Freistadt, where the proper sanitary measures were taken, and where not only was everybody fumigated, but every bit of straw or hay in the waggons had to be burned.

I breathed more freely when we at last had all these difficulties behind us, and drove along the dyke, to the charming village of Ruprechtsau; where the soldiers in quarters led an idyllic life. They assisted the farmers in their work, and laughed and joked with the pretty girls. Of enmity against the soldiers, I did not see the least trace.

We passed over one of the pontoon bridges, laid by the Germans over the river Ill, and soon arrived at the considerable village of Hönheim. On our way we were very near Strasburg, and Sergeant Gutzeit looked out for the white flag on the Minster, for which all longed very much. The pioneers, who were best of all informed about the progress of the siege works, said they expected that the storm would take place at latest on Sunday next, if the city did not surrender. Instead of the white flag, we saw many shells and shrapnells come from the city; which latter missiles mostly burst enormously high up in the air, betraying themselves by round white clouds, which I at first took for balloons.

We stopped a short time at Hönheim, where I conversed with many country people in the inn. They all said they did not care much whether they became French or German, if they only earned money enough to live. This material view seemed to prevail everywhere in Alsace. We were also told there, that General Uhrich had demanded free egress for the garrison, with all military honours, and that, on the refusal of the Prussian general, he had threatened to shell Hönheim; on which General Werder had answered that he would destroy Strasburg.

Passing Nieder and Mittelhausberger, we arrived about noon at Oberhausbergen, the place of our destination ; in which village not less than 8,000 men were quartered, who, of course, were mostly established in the stables and barns. There was no inn in the place ; for the only one which had once existed, was used as a guard-house, and I was glad to accept the hospitality of my two sergeants, of whom the one was capitaine d'armes, and the other the farrier of their company ; and for this reason had been allowed two rooms in the first floor of a small farmer's house, forming one side of a diminutive farmyard. The barn, the stable, and the rooms on the ground-floor, were occupied by some twenty artillerymen and Garde Landwehr. I have no knowledge where the family of the farmer slept. There was a grandfather and grandmother, the owner of the farm and his wife, with two grown-up daughters, and a sister of the farmer's wife, with three daughters, from twelve to sixteen, who were refugees from another place, too much exposed to the shells from Strasburg. The young men were all with the French army, and the brother of the farmer's wife was in Strasburg.

It was a pleasure to observe the family of the farmer, and their intercourse with their uninvited

guests. Nobody in the world would have guessed that both parties were enemies, and no one in the house was afraid of the soldiers. The farmer's wife was running up and down all day, and always with a smiling face, and answering readily to their friendly jokes. My carpenter sergeant called her "mother in law." The young girls conversed fearlessly with the soldiers, who did not hurt their feelings by a single word. The Garde Landwehr men were all young husbands and fathers (2,400 men of that regiment had together above 7,000 children) from Berlin or neighbourhood, and their behaviour was admirable; though only privates, all behaved like gentlemen. The artillerymen were from the Polish provinces of Prussia. They were not refined, and now and then a little noisy, but the best-natured and merriest fellows on earth, and most excellent soldiers.

The quarters of the two sergeants were not very comfortable, for their two small rooms were crowded with the most miscellaneous things. There were to be found arms of every description, and articles of clothing, knapsacks of killed soldiers, provisions, bottles, etc., in the corner the bread still warm for the company, and on a board on the ground the beef which was to be

distributed next morning was displayed. To this must be added, the many cases with "Liebesgaben" we brought with us, and the various contents of which, were at once examined. At one side of the smaller room was arranged the straw bed of the two pioneers, and my litter was made by its side.

The two sergeants had found orders to proceed to the parallels that night, and they had promised to take me with them to the front, especially to the two most advanced works, taken from the enemy, the Lunettes, Nos. 52 and 53.

From the loft of the house, I had an excellent view of Strasburg, and was near enough to examine the architectural details of the Minster. Though the symmetry of its front seemed now and then somewhat disturbed, and the cross on its top leaned a little to the left, I could not detect any essential destruction. I saw in the foreground a few ruins of houses, from which smoke still ascended. The low fortifications were scarcely to be seen, and Strasburg appeared from that side like an open city. It was encircled by German batteries, of which the pontoons were easily to be recognised by the smoke, for all of them were firing on the fated city. Not less than 200 heavy guns and mortars, sometimes

even 240, fired at one and the same time. The roaring of the guns was, however, not very striking. No civilian, and scarcely any soldier, could form a correct idea of the destruction produced by such incessant bombardment.

As my pioneers dared not to take upon themselves the sole responsibility, they proposed to ask the permission of their chief (then a first lieutenant, as the captain had been killed) to take me to the parallels. We therefore went to his quarters, and he regretted that he could not comply with my desire without a permit from General Werder, when a much-excited soldier rushed into the room, shouting, "The white flag is waving on the Minster!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of these words. Everybody, without regard to dress, rushed from their quarters into the street, and ran towards the top of the village, from where the Minster could be seen very plainly. It was then near 5 p.m. From the parallels before us was heard a tremendous "hurrah!" and aides-de-camps and orderlies were tearing along at full gallop.

The outlines of the distant mountains jutted right into the corner formed by the gallery and the top of the Minster, and it was rather difficult

to see the small white flag. The news was too good not to be doubted; it was, however, confirmed, by the sudden ceasing of the cannonade on our side. The batteries on the wings, from which the flag could not be seen at once, continued their fire for a minute or two.

The inhabitants of the village were standing before their doors with folded hands, thanking God most fervently; and the same silent prayer rose from the hearts of many of the Landwehr men, who thought of their far-off wives and little ones. Even the faces of my two brave sergeants, who were both fathers, and who had become somewhat serious, brightened up again. This night might have been perhaps their last, and may be, that they also felt relieved by the certainty, that no storm would take place now—for to storm such a fortress is a most serious and bloody affair.

Every one who had a horse was in the saddle, and trotted towards Strasburg, and the Garde Landwehr prepared at once to march into the city. As I well knew that nobody else would be permitted to enter, I returned to my quarters.

The soldiers everywhere were in the best possible humour. They crowded around the different booths kept by sutlers, and celebrated

the great victory; but I did not see one single man drunk. I ordered a barrel of beer for the men in my farm. On my arrival there I saw a funny scene; five or six of the Polish artillerymen were singing Polish songs. One of them held open a large volume shaped like a music-book, and another, who seemed to act as the band-master, pointed with his finger to the printed lines. I did not understand the words of the rather doleful Slavish song, but I saw the twinkling eyes, and the roguish expression in the faces of the singers. On looking curiously into the music-book, I discovered that it was some business book from a railway station, in French. This gave me the key to the farce, which amused me immensely. I laughed till the tears trickled down my cheeks, and I rewarded the merry fellows for their capital joke with a broad silver piece, which was soon converted into some national beverage, which, however, did not improve the correctness of the singing.

Before seeking my litter, I once more went up to my observatory, to have a look on Strasburg. I had hoped from that place to have the splendid spectacle of a bombardment at night, but got very easily over my disappointment at the thought that the poor inhabitants of Strasburg were enjoy-

ing, for the first time for weeks, the blessing of undisturbed sleep. It produced, however, a strange impression, no longer to hear the booming of the guns. To the left of the city was a conflagration, and some houses in Strasburg seemed still burning.

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